WHERE IT ALL COMES TRUE

IN SCANDINAVIA

by

CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

$2.50

WHERE IT ALL COMES TRUE

By

Betty *and* Mary Clara Laughlin,
with the help of their aunt,
Clara E. Laughlin

AROUND the actual travel experiences of her nieces, who have accompanied her on her journeyings about Europe, Miss Laughlin, author of the famous So You're Going series, has woven a narrative that meets the demand for travel books for young people better than anything else yet published.

The guide-book phase is subordinated and incidental to the really inspiring account of the things the young travelers do and see. The impressions throughout each book are those of the young person, and the things seen and done are those in which young people are especially interested.

Now Ready

WHERE IT ALL COMES TRUE IN ITALY AND SWITZERLAND

WHERE IT ALL COMES TRUE IN SCANDINAVIA

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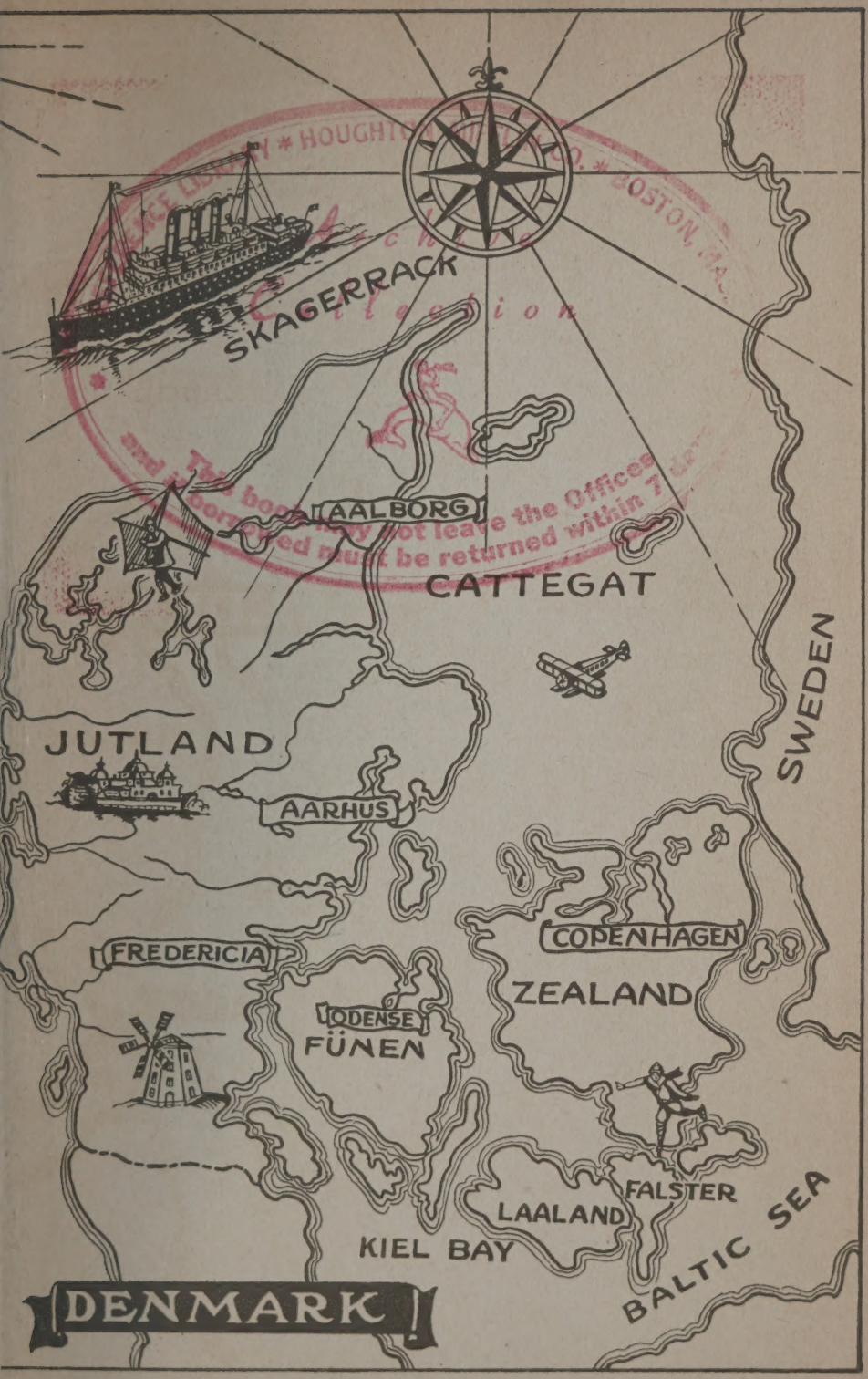
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DENMARK

WHERE IT ALL COMES TRUE IN SCANDINAVIA

RÄTTVIK, SWEDEN

Where It All Comes True In Scandinavia

The *Experiences* and *Observations* of
BETTY and MARY
as related by their Aunt
CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

With Illustrations

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PART ONE
DENMARK

Where It All Comes True In Scandinavia

* * *

PART ONE

DENMARK

CHAPTER I

GOING TO DENMARK

LEAVING PARIS

When we knew that we were going to Norway and Sweden and Denmark, we were very glad; but we couldn't possibly have been as glad in advance as we are now when we look back at what all those countries did for us. We expected a great deal; but we didn't half realize how much there was that lay waiting for us — waiting to give us a wonderful time, and to make scores of beautiful things in this world seem more truly 'ours' than ever, because we have been to Scandinavia.

We were in Paris before we started for Denmark; and when we are in Paris, we *never* want to go away. But when we think, now, of what we would have missed if we had not taken this trip, it makes us mighty glad that we had a reason for going — so there could never have been any

chance for our putting it off, from day to day, and saying, 'Well, we must go there *some* time!'

We meet some people in Europe who are like that — they are always waiting till they feel just in the mood to go somewhere. And they hardly ever have the mood!

Well, as we were in Paris, our way to Denmark by rail lay through Hamburg. If you are in London, you go up to Harwich, where the Holland boats leave from, and take a steamer (twenty-four hours) to Esbjerg on the west coast of Denmark, and a train (eight hours) across Denmark to Copenhagen, which is on the east coast, facing the south end of Sweden.

We could have gone by boat from Dunkerque, near Antwerp. But there were a lot of reasons why we wanted to go via Hamburg. One was Hamburg itself — and Hagenbeck's famous Zoo. Another was that we were going to Odense, to see where Hans Christian Andersen was born; and that is north of Hamburg, while Copenhagen is farther east.

The third reason was the most important, although we don't recommend any one else to take that route if comfort and convenience are of the most importance to them. The comfortable and convenient way to go is by through train from Hamburg or Berlin to Copenhagen (they put the trains on big car-ferryboats to cross the west end of the Baltic Sea); and then make an excursion to Odense and back to Copenhagen. Many people we met told us that the best way of all is from Sassnitz in Germany (through trains from Berlin

and Hamburg) to Trölleborg on the south tip of Sweden; then up to Malmö and across to Copenhagen.

But if you do that, you miss seeing a stretch of country that we think is marvellous to have seen because it is where the people came from who were the beginnings of Anglo-Saxon civilization. The Saxons came from around Hamburg and the mouth of the Elbe; the Angles came from Schleswig and Holstein; and the Jutes came from Jutland, which is the western part of Denmark joining Schleswig on the north. Some writers think that the Norsemen who became Normans, and were William the Conqueror's ancestors, came from Jutland, too. Anyway, we think it is wonderful to have been where the Angles and Saxons and Danes of early English history came from; having been there makes us ever-so-much more interested in that part of England's story which is for so many of us *our* story, too.

And in Schleswig we looked for (and found!) blond 'Angles' like those Saint Gregory saw in the slave-market at Rome and said were 'angels,' not 'angles,' so he sent Saint Augustine to England to convert them to Christianity. That was just before the year 600; and the Angles had been in Angle-land (England) for more than a hundred years, then.

We had quite an exciting day, going from Hamburg to Odense, because nobody told us anything about what the journey would be like, when they sold us our tickets. And this visit to Scandinavia was 'exploring' for Nannie (our aunt) as well as

for us. In France and Italy and England and many other countries in Europe she knows just about every twist and turn. But in Scandinavia she didn't know a thing — not any of the three languages, nor about the money, nor what we'd have to do about anything. Nearly every year Nannie does this in some part of Europe that she doesn't know so well; and it's a fine adventure, not only because she learns a lot, but because it keeps her reminded just how people feel who go to countries where they don't know the language or any of the customs.

We bought our tickets in Paris, in an office where most of the people who go to Scandinavia buy their tickets. The head of that office is a Norwegian gentleman that we liked very much. He had a luncheon for us at his house, which is a very old one and very interesting, and at the luncheon there was the gentleman who is head of the Swedish Railways' office in Paris, and the gentleman who represents the Norwegian railways in America. They all told us many interesting things about Scandinavia, and we had a delightful time. They taught us how we must drink people's health, and say 'Skoll,' and keep looking in their eyes; and how we must say, 'Tak for matta' (thanks for food) when we rose from the table, and lots of things like that. And when we talked about the Vikings, and said we'd like to see one of the great Vikings of to-day, they discussed whether it would be more interesting for us to see Nansen or Amundsen. They couldn't quite agree. But by the time we got to Norway, Amundsen

had flown away on his splendid mission of mercy, and no one could ever again hope to call on him.

But they didn't think to tell us anything about changing trains, and little things like that.

We looked quite like an exploring expedition when we left Paris. Because we were to be away

OUR BAGGAGE

for more than six weeks, were going all the way to the North Cape, and had to have plenty of warm clothes, stout shoes, rubbers, raincoats, sweaters, etc. And also we were to be in many places where we'd need good dress-up things. We couldn't take a trunk, without an awful lot of bother and expense; so we took hand baggage — and for the three of us we seemed to need eight pieces. So we were something like a caravan!

WHERE THE ANGLO-SAXONS CAME FROM

Our train left Hamburg at eight-something in the morning; and we got to it in plenty of time, so we could get our goods and chattels all bestowed

in the racks above our heads. We had been told that we wouldn't get to Odense until about 6 P.M. — so we wanted to be as comfortable as possible.

Well! We saw where the Saxons came from. And pretty soon we began seeing where the Angles came from — the blue-eyed, flaxen-haired 'angels' who gave their name to England — and of course we were on the lookout for Holstein cattle, too.

The Kiel Canal, about which you read so often in the papers, is cut across Schleswig-Holstein from near Kiel, on the Baltic, to Brunsbüttel on the North Sea; it saves ships from having to go up to the top of Denmark to get from the Baltic to the North Sea. It was built about 1890, and is over fifty miles long.

Kiel is a great harbor and has splendid docks and shipyards for building warships and merchantmen. A grand regatta, like the one at Cowes (Isle of Wight) in August, is held at Kiel about the end of June each year. Some young Danish yachtsmen coming home from it were in our compartment during part of that day going to Odense. About fifty thousand ships a year go through that canal — ships of all nations; and all they have to pay is just their share toward what it costs to keep up the canal.

Lots of people coming from Kiel got on our train at Rendsburg; and lots who were going to Kiel for holidays got off there.

We were interested in all these things, and having a fine time, when the train stopped at a sta-

tion called Padborg. Lots of people were getting out, and we wondered what made Padborg so popular. It seemed as if we were going to be the only persons who were going any farther.

Then a man came into our car and saw us — all settled for a long day's journey — and began shouting '*Aus! Aus!*' at us. We could see that '*aus*' we must go. So we began pulling down suit-cases and carry-all, and stuffing away playing-cards and cross-word puzzle books and mystery stories and magazines and chocolate, and a few other things that we had lying around loose.

Somehow, we got ourselves and our belongings '*aus*,' and then we discovered that this was the Danish frontier, and we must go through the customs, show passports, and change to a Danish train. This being (as we learned when we got to Copenhagen) a route that tourists practically never use and Danish people use mostly for short, local journeys, the stations have hardly any porters. If they have *any*, we didn't find one! So we had to get anybody we could enlist, to help us with our eight pieces of baggage. We found we were fairly good at sign-language!

The Danish train looked nice and comfortable, and we found a compartment that we could — it seemed — have to ourselves; so, with the frontier behind us, we settled down once more; and out came 'the et ceteras.' Pretty soon we began to wonder about food. There had been a dining-car on the train from Hamburg. But we never thought about luncheon at 11 A.M. Now it was past noon and we began to be hungry, and to wonder if

THE SIGN LANGUAGE

saying 'Tak for matta,' which is Swedish and said *after* meals, would get us anything in Denmark if said *before* a meal.

We tried it on the conductor when he came to tear some more pieces off our tickets; but he must have thought it was some kind of American Indian speech, for he just looked at us as if he was thinking, 'Isn't it remarkable how they can make one another understand such a strange language!' And on he passed, to the next compartment.

We began looking for food stands on station platforms; but there weren't any. Nannie said that *all* adventurers go hungry, and thirsty, sometimes, and we must learn how. We thought about Nobile and his men, and decided to see how it felt to be hungry!

If we ever get to that part of Denmark again (and we certainly *hope* to!) we shall change cars a few more times, and go to the lovely old towns of Tonder and Ribe; and then to Esbjerg and to the

RIBE

fine bathing-beach at Fano on the beautiful island of that name, just off the coast, at Esbjerg. International motor-races are run on the sands of Fano Beach, and the people who live there are very picturesque and interesting.

We have seen pictures of Ribe, especially, that made us want very much to go there. It is one of the oldest towns in Denmark. Tonder and Ribe are only thirty miles apart; and Ribe is just twenty miles from Esbjerg, where the boats from England and from Belgium land. It was in Ribe that little Jacob Riis grew up; we'll tell more about him, later.

'BUTTER, BACON, AND EGGS'

Esbjerg is sometimes called 'the Danish Chicago' because so much food goes from there — millions and hundreds of millions of pounds of butter, and bacon, and cheese, and millions of dozens of eggs are shipped through this port each year to England and elsewhere. There is a kind of joke that 'all Denmark is divided into three parts,' like 'all Gaul'; and the three parts are: butter, bacon, and eggs.

There are lots of very interesting things about farming in Denmark. People go there every year from other countries to study their ways of doing things. They are great people for coöperative buying and selling. And they have a wonderful system of Folk High Schools, which are boarding-schools for young farm people between eighteen and twenty-five.

Everybody has to go to school from the time he is seven till he's fourteen. Then, after the young people on the farms have been out of school for from four to ten years, and have probably begun to 'get in a rut,' they can go to school again, when their farm work is lightest, and get a whole lot of fresh ideas about what's going on in the world, and have a good time, and go back to their farms all inspired and with a lot of new things to think about and to practise.

They don't have much book-study in these high schools. What they mostly do is to hear fine talks, and sing, and have gymnastics, and discuss all kinds of subjects which help them to realize what an interesting world we're living in.

Farther up off the Danish west coast is where the great Battle of Jutland was fought, on May 31, 1916. It was the only real naval battle in all the Great War, the only time the rival battle fleets met, and was a glorious victory for the British Grand Fleet under Admiral Jellicoe. The Germans were trying to entice the British fleet to sea in the hope of destroying it with submarines. And everybody knew that the Allies would almost surely lose the war if Britain lost her navy. More than six thousand British navy officers and men were killed that day; but no others had to die in battle with the enemy ever again through all the war.

The northern tip of Denmark, you know, is not quite so far north as the northern tip of Scotland, and the principal part of the battle was off the Danish coast about Ringkjobing (which is opposite Newcastle, in England) and Bovbjerg (which is opposite Edinburgh).

When we had made up our minds that we were not going to get any lunch, we ate some chocolate and were getting along quite comfortably, when our train stopped and everybody got out at a place called Fredericia. We looked out of the window and wondered what made Fredericia so popular. And then people began shouting something to us; it sounded like 'Woof! Woof!' but it must have been Danish for 'Hurry! Hurry!' or for 'Change here!' or 'End of the line!' or 'Far's we go!' or something like that.

So we 'woofed'! The only person we could get to help us 'woof' our eight pieces of baggage was

an old woman, but she couldn't manage them, so she got an old man to help her. We had to go on a boat, here, to cross from Fredericia to a place called Strib, on Fünen — which is one of the many islands that Denmark is made up of.

The boat was blowing at us to 'woof' faster, so we did as much hurrying as we could, and got aboard, and the old man found a nice big puddle of water on the boat deck, where he set all our belongings. He seemed so bewildered when we tried to tell him, in sign-language, that we preferred having them on a dryish spot.

It was a nice big boat, and a pretty ride across what they call the Lille Belt to the island of Fünen, which is about forty miles across, from side to side, and about the same length, from top to bottom. There was a café on the upper deck, and we got milk (good Danish milk!) and delicious sweet rolls for which Denmark is famous. Then we had to get our belongings off again, and onto another train!

Next time we go to Denmark, we hope to see many places on the east Jutland coast — like Vejle, and Horsens, and Aarhus, and Frederickshavn, and Skagen; and we'd like to go inland, between the coasts, and see the Silkeborg Lakes, and Viborg. We want to see something of that great section of Denmark which used to be just desolate moors, where nothing but heather grew until after the war in which Denmark had her rich provinces of Schleswig and Holstein taken from her by Germany. Then a man named Colonel Dalgas said that, because they had lost those

fine provinces, they must make better use of what they had left. So he started a 'Danish Heath Society' to make the moors productive. They showed the moorland people how to burn away the heather, and to plough, and irrigate; and the old, wild country disappeared so fast that Danish people in the United States wanted to save a little of it just for scenery. So they bought a tract near Aalborg, for a Danish-American National Park, and the Danish and American flags fly together above it.

It was in the third train that we met the young Danish men coming from Kiel. The only person we could find to help us get our bags off the boat was a kind of half-wit; he got them into a car of the waiting train, but he left them all in the vestibule. The conductor came along and grunted and made signs that we must put them in racks, and it seemed that every rack was full — even if we could have lifted the heavy bags. So the yachtsmen very gallantly came to the rescue, and stowed our stuff away, one piece in *this* compartment and another piece in *that*, up and down the car, until everything was out of the vestibule and the conductor could stop grunting. Then they made room for us in the compartment that they were sitting in. They could talk English quite well, and they told us they had been at Kiel for the regatta. We happened to tell them that we were bound for Odense.

It must have been three o'clock, then, and we hoped that we wouldn't have to change again before six — which was the time we expected to

reach Odense. So we settled down to enjoy the lovely scenery that made us think so very much of parts of England. We wondered if the Danes had taken over to England with them the love of half-timbered houses, and hedgerows, and gardens of the sort that all the world calls 'English gardens,' and lilacs and other flowering bushes. But, of course, the Danes who went over to England a thousand years and more ago didn't have timbered houses, and hedges, and gardens!

We don't know, *yet*, why it is that parts of Denmark make one think so very much of England, though Norway and Sweden aren't like anything English at all.

In the midst of our wondering about this, the young yachtsmen suddenly jumped up and began hunting out our baggage, and rushing to the platform with it.

'Odense!' they cried, and pointed to the name in the station.

Sure enough! We were there, although it was only a little past four-thirty.

It was a scramble, getting everything out of those scattered compartments, and not taking anybody else's belongings. But with the help of the nice young men, we managed it, and soon we were watching the train go on, toward Copenhagen (but not very far *toward*, as we would discover, next day!), and looking about for some one to help us get to the Grand Hotel in Odense.

It had been a scrambly journey, but it needn't have been bad at all if any one had told us just a few little things, in advance. If we had known

when and where we were to change, had taken a little luncheon with us, and had registered (or 'checked') all our bags, or all except three that we could easily carry, the trip wouldn't have been hard. And it really *is* interesting!

We think that by the time we are old enough to go into the business of helping other people plan their travels, we'll know a great many helpful things out of our own experience.

CHAPTER II

WHERE THE FAIRY-TALE OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S LIFE BEGAN

We found Odense (O-den-sy) a very pretty place with many fine buildings and a great deal of space devoted to parks and gardens. It is a very ancient place, and its name means that a sanctuary of Odin was believed to be there.

Odin, who is spelled Woden sometimes, and sometimes Wodan, was the principal god in the Norse mythology, a good deal like Jove or Jupiter in the Greek and Roman religions. Wednesday is named for him, and Friday is named for Frigg or Freya, his wife, and Thursday for their son Thor. (In Sweden we saw where they are all supposed to be buried.)

Odin was believed to be the giver of victory; and also he was the god of the dead, who had a vast palace, Valhalla, or hall of the slain, where he received the souls of those who had fallen in battle. The Valkyries, or 'choosers of the slain,' were armor-clad maidens who rode through the air on Odin's service to choose brave warriors for death and Valhalla — Valhalla being a place where there was feasting and fighting forever and forever.

Everybody knows Wagner's great 'Ride of the Valkyries' where you can hear them whizzing through the air above the din of battle. The

witches that people believed in until not so very long ago seem to have been like later editions of the Valkyries.

In the northeast corner of the island of Fünen there is a deep fjord, or bay, called Odense Fjord; and the town is four miles from the innermost edge of the fjord (call it *fyord*, in one syllable) with a canal connecting them. This canal was dug just before Hans Christian Andersen was born at Odense, and it caused the town to grow very fast. Before the canal was opened the town had about five thousand inhabitants, and now it has more than fifty thousand.

We found the Grand Hotel a very attractive and comfortable one, except that the beds were hard. This is another thing where Danish people are like English; they seem not to mind beds that feel to us like brick piles — you almost get black-and-blue every time you turn over!

And when we had cleaned up a little in our fine big bathroom (with the most up-to-date fittings, except that the water ran out of the tub, not through a pipe, but through a hole in the floor!) we started out to explore. It was too late to get into Andersen's birthplace that day, so we saw as much as we could that afternoon, saving most of the next morning for the birthplace.

Another thing we didn't learn, until too late to get any good from it for ourselves, is that there is a gentleman at the Odense office of the Tourist Association of Denmark who knows a great deal about Odense, speaks English, and loves to show visitors about his interesting and lovely little city.

Nobody told us this until we were in Copenhagen; so we had to find our own way around.

We don't mind doing this, for some reasons. Because people who take you around nearly always want to show you what they consider 'the sights'; and sometimes we don't care as much for the 'sights' as we do for things that are so commonplace and everyday to the people who live in a place that they can't realize how interesting those things are to a stranger.

We just love to saunter along and look in shop windows — every kind of shop — and stop in front of movie theatres to see what's being shown; and watch people. It's fine to have some one along to answer the questions we always want to ask (we did have some one like that, everywhere else except Odense), but we enjoy poking and prowling around by ourselves, too. We had a fascinating stroll, that afternoon, for a couple of hours or so, and got many ideas about what Danish people in a small city like to wear and eat and put in their houses, and even the kind of coffins they are buried in. We saw their houses and theatres and churches and gardens, and tried to imagine lots of things about them.

The cathedral, called Saint Canute's, isn't named for the King Canute we know most about, but for another who was murdered here in 1086 — nearly fifty years after the great Canute died in England and was buried at Winchester. This later Canute intended to go over to England and try to 'oust' the Normans and bring back the Danish kings; but he hadn't got around to it when he was killed.

After his murder, his tomb became a shrine, and many pilgrimages were made here, like those to Canterbury. He is the patron saint of Denmark, and his name is given to many Danish

SAINT CANUTE'S CATHEDRAL

boys. One of the young princes, the second son of King Christian X, is named Knud — which is the true Danish way of spelling it. We bought Prince Knud's picture.

Saint Canute is buried under the altar. Perhaps this is a good place to say that Denmark began to be a Christian country in 960, when her

king, called Harold Bluetooth, was baptized; he was the grandfather of the English King Canute. And in 1536, Denmark became Protestant.

Well, after our fine stroll we had a good dinner, and went early to bed.

'A LITTLE LIVING, CRYING CHILD'

The next morning before ten we were at Andersen's house waiting for the door to open.

Such a tiny little house it is! White, and with a curving roof of tiles which seemed as if we could almost touch it by standing on tiptoe.

Andersen's father was a poor shoemaker, who was only twenty-two when Hans was born, but already he was losing his mind and was nearly always sad and gloomy. He could afford only one room for his home, and even that was mostly paid for by his young wife, who took in washing. They had no money to buy furniture and their bed was made of rough boards which had been used as a bier for a nobleman's coffin to rest on. Bits of black cloth still stuck to the boards when Hans was big enough to notice them and ask how they got there.

'Instead of the corpse of the Count, surrounded with burning candelabra,' Andersen wrote in his story of his life, 'there lay here, April 2, 1085, a little, living, crying child — that was I, Hans Christian Andersen.'

The father was sick and sad; the mother was big and husky, but ignorant, and the only way she knew how to endure her misery was a way that

made things worse for her and for everybody — she drank too much.

Hans had a crazy grandfather who used to stick feathers and flowers all over himself and do other strange things. Sometimes he came to visit this

HANS ANDERSEN'S BIRTHPLACE

house, and nearly always he was followed by crowds of rude boys, hooting at him. Hans was terrified of him.

It was a pretty poor sort of home for a little boy to grow up in whose mind was full of the love of beauty and poetry. No wonder he learned how to amuse himself, and how to make a little toy

theatre, and to dress his little toy actors in snips of rags, and to have plays to make him forget his miseries. He learned how to cut out beautiful things from paper, with scissors, and all his life he enjoyed doing this.

He grew very big, and awkward, and he was terribly homely — and sensitive about it. He didn't like the poor-school that he went to, and his feelings were always getting hurt. So, when his father died, Hans left school. He was only eleven, but he could read; so he spent his time as he liked, and that was mostly in reading plays and doing things with his toy theatre.

What he wanted most in the world was to go to Copenhagen and work in a theatre — act, and write plays. He didn't realize that, before he could do things like that, he must know a great deal more.

When he was fourteen, he set out for Copenhagen to make fame and fortune. What he found there was hunger and many other kinds of suffering. Finally, after three years, a director of the Royal State Theatre, who was also a Counsellor of State and a right-hand man to the King, saw some of the plays that Hans kept sending to the theatre, and felt that their author might amount to something if he could be educated. He told the King about Hans, and it was arranged that Hans should go to school at the King's expense, in a small town near Copenhagen, named Slaegelse.

It was awfully hard for Hans, who was seventeen and *huge*, to sit in classes with the smallest

boys, and the schoolmaster wasn't a bit patient with him, or kind. But he had to stand this for six long years while he struggled to learn some of the things he should have learned when he was a youngster in Odense.

He was thirty when his first fairy-tales were published. At the start they didn't sell well, and nobody seemed to think they were anything much. But by the end of a couple of years there was enough demand for his fairy-tales to make him feel that he should write a second series. (He was always, always writing something — whatever he thought he could sell.) And by the time he was forty he was celebrated all over Europe.

But a strange thing happened, when Andersen was nearly sixty, and very, very famous. He went, in Berlin, to call on Jacob Grimm, author of Grimm's fairy-tales, and found that Grimm had never even heard of him!

Most writers would have felt hurt at this, but Andersen didn't. He knew that Grimm was a great scholar, absorbed in many learned things, and that maybe he had even forgotten about his *own* fairy-tales that he had happened to publish when Andersen was a little boy.

Afterwards, Grimm read some of Andersen's stories, and liked them very much, and the two became friends.

Well, of course we can't tell the whole story of Andersen's life. Often, when inscribing his portrait for some admirer, he used to write under it: 'Life itself is the most beautiful fairy-tale.' His life was as full of wonders as any fairy-tale, but it

was full of suffering, too. He lived to be seventy years old, and never married. Never had a home of his own. He was very lonely, and often sad. He loved a number of lovely ladies, including Jenny Lind, 'the Swedish Nightingale,' but none of them loved him except in a kind, sisterly way. He was *so* homely, and awkward, and never had much money, and in lots of ways he really didn't have the makings of a romantic lover or a good, steady-going family man.

Ever since we can remember, there has been, across the street from our house, a statue of Andersen — in Lincoln Park, Chicago; and we've felt kind of acquainted with him, because, of course, we love his stories. But it certainly makes a big difference in your feelings about authors when you can go to where they lived and where their stories really happened or were supposed to happen.

We got so interested in Andersen's birthplace and the story of his life, as we could seem to understand it there, that we could hardly tear ourselves away.

What is called 'Hans Andersen's House' is not only the tiny cottage in one room of which he was born, but the cottage next to it; both of them are too small to hold the collection of things relating to Andersen.

In the first room we entered, there were glass cases containing papers like the records of his baptism and confirmation, and some of his school examination papers (marked 'bad' or 'indifferent'), which show how poor a pupil he was as a

great big boy among the little boys in the school the King sent him to.

Every object in the museum is described on cards that are written in English, French, German, and Danish.

In this first room there are also two frames full of photographs which were part of Denmark's exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair. Also, there is a sculptural group showing Andersen telling fairy-tales. And there are the original drawings, in lead pencil, made for the fairy-tales by the Danish illustrator, Petersen.

A BIG CHILD WITH A HEARTACHE

The thing in the next room that made the deepest impression on us was a small leather bag or purse that was found on Andersen's breast after his death. In it was a letter which was burned so that no other eyes than his should ever see it. It had been written by Riborg Voigt, the sister of a fellow-student of Andersen's. The brother, Christopher, took Hans for a visit to his home in Faaborg, on the southwest corner of Fünen, about twenty-five miles from Odense. There Hans met Riborg, fell deeply in love with her, told her, and was in despair when he learned that she was already engaged. He left on the third day of his visit.

That was in the summer when he was twenty-five. A few months later, Riborg was in Copenhagen, and Hans saw her again. But she wrote him a letter telling him that he must not hope to win her love. He thought he was going to die, and said

he hoped he would — before her wedding-day. But though it was forty-five years later that he died, her letter was on his breast.

For twenty years Andersen was a lodger at a Mrs. Anholm's in Copenhagen (No. 67 Nyhavn, near the Charlottenborg Museum), and the furniture he used there is in one of the rooms in this Odense Museum; and there is some other furniture, that he owned just before he died. (The first bed he ever owned was when he was past sixty!) Some stories about him that got to America made a lot of American school-children think that Andersen was terribly poor; so they started saving pennies to send him. When they found that he wasn't really so poor as all that, they took the pennies and bought him two handsome volumes called 'Picturesque America.' We saw those. And we saw his will, in his own handwriting, beginning with a bequest to the poorhouse school at Odense, where he had gone when he was an unhappy little boy.

Some of Andersen's chairs and his sofa that he bought not long before he died were at the Chicago World's Fair; and after it was over, they stayed in America for nearly twenty years; but now they are in the Odense Museum.

There is a silk hat of Andersen's, and his umbrella, and his trunk (he loved travelling as much as we do!), and a travelling-bag which King Christian IX had used, and he gave it to Andersen. Another thing — the lasts on which Andersen's boots were made. Such huge feet! Nannie says she read a story about Andersen seeing his

galoshes, once, in the hall of a friend's house, and beside them were a number of overshoes belonging to the friend's children. 'Look!' Andersen cried, 'my galoshes have had young ones.'

Some of the pictures of Andersen, drawn when he was about forty, look a lot like Abraham Lincoln — tall hat and all. He was four years older than Lincoln.

When we are in a place like that little house in Odense, where we are thinking very much of one person and feeling very well acquainted with him, as if we had almost lived there with him, one of the things we often do is to talk about what was going on in the world about him when he was doing so-and-so.

For instance, Hans was ten years old when the Battle of Waterloo was fought, and the great Napoleon went off, a prisoner, to lonely Saint Helena. We wondered what was said about it here. He has told us how his father admired Napoleon. It was in the year that Andersen left Odense and went to Copenhagen to seek his fortune that a Dane discovered electro-magnetism. We were going to learn something about that at Copenhagen — but the most that Andersen could ever have known about it before he died, although he and Orsted became great friends, was nothing compared to what every child knows nowadays.

DENMARK HAS A LOT OF WATER TO IT

We didn't think our journey to Copenhagen was very comfortable. But suppose we had gone as Andersen did, when he was fourteen, in a post-

chaise, carrying his bundle of poor clothes under his arm, and only a few shillings in his pocket to buy him food until he could find a way to earn some more!

When we take any notice at all of small inconveniences we meet in our way to great experiences, we always feel terribly ashamed of ourselves, afterwards. The people in this world who have really wanted to get anywhere have been glad to put up with hardships which *were* hardships. Nowadays, if adventurers want to see if they can stand hardships as well as people used to stand them, they always have to go to one of the Poles, or into the heart of Africa, a thousand miles on foot — like our young friend, Alice Bradley — or maybe to Thibet, or far up the Amazon. We've never met any real difficulties in travel, so we don't know how we'd behave, and whether we'd think most about what we were seeing and going to see, or most about the difficulties by the way. We *hope* we're not 'softies'; that would be disgusting.

When people set out to see Denmark, they should remember that there's an awful lot of water to it. It is said that there is no other country in Europe with such a lot of islands and peninsulas — not even Greece. We don't know about that — but we know there are a very great many; and even if you get a 'through' train, like from Hamburg to Copenhagen, you have to go a great part of the way by boat — by train-ferry that takes your cars, and you in them. The coast-line of Denmark is five thousand miles long!

The train we took from Odense went only as far as Nyborg, a journey of about thirty-five or forty minutes, and there we changed to a big ferryboat that went across the Store Belt or Great Belt to Korsor. This is a ride of more than an hour, in a fine big boat with an excellent restaurant on board, and tables set on the glass-enclosed upper deck.

Again we had some bother with our luggage (which we could have, and should have, 'checked' or registered from Odense to Copenhagen), and when we got to Korsor we were so long getting anybody to help us take it off the boat that the Copenhagen train was almost starting when we got to it. There wasn't room in any compartment for our luggage, and the conductor wouldn't let us put it aboard. That is, he took away the four largest pieces, and we couldn't tell what he did with them. But he gave us a piece of paper that he had written something on; and we held it tight till we reached Copenhagen.

There wasn't any travel agency man at the Copenhagen station, nor any porter from our hotel, because they never expect tourists by that route. But we 'pioneered' a bit, and found a place where people seemed to be getting bags, so we showed our piece of paper, and got our bags without any difficulty.

Copenhagen is on the island called Zealand, or Sealand, and in Danish spelled Sjaelland. This is the largest of the Danish islands; the longest stretch in it, from north to south, is eighty-two miles, and the widest part, from east to west, is

sixty-eight miles. Copenhagen (which the Danes spell Kjöbenhavn) is at the east end of this widest part. And across the Sound, called Öresund, is

A VIEW IN ZEALAND

Sweden — in places only three miles away from the Danish coast.

There is a beautiful big fountain in Copenhagen out near the English Church and the yacht harbor, that shows Gefion, a giant goddess, driving her plough down where Öresund is now and cutting off from the mainland of Sweden this corner that is now Zealand.

The Sound isn't very wide, but the differences between Denmark and Sweden are very great.

North of Zealand, between Jutland and most of southern Sweden, there is the Kattegat. And between the top of Jutland and the bottom of Norway there is the Skagerrak. It's water, water, everywhere, when you're journeying in these northern lands, and you don't understand much about anything, up there, it seems to us, until you've learned a good deal about these waterways.

On the main line of railway from Korsor to

Copenhagen, you have Roskilde, in whose cathedral many of the Danish kings are buried. This town lies at the bottom of a deep fjord that's like a slash, twenty-five miles long, in the north coast of Zealand.

Nearer to Korsor, on that line, is Soro, where there is a fine school for boys something like Harrow in England; near the school is a lake and a magnificent beech forest; and in the church of the Soro School there is the tomb of Bishop Absalon, who founded Copenhagen in the twelfth century. He came from Roskilde. Another town between Roskilde and Korsor is Slaegelse, where poor Hans Andersen had to sit, big and 'backward,' among the little boys.

CHAPTER III

WHICH IS MOSTLY ABOUT EATING

THE first night we were in Copenhagen we ate dinner in our hotel and not long after dinner we went to bed. We mention this because, whenever we think of it, we feel that it was a sad waste of what should have been a perfectly gorgeous evening. When one has as few evenings in Copenhagen as we had, it seems an awful pity to waste one.

Restaurants in Copenhagen are a big part in the pleasure of being there. And Tivoli! You can go to Tivoli every night for a week and not take in all of it. Tivoli is a big amusement park in the heart of the city, across from the Town Hall and from the railway station. In it there is every imaginable kind of thing for entertainment, and also there are many places to eat and listen to music, and dance, and watch the crowds. There are magnificent fireworks. And the illumination of the buildings and grounds is gorgeous.

We certainly loved Tivoli! Our favorite thing to do, after we learned about it, was to eat dinner at Wivel's, which is a very big and very fine restaurant built around one corner of Tivoli Park, where we could sit by a window looking out over the park entrance, and see all the coming and going there.

Each evening there are concerts of several

kinds, in Tivoli, besides the many orchestras that play for the dances and other amusements. And when there is a visiting band (and there often is), it parades around the park before its concert. When we were there the visiting band was from Augustana College at Rock Island, Illinois. We met some of the young men who played in it, and enjoyed talking with them. They were touring Scandinavia. (When we got to Sweden, we met the Yale Glee Club that was touring, and they were going to sing at Copenhagen after they left Stockholm.)

One of the parades we saw each night we ate at Wivel's was a Cinderella parade, the main feature of which was a tiny Cinderella in her grand coach with all her white ponies.

At Wivel's there is a fine big orchestra of twenty pieces, for those who sit indoors to dine; and a big band plays on the terrace for the people who sit outside. One night the Augustana boys played on Wivel's terrace, and another night they gave concerts in the big concert hall.

In most eating-places in Scandinavia, even in hotels, there are several *table-d'hôte* meals at different prices, besides the service *à la carte*. At Wivel's, for instance, we could get a dinner for three kroner and a half, or for five and a half, or for seven and a half. A krone is about twenty-seven cents in American money, or a shilling and two pence in English, or nearly seven francs in French. And each krone is worth one hundred öre. We didn't find the Scandinavian money troublesome at all; we just reckoned it as 'a

quarter and *then some*' when we were doing quick mental calculations.

In Denmark there is a state tax of ten per cent on everything you buy. And then there is the service tax, which is instead of tips, and is from ten per cent up. In our hotel we found that the service tax was very *large* (fifteen per cent or more) and the service we got was very *little*. But for the most part it works out very well, having the service charged on the bill, and you don't need to do any tipping besides. Some people do, but they are foolish. They say, 'Maybe the servants don't get the money that is paid the manager.' But they are greatly mistaken! The servants have committees who look over all the bills and books and make sure that they get all that's coming to them.

Well, at Wivel's, for instance, unless we were unusually hungry, we'd find that the K.5.50 dinner was all we could eat. (All the dinners were equally good; the difference in price was according to the number of courses.) And that meant 5.50 each, plus 1.10, plus whatever we had to drink, or about two dollars each if we didn't drink anything expensive. The food was very, very good, the service excellent when we got an English-speaking waiter, but a little less satisfactory when we didn't, and the music and 'the passing show' a treat.

Another fine restaurant, perhaps a little more exclusive than Wivel's, is the Nimb, just around the corner from Wivel's, facing the railway station and backing into Tivoli. And there is, es-

pecially nice for luncheon, the Industrie Restaurant on the Town-Hall Square. This is celebrated for the way it sets out the great Scandinavian specialty which in Denmark is called 'Smörrebrod.' It is on the order of *hors d'œuvres* in France and *antipasti* in Italy, but is *much* more extensive. What it means is 'spread-for-bread' — every imaginable and unimaginable thing to spread on the delicious rye bread of those countries; soft rye and rye-krisp.

In the Industrie Restaurant, for instance, there is a room very popular for luncheon, where you find a very long table most beautifully set forth with every kind of cold meat, sausage, salads, fish (from sardines to caviar and lobster), pickles, preserves, relishes, *pâtés* (like *pâté de foie gras*), and ripe tomatoes, cucumbers, and goodness knows what all. You help yourself to all you want, as many times as you want to; and you pay three kroner, including tax and service, plus whatever you take to drink. Under a dollar! The food is as good as you can get *anywhere*, and the restaurant is a very attractive, pleasant place to eat.

Also (while we're on the subject of eating-places) there's the Pavilion of the Royal Yacht Club on the Langelinie along the Sound. This part of Copenhagen is very beautiful, and to dine out there on a fine evening is one of the loveliest things imaginable. If you can't dine there, stop for tea on an afternoon drive around Copenhagen. The lovely English Church is out near there; and the Gefion Fountain with its terraced cascades.

That is the most aristocratic part of the city. The Amalienborg Palace where the royal family lives is out there, and the gorgeous Marble Church, which has a great dome nearly as wide across as Saint Peter's at Rome, but not so high.

SOME PLACES TO SEE IN COPENHAGEN

The royal palace is really four palaces, all alike, built around an octagonal 'square.' They were built about 1740 (time of Louis XV in France) and look very French. At first they were mansions of noble and very rich families; but in 1884 the Christiansborg Palace, where the King lived (it was King Christian IX, then, and there's a lot to tell about him, but we'll do it later), burned down. So then the King bought these four palaces and moved into them; and when the Christiansborg Palace was rebuilt, it was used for the Parliament Building.

The King and Queen live in one of the four palaces; they use another for State rooms and entertaining; and the two others are lived in by the princes. You'd think that with a palace to live in, and a palace to entertain in, and two palaces to keep his family in, the King would have almost enough room. But it seems that when he gives an 'audience' he does it in the Christiansborg Palace. We stood outside the Christiansborg Palace one day and watched for the King to come out from an audience. He rode in a grand coach, and was very King-*ified* and satisfactory.

A sight to be sure and see is the changing of the guard at the Amalienborg Palace, at noon when

the King is in residence. The uniforms are very picturesque, and there is fine band music with the ceremony.

The Town Hall is very handsome, and probably most visitors will like to see a little of its inside — no one can help seeing its outside. There is a beautiful art gallery called the Ny Carlsberg Glyptothek, in which is the wonderful collection of antique and modern sculpture that was got together by Carl Jacobsen, owner of the Carlsberg breweries, and presented by him to the Danish nation. This is close to Tivoli, and so is the Town Hall.

The four greatest things to see in Copenhagen, we think, are the Rosenborg Palace, the Thorvaldsen Museum, the National Museum, and the Royal Library.

If you have only three days (the fewest possible!) for Copenhagen and the castles north of it — what is called the North Zealand trip, along the Danish Riviera — you can go to one of these places each morning and one each afternoon for two days, and have a whole long day for the Riviera trip. Much less than an hour and a half in any of those four places will be *far* too little. And one of them in a half day, with other things to vary the programme, is about as much as we can enjoy. But every one of the four is *great!*

It takes a bit of planning, too, to get them all in. For the Rosenborg is open from eleven to three; the Thorvaldsen from ten to three; the National from twelve to three; the Royal Library exhibition hall only from twelve to two. A body'd

think the museums were in a conspiracy to keep the restaurants from doing any luncheon business! Or, rather, to keep tourists from eating lunch.

If your hotel is the one that a great many tourists stay at — the Angleterre, on the great 'square' called Kongens Nytorv — you are living just south of where the northern fortifications of old Copenhagen used to be. At the north end of the square, or *place*, the street that follows the line of the old fortifications is named Gothersgade west of the *place* toward the old west walls, and Nyhavn east of the *place*. Nyhavn means New Harbor, and an inlet from the larger harbor runs up inland for quite a distance, as far as the Charlottenborg Palace. It was on Nyhavn that Hans Andersen lodged for twenty years.

North of Gothersgade and Nyhavn, Copenhagen is very regularly laid out, and so it is west of the old walls. But where the old city is, though there are not many ancient buildings left, the streets are twist-y and turn-y and all wiggle-waggle, like streets of all old cities.

Alongside the hotel runs a street called Östergade (or West Street) that we enjoyed walking up and down. Sometimes we'd walk all the way along it under all its changing names, to Wivel's — and that's quite a walk! It's all right to do if at the end of it you're going to sit at a meal for an hour; but if you're going on and on to see things that will make you walk more, we think this stroll is too much at the beginning.

Four blocks after you leave the hotel, Östergade comes to an open space called Hojbroplads, where

there is a fine statue of Bishop Absalon on horseback.

Copenhagen means Merchants' Harbor; but it was only a fishing village when the Danish King Valdemar I gave it to Bishop Absalon of Roskilde. Absalon's name before he became a bishop was Axel Hvide. And he built himself a castle on the island since called the Slotsholm, or Castle Island. He called his castle Axel-huus, or Axel's house. It was on the spot where the Christiansborg Palace now stands — the seat of the Danish Government — and the foundations of it are still there.

CHAPTER IV

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH COPENHAGEN

A GOOD way to begin getting acquainted with Copenhagen, we think, is to go down past that statue of Bishop Absalon, and look over toward the little island where Absalon (who was, you might say, the Danish Archbishop of Canterbury) built his castle just about the time that Thomas à Becket, the great English Archbishop, was murdered at Canterbury by knights of Henry II. Another great churchman-statesman of that time was Suger, the Abbot of Saint-Denis, who ruled France while King Louis VII was away on the Second Crusade.

Absalon gave Copenhagen to the bishopric of Roskilde. And, although the Danish Kings wanted very much to get it back, they couldn't —for nearly three hundred years. In 1443, Copenhagen became the capital of Denmark, and the capital of Norway and Sweden, too! For the Kings of Denmark ruled them all, then. Sweden didn't have a king of her own from 1397 to 1523 — one hundred and thirty years; and Norway had no king of her own until 1906.

So, for a long time this city of Copenhagen was the capital of all Scandinavia — which is very important to remember, we think.

On that Slotsholm, or Castle Island, is the Thorvaldsen Museum, and the Royal Library.

You could visit them both before luncheon, if you liked; and have the afternoon for shopping and a lovely drive. Then, next morning you could see the Rosenborg Palace, at eleven; and visit the National Museum immediately after lunch. But there's the changing of the guard at Amalienborg Palace! That has to be seen at noon.

It isn't far from the Rosenborg Palace to the Amalienborg. But it would be hard to see all you wanted to in the Rosenborg between eleven and eleven-forty-five, so you could get to the Amalienborg before noon. And if you see the changing of the guard and then have luncheon, and visit the Royal Library before two, and the National Museum before three, you wouldn't *begin* that programme by going down to look at Absalon's statue; you'd be more likely to begin it by going into the Magasin du Nord in Kongens Nytorv (which means the King's new market) and seeing what Denmark's greatest department store is like; and then walking along Nyhavn, and up to the palace; or going straight up Bredgade to the Marble Church, and then to the palace. Opposite the Marble Church is the palace that used to belong to King George of Greece, who was a Danish prince, you know.

At twelve o'clock the guard parades in the beautiful square, led by a full military band in which every member wears the black fur hat, or busby, that in some bands only the bandmaster wears.

When you see the impressive salute of the Danish flag, the 'Dannebrog,' you will be thrilled to

know that there is a lovely legend as to the origin of this banner with its white cross reaching from edge to edge on a vivid red ground — not *centred*

A STREET SCENE

in it, like the Swiss flag of which the Red Cross flag is the reverse.

The legend is that one June day when King Valdemar the Great (son of the Valdemar who gave Absalon the site of Copenhagen) was fighting the heathen in Esthland across the Baltic, where Esthonia is now, the battle was going against his followers, and it looked as if every one of them, out of more than a thousand ships that Valdemar had brought, would perish either by the sword or as sacrifices on the altars of the Esthlanders' heathen gods.

'Suddenly' (this is Jacob Riis telling it in his

'Hero Tales of the Far North'), 'in the clash of steel upon steel and the wild tumult of the conflict, there arose a great and wondering cry "The banner! The banner! A miracle!" and Christian and pagan paused to listen. Out of the sky, as it seemed, over against the hill upon which the priests knelt, a blood-red banner with a great white cross was seen falling into the ranks of the Christian Knights, and a voice resounded over the battlefield: "Bear this high, and victory shall be yours!" With the exultant cry, "For God and the King," the Crusaders seized it and charged the foe. Terror-stricken, the Esthlanders wavered, then turned and fled. The battle became a massacre. Thousands were slain. The Chronicles say that the dead lay piled fathom-high on the field that ran red with blood. Upon it, when the pursuit was over, Valdemar knelt with his men, and they bowed their heads in thanksgiving while the venerable Archbishop' (Absalon's successor) 'gave praise to God for the victory.' June 15, 1219, that was.

Valdemar's sister was Ingeborg, Queen of France, wife of Philippe-Auguste. They were married only one day when Philippe-Auguste took a terrible dislike to her so that he spent twenty years trying to get rid of her. But the poor lady hung on till long after Philippe was dead, and even after his little grandson, Louis IX (Saint Louis), was reigning.

Well! Suppose you have seen the Dannebrog saluted, and tried to imagine that terrible battle in which it became the banner of Denmark.

Whether the Archbishop had brought it, or the Pope had sent it, and it was unfurled at the moment when it was most needed, it gave courage to the Danes then, has given them courage many times since, and, as Jacob Riis wrote, 'Its sons own it with pride wherever they go.'

And now you will probably get a taxi and go as quickly as you can to luncheon (perhaps at the Industrie Restaurant in the Town-Hall Square, or Radhusplads), so you may get to the Royal Library by one-thirty.

WE GET CLOSE TO THE VIKING AGE

We had a wonderful visit at the Library, because the head librarian showed us around, himself; and he is one of those who feel that it is important to make children understand things.

Some of the people we meet on our travels talk to Nannie and let us make the best we can out of it; and we love to listen to older people talking, if they are interesting — we like it much better than to have elders 'talk down' to us in a kind of benevolent way. We hate that! Sisser (the younger of us) says some big people talk to us as if they were trying to remember about Goldilocks and the Three Bears, so they could tell us something we would really enjoy. We don't mind at all if they go right on talking as if we weren't there. But when we do meet some one who seems to feel that it's really very important what children understand about the great things in this world that we're inhabiting and have to carry on, we appreciate it very much.

The librarian at the Royal Library was that kind of man. We had heard that there were, in this library, some old Icelandic manuscripts about Leif Ericson's voyage to Vinland, which Columbus may have seen at Iceland before he came and 'discovered us.' And we wanted to see them.

Our guide asked a number of library attendants about these documents, and they didn't seem to know just what he meant, or what to do about it. We were so disappointed that he kept on asking, and finally one of the attendants went and asked the librarian, and he came out so we could tell him.

He said he'd show us the Icelandic manuscripts which told about the Viking voyages, but he seemed very doubtful about Columbus's having seen them, or about their doing him any particular good if he *had*. Anyway, he took us up to the exhibition hall where they were, and not only showed them to us, but explained a great deal about them and about the monks who made them, and about Ericson and the Vikings; and while we could easily see that he was a very learned man, we could also see that he wasn't trying to make us feel his learning — what he wanted was to help us realize how precious and important those old manuscripts were.

And when he saw how we appreciated his kindness, and how interested we were, he went on and on showing us things — like ancient manuscripts of the Sagas from which we get our knowledge of Norse mythology, and notes of Tycho Brahe, the great Danish astronomer, about whom we'll say more in connection with Kronberg Castle.

Then he showed us a little pamphlet which was published in Copenhagen in 1820 by Hans Christian Orsted, Professor of Natural Philosophy in Copenhagen University, in which he told about his discovering electro-magnetism.

'That little pamphlet,' the librarian said, 'is the father of the telegraph and telephone and wireless and radio, and a great many of the other wonders of our modern world.' After Orsted's discovery, men began learning how to *use* electricity. This was just twenty years after Volta's discoveries, which were being celebrated by an exhibition at Como, when we were there in 1927 — a hundred years after Volta's death.

We saw a great many other things in the Royal Library that we'd like to tell about, but we mustn't take any more space for it — there is so much else to say about Copenhagen!

Nannie says she doesn't know whether many children love manuscripts and old books and things of that sort, the way we do. If some one is with us to tell us stories about these things, it seems that we *never* get tired of looking at them. Nannie says it may be that some people have a kind of *instinct* for autographs and historic documents. Anyway, *we* have! We never get tired of going into what we call 'personal museums' full of letters and documents and books and things that belonged to some famous person. Even if we don't know much about him when we go in, we always get interested when we begin getting sort of *on the inside with him;* and when we come away, we feel acquainted with him forevermore, al-

most as if we had lived with him and seen him work, and knew about his disappointments, and everything.

If we ever get to be anything or anybody at all important, when we're grown up, we hope we'll never miss an opportunity to make things interesting for children. We believe that children remember for a very long time, and are very appreciative. For instance, we can never think of Copenhagen, nor of Viking voyages, nor of Icelandic books, nor of Orsted, nor of lots of other things, without remembering that very courteous gentleman who left his work to do what he could for two little American girls visiting his Library. He has probably forgotten all about us, long ago, but we can never forget him.

There are lovely gardens in front of the Library (its back windows look out on the harbor), and the building that surrounds them on three sides — the Library is the fourth side of the quadrangle — is the Royal Arsenal, with a collection of ancient armor.

The rest of the island — the Slotsholm, or Castle Island — is mostly taken up with the Christiansborg Palace and gardens and chapel, the Thorvaldsen Museum, and the Bourse, or Stock Exchange. The Bourse was built by Christian IV, who is one Danish King that you just *must* know about even if you don't know any others. Before we left Scandinavia it seemed to us that we wouldn't be surprised if some day in church we were to hear the preacher say: 'In seven days Christian IV made the heavens, the earth, the sea, and all that in them is.'

The Bourse is a long, low building two stories high, with a beautiful gabled roof and a most curious spire. Four dragons sprawl on the spire's base, with their heads close to the edge; one faces each point of the compass, and their long, long tails, all sticking upward, are twisted and twined till they come to a point at the tip.

Another curious spire (Copenhagen is often called 'the city of spires') is on the Church of Our Saviour over on the island of Amager, which is really 'east Copenhagen,' where shipbuilding yards and other great industrial plants are. The spire of this church is the second highest in all Europe, and the ascent of it is made on the outside, by a spiral staircase which corkscrews round and round, giving the climber a different view over Copenhagen at almost every step of the way.

WHAT SOME COPENHAGENERS HAVE DONE

But, to go back for a minute to the Bourse; the statue in front of it, facing the canal, is that of Carl Frederik Tietgen, 'the J. Pierpont Morgan of the North,' who died in 1901, and who had done so much to make his country prosperous, and so much with his own wealth to make his own country more beautiful and a better place to live in, that he seemed 'like a national institution' and not a private person. One of the things Mr. Tietgen did to beautify Copenhagen was to have the Marble Church built at his expense, in 1874. The foundation stone was laid in 1749, but there didn't seem to be any money to go ahead with it until Mr. Tietgen gave it.

Two other rich men of Copenhagen who did a great deal for it were the brewers, Jacobsen, father and son. The father, Dr. J. C. Jacobsen, made a dark beer in the old Carlsberg Brewery; and when he died, he left that brewery to establish an endowment for the Carlsberg Fund for the advancement of scientific investigation — a fund to start which he had already given great sums. His son built up the new Carlsberg Breweries, which make pale Pilsener beers that are hardly alcoholic at all, and some temperance beers with no alcohol. These breweries are in a fine park, and the buildings are so beautiful that they look like 'temples dedicated to art,' as some one has said. Dr. Carl Jacobsen, the son, left the new Carlsberg Breweries to form an endowment for the Carlsberg Glyptothek, where his wonderful collections of sculpture are, that he gave to the nation. And he left his father's mansion to be a mansion for some Danish scholar to be elected by the Society of Scientists. The first one they elected was Professor Harold Höffding, a philosopher that we don't know much about because we haven't begun, yet, to know much about philosophy. But we know that we like to hear about the 'captains of industry' doing fine things with their money to make it serve not only the whole populace in general, but also some of those individuals who have been so busy serving mankind that they haven't had time to make any money for themselves. They may not care much about money for itself; but they nearly always have a lot of fine things they long to do, if only they

didn't have to be always getting money to pay the rent.

While we're on the subject of Copenhagen men who have done great things (Thorvaldsen comes in a place by himself, like Andersen), we want to say something about Finsen, and Poulsen, and Knudsen — all scientists.

Niels Finsen came of good old Iceland stock, tracing its ancestry back to the Vikings, and was educated in the Latin School, at Reykjavik. When he was twenty-one he went to the University of Copenhagen; and two years later he knew, because he was studying to be a doctor, that he himself had a disease probably incurable. He couldn't expect to live long, and he knew he would suffer much, but he determined to be of as much use as he could while he was here.

He was thirty when he got his diploma as a doctor. Then he taught in the medical school as a demonstrator, and tutored students in anatomy. He was thinking of being an eye surgeon. But one day he was standing at the window, looking out into the dormitory yard, and watching a pussy-cat sunning itself on the pavement. When the place where pussy was got shady, pussy got up and moved to where it was sunny. Pretty soon, she moved again — following the sun.

It has been said that humanity is as deeply indebted to that cat as to Newton's apple, or Watt's boiling kettle, or Archimedes' bath. From that beginning of the cat seeking the sun, Finsen began studying about light rays and how they could heal people. One of the first things he

discovered was how to treat smallpox in a room where all the light was screened through red, so that no blue-violet rays could reach the patient. This not only cured, but kept the patient from being 'pocked,' or scarred.

They don't have much smallpox in the clean Scandinavian countries. But they have a lot of a terrible disease called 'lupus' which comes to people who have very little sunshine and much dark. *Lupus* is the Latin word for wolf, and this disease eats away the face as if a wolf were gnawing it. It is really tuberculosis of the skin; and there had never been any *cure* for it until Finsen learned that he could treat it with light-rays and make people whole again as if by miracle.

From all over Europe, sufferers flocked to him, their faces shrouded in heavy bandages. They went away cured and smiling.

His own disease, Finsen could not cure. His own suffering he could not ease.

He could have patented his devices and made a fortune; but he gave all his knowledge and all his skill freely to the world. And when he was awarded the Nobel prize (which is usually about $40,000) he gave it all to his Institute, to help sufferers. But his friends finally persuaded him to keep half of it, for his family; and they raised that amount and gave to the Institute.

In his own life (he died when he was only forty-four) he treated nearly nineteen hundred sufferers, and only a very, very few were unhelped. All the while he was helping others he was suffering more and more terribly from his own disease,

which was a hardening of the membrane of his heart, along with dropsy and liver trouble.

One day he 'fell asleep,' with a smile on his face, knowing that thousands on thousands of his fellow-men thanked God for Finsen.

The Danish Parliament, in gratitude for his work, voted his widow a pension such as has been given to few Danes, ever. Kings and princes followed his body to the grave, and with them walked what seemed like the whole city of Copenhagen, in mourning for his death and thanksgiving for his life.

In one of the rooms of the Finsen Institute at Copenhagen, you may see, among other things that were his, the glass instruments which stood on his table for years, so that he could weigh every mouthful of food he ate, and keep himself alive as long as possible to do the work he felt that he must do.

Valdemar Poulsen was born eleven years later than Finsen. Before he could graduate from Copenhagen University, he left to become an assistant engineer with the Copenhagen Telephone Company, where he devoted himself to the study of radio-telegraphy. When he was twenty-eight, he invented the telegraphone. He was a pioneer in wireless telegraphy and radio. As early as 1908, he telephoned, without wires, for one hundred and forty-five miles in Denmark. And two years later he did the same in California, from Los Angeles to San Francisco. At the time the war began, in 1914, when hardly anybody had dreamed of radio as we now know it, the Poulsen

station in Copenhagen could hear gramophone music played in the Poulsen station at Berlin.

Poulsen's great discovery was the producing of continuous waves instead of intermittent sparks.

Ivar Knudsen is the naval engineer who built the first oil-driven ocean ship; and before sending it out to the Orient, sailed up the Thames in it and astonished the British Admiralty. That was in 1912. Nannie can remember hearing men predict, then, that some day oil-burning ships would replace coal-burning for general ocean crossings, and others 'pooh-poohed' this wild idea. But not only are most passenger ships nowadays oil-burners, but — since the success of the Swedish motor liner Gripsholm, built in 1925 — many of the finest ocean ships are being built as Diesel-engine *motor* ships and not *steam* ships.

The Burmeister and Wain shipbuilding yards in Copenhagen are on the island of Amager in the section called Christianshavn, opposite the Langelinie and the yacht harbor.

One day, when we were lunching at a seaside hotel at Marienlyst, north of Helsingör, we saw a gentleman entertaining quite a large party, perhaps fourteen or fifteen people, among them two Japanese gentlemen, and were told that he was the head of the Burmeister and Wain Company; and that the Japanese gentlemen were probably representatives of their Government, or of some big shipbuilding company, seeing about ordering some motor-driven ships.

CHAPTER V

SOME DANISH HISTORY

THE National Museum of Danish Antiquities is in the Prindsens Palais, on the mainland part of Copenhagen, across the Frederiksholm Canal from the Christiansborg Palace, or Parliament.

If you don't care for things from very olden times, perhaps you'd better not take time for this museum. But we loved it; and we think most children will, because it is so full of things that we learn about, in school, and helps us understand how people lived, and the things they made and did, centuries and centuries ago. We don't begin to understand all there is in a museum like that; and we don't even try to see all there is that we might be able to understand. But every time we go to one we learn a great deal that interests us.

It might be that you have time for only a few museums, and that you'd rather spend it in the Museum of Industrial Art, or the Dansk Folke Museum, with rooms furnished to show how poor people and rich people have lived in Denmark since the times of Christian IV. Both these museums are on the Vesterbrogade, near the Tivoli Gardens. And the Ny Carlsberg Glyptothek is on Tietgensgade, just back of Tivoli. We think you'll be very sorry if you don't take at least a look into this (the Glyptothek), even if only to get an idea of the beauty of the building. See

the Festival Hall and the Palm Court, even if you don't take time to see many of the statues.

The great national collection of paintings is out beyond the Botanical Gardens in the northwest part of the city.

For a lovely drive some afternoon when you are tired of seeing things on foot, we hope you'll do this:

Along Gothersgade, past the south end of the beautiful King's Gardens in which the Rosenborg Palace stands, to Östervolgade and the corner of the Botanical Gardens. Then, down Norrevalgade past lovely Orsted's Park, named for the discoverer of electro-magnetism. You ought to get out and stroll in this park, if you possibly can.

Then tell your driver to take you to Fredericksborg Park, and the Zoölogical Gardens, and the Sondermarken, and on to Valby where the Carlsberg breweries are.

On your way back from Valby, follow the banks of the three beautiful fresh-water lakes, Sankt Jergens Sö, Peblinge Sö, and Sortedam Sö, and see something of the delightful residential districts out in that part of Copenhagen.

Cross over the Dronning Louise's Brö (or Queen Louise's Bridge) between the Peblinge Sö and Sortedam Sö (*Sö* means lake) and drive up between the City Hospital, beautifully situated on the Sortedam Lake, and the Botanical Gardens, and along Östervolgade past the lovely park and waterways called Öster Anlaeg; and on up to Frihavn, and down the Langelinie; stop for tea at the Pavilion of the Royal Yacht Club, and drive

past the English Church and the Gefion Fountain on your way home. In all Europe it isn't easy to find a finer city ride. We think it is a good plan to take this on your first day in Copenhagen, and to have in your hand, as you go, one of the little leaflet maps of Copenhagen which the travel agencies give away.

If you go to the Rosenborg Palace in the morning, you may like to get there half an hour before the palace is open (at eleven) and spend that time in the park beside the palace, and play with Copenhagen children around Hans Andersen's statue.

The palace was built by Christian IV. And it has one or more rooms fitted up in the style of each king since Christian IV's time, so that you can see some of the finest things that were made and collected in each reign. We have hardly ever seen so many beautiful and interesting things in one place. Denmark has been a kingdom for more than a thousand years, without any interruption (like revolutions), so its treasures haven't been scattered and destroyed the way royal treasures have been in other countries.

We knew we couldn't learn, all at once, about the kings of a thousand years! So we decided to select a few — the ones we heard most about — and go forwards and backwards from them when we needed to. And of course we began with Christian IV, who became King when he was only eleven, and reigned for sixty years. While he was King of Denmark, Queen Elizabeth ruled in England, and then Mary Queen of Scot's son,

James I (who was married to Christian IV's sister, Anne of Denmark), and then Charles I (who was Christian IV's nephew). Christian IV died the year before his nephew was beheaded.

In France, Henry III (the last of Catherine de Médici's three sons to reign) was murdered the year after Christian IV became King of Denmark; and before Christian died, France had Henry IV's reign, and Louis XIII's, and five years of Louis XIV's.

It was the time of Gustavus Adolphus in Sweden, and Philip II, III, and IV in Spain.

That kind of helps us make 'a background' for Christian IV — a picture of his times. It was the time, in America, of Captain John Smith in Virginia, of the voyage of the Mayflower, the settlement of Boston, the founding of Harvard College, the arrival of Henry Hudson, the discoveries of Champlain.

Lots of history was made, while Christian IV was making his share. He was born at Fredericksborg Castle, which you will (we hope) visit on the day you go to Kronborg and other places north of Copenhagen, in 1577, and his father, Frederick II, died in 1588.

Christian's mother was a German princess, and she saw to it that he learned a great many kinds of useful things. He was a big husky fellow, and the best all-round athlete in his court. He was a sailor who could not only sail a ship, and direct it in battle, but could build it, if necessary. He was a great architect, and knew all about the practical side of building. He busied himself with

everything that concerned the prosperity of his people, and never seemed to tire. 'He built,' as Jacob Riis wrote in one of his 'Hero Tales of the Far North,' 'factories, cloth-mills, silk-mills, paper-mills, dammed the North Sea out from the rich marshlands with great dikes, taught the farmers profitable ways of tilling their fields. . . .

A BIT OF RIBE, JACOB RIIS'S TOWN

He built more cities and strongholds than those who went before him or came after him for centuries. Christiania [now again called by its ancient name, Oslo] and Christiansand in Norway, bear his name. He laid out a whole quarter of Copenhagen for his sailors, and the quaint little

houses still serve that purpose. [We went to see them!] Regensen, a dormitory for poor students at the university, was built by him. He created seven new chairs of learning, and saw to it that the professors got better pay. He ferreted out and dismissed in disgrace all the grafting officials in Norway, and administered justice with an even hand. . . . He founded a score of big trading companies to exploit the East, and sent one expedition after another to the waters of Greenland in search of the Northwest Passage. . . . In his walking-stick he carried a foot-rule, a level, and other tools, and would stop at the bench of a workman to test his work and see how well he was doing it. "I can lie down and sleep in any hut in the land," he used to say — knowing that he would be safe anywhere.'

THE DANISH NATIONAL ANTHEM

Well! This is the King who built the Rosenborg Palace. And one of the things most treasured in all that collection is a linen cloth, all blood-stained, that bound the face of King Christian as he fought and won his hardest fight, when he was sixty-seven years old.

It was in 1644. Brave Gustavus Adolphus had been dead for twelve years, and his eighteen-year-old daughter, Christina, was Queen of Sweden, but still had counsellors reigning for her; and they decided to make war on Denmark. And before Christian IV could realize what was happening, the Swedish had taken possession of all Jutland — you know! the west part of Denmark that begins at the German border.

The Swedes wanted to get over to the islands of Fünen and Zealand, and they were trying it, with a large fleet of hired Dutch vessels, on the first of July, 1644, when King Christian, in personal command of his own fleet, went to stop them. 'I am old and stiff,' he said, 'and no good any more to fight on land. But I can manage the ships.'

He met the Dutchmen, with the Swedes aboard, and Christian's own ship was the one that led the attack, and bore the brunt of the battle. Things were going badly for the Danes and for their old King. Then, a cannon-ball from an enemy ship shivered one of the guns on Christian's ship, killing and wounding twelve of the crew and throwing the King to the deck, stunned and wounded in twenty-three places. His right eye and two of his teeth were gone, and his left ear hung in shreds.

The sailors cried that the King was dead and the fight was lost. But he staggered to his feet, covered with blood, and rallied them. 'I'm still alive!' he shouted, 'and God has left me strength to fight on for my country. Let every man do his duty.'

So he led the fight till the battle was won and Denmark was saved. The cloth with which his wounds were bound during the finish of that fight is shown at Rosenborg Palace.

Do you know the story of that fight in the Danish national hymn, as Longfellow translated it?

'King Christian stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke;
His sword was hammering so fast,

Through Gothic helm and brain it passed;
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,
In mist and smoke.
"Fly," shouted they, "fly, he who can!
Who braves of Denmark's Christian
The stroke?"'

When we first heard the Danish hymn, it meant nothing to us. But now when we hear it we see the picture of that battle wherein the wounded old King saved Denmark, as plainly as we see 'the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air' of our own 'Star-Spangled Banner' above the ramparts of Fort McHenry.

We feel that, with knowing a little about Valdemar the Great and the beginning of Copenhagen; and about Valdemar's son, Valdemar II, and the Dannebrog (the Danish flag), and Christian IV and the saving of Denmark and the National Hymn; and then about Christian IX and his family — we have made a very good beginning at learning about Danish kings.

Rosenborg Palace is packed full of things we'd like to tell you about, but we can mention only a few.

One is the great banqueting hall, with the silver throne guarded by three large silver lions, symbolizing the three Scandinavian kingdoms that Denmark once ruled. They don't have coronations in Denmark, nowadays, because they feel that there are many things more important to spend money on. So they don't need the silver throne and lions *then*. But when a King of Denmark dies, the silver lions stand beside his bier while he is lying in state.

Another thing at this palace is the crown jewels. There are so many of them, and they are so very beautiful! But that isn't the most interesting thing about them — it's the way they are *guarded!* They are in a very big, strong case near the end of one of the beautiful rooms on the ground floor. At the end of the room is a handsome old mantelpiece with a big chimney-place. When we first noticed an oldish man standing inside the chimney-place, we thought he was looking up to see if he could see the sky. But, no! He was looking out at *us*. And he had his arm raised, touching something inside the chimney.

We asked about him, and learned that he was the guard.

All the time the museum is open (and, by the way, you have to pay fifty-four cents a person to get into it), he stands there like that, his finger on a button. If you should make the slightest move that looked suspicious to him, as if you were even thinking how some of those jewels could be stolen, he would press that button and the whole case, full of jewels, would sink through the floor and into its steel vault, and the automatic locks would close on it!

This might not seem so interesting to grown-ups as the beautiful porcelains and enamels and furniture and silver and ivory and tapestries, and things like that. But we found that, when we told about it to the children we met who were travelling in Scandinavia and hadn't been to Copenhagen yet, they all said, 'Me for *that!*'

A funny thing happened to us in this museum

that we often laugh about. A guide was showing us about; and while he seemed to know a good deal about Danish history, he didn't know much outside. He showed us a bust of Charles I of England with his Van Dyke beard and Van Dyke collar, and said it was the Emperor Charles V. We must have gasped, or looked surprised, because he asked what the matter was. And Nannie told him!

'What would he be doing here?' the guide said — as if he knew what Charles V would be doing there, either.

'He was Christian IV's nephew,' Nannie said; 'his mother was Anne of Denmark, Christian's sister.'

'Oh, so she was!' said the guide hastily — as if he had almost forgotten it — 'so she was!'

Then we went into a room where there were some beautiful things presented by Queen Anne of England; and there was a bust of her. The guide said 'an English princess' had given these things, but he didn't know just how it happened, or why.

'She was a great-granddaughter of Anne of Denmark, and named for her,' Nannie said; 'and she married a Danish prince.'

'Oh, so she did!' said the guide, nodding like a mandarin.

A little later, he said something about the island of Bornholm that lies a night's ride from Copenhagen, off the coast of Sweden, though it belongs to Denmark.

'That,' said Nannie to us, 'is where Victor came from.'

Victor is our janitor at home.

'So he did!' cried the guide, 'so he did!'

We wanted to tell about this because it struck us as so comical. Nannie didn't want to tell it for fear you'd think that maybe she's one of those 'stuffy,' know-it-all persons who goes around correcting people and showing-off. It just happened, she says, that the poor man, who was reeling off to us reams of Danish history we knew nothing about, stumbled when he came to a couple of bits of English history that we *do* know about. But what made it funny was that he 'pretended,' and was so ready to pretend that he knew everything, that he pretended to know where our janitor was born.

Nannie says that pretenders always get caught, and nearly always in some way that makes them look ridiculous.

After that, we couldn't take that guide's information very seriously; because, most of the time, we didn't know enough about what he was telling us to know whether it was real or 'bluff.'

CHAPTER VI

NELSON, AND THORVALDSEN

WHEN you leave the Rosenborg Palace, which Christian IV built, go down the Östervolgade to Gothersgade, and along the latter (left) to the second turning on your right, Landemoerkt. Turn down there; and at the third cross-street you will come to Trinity Church and the Round Tower. The tower is said to have been built for an astronomical observatory. It was designed by a pupil of Tycho Brahe, the great Danish astronomer, and Christian IV ordered it built — probably hung around and bossed it, or even took a hand now and then. He had quarrelled with Tycho, and Tycho went to Germany, and died there; but Christian probably was curious about astronomy. He *would* be! Though he believed in witches, and burned them when he could.

The Round Tower has an inclined plane winding up to the top, something like the one inside the tower at Amboise, in France; and Peter the Great, they say, drove up inside the Copenhagen tower in a coach and four. But if *you* want to go, you'll have to walk.

Across the street (Kjobmagergade) from the tower is the Regensen, which Christian IV built as a dormitory for poor students at the University. They get not only lodging, but money for clothes

and books. The main part of the University is farther along, opposite the Cathedral Church of Our Lady, where some of Thorvaldsen's great religious statues are. The University was founded in 1479, but the buildings are quite modern.

THE ROUND TOWER

There are about twenty-five hundred students, including a number of women. They don't have to pay anything. There is a fund, estab-

lished by the elder Jacobsen, which supports scholars making advanced researches. And there is another which sends two advanced students each year, as well as two from Norway and two from Sweden, to take special studies in the United States. This fund was left by Niels Poulson, who came to America from Denmark when he was a poor boy, made a fortune here, and left more than half a million dollars to be used in helping the United States and Scandinavia get better acquainted with one another.

You can go along Norregade to the Gammeltorv and Nytorv (Old Market and New Market) and turn down, between them, in Fredericksberggade, to the Town-Hall Square, and cross to the Industrie Restaurant, or pass it, a few steps on Vesterbrogade, to Wivel's, or turn the corner of Bernstorffsgade to Nimb.

Then, after lunch, go to Thorvaldsen's Museum, on the Palace Island, close to the Christiansborg. Just across the canal from it, and close to Bishop Absalon's statue, fishwives, who make as much noise as the famous Billingsgate ones in London used to make (though it *may* not be as full of swearing), sell the 'catch' of their husbands, and then go back to their near-by villages. Up in the square where the Bishop stands is the flower-market whose women sellers are called 'Amager women,' though not many of them really come from the island of that name. Others, selling fruit as well as flowers, overflow into the street called Amagertorv, which is part of the walk we so often took between Kongens Nytorv and Tivoli.

Many of the people on Amager are of Dutch descent, and there is a story to it:

Christian II, who ruled in the beginning of the fifteen-hundreds, was in love with a Dutch girl whom he called his 'Dyveke' or 'Little Dove.' She wasn't royal, so she couldn't be queen. He built her a house on Amager. And, so she shouldn't get lonesome when he was away fighting (he was the bad, cruel King that Gustavus Vasa raised Sweden against, so Sweden then became free again), he brought several hundred Dutch people up to keep her company, and also teach the Danes some things about Dutch farming. For a long, long time the descendants of these Dutch settlers wouldn't speak Danish, and kept everything about them as much like Holland as they could; and Dyveke's mother just about ruled Denmark.

It is still very Dutch and different in the villages of Dragör and Saint Magelby, on the south side of the island of Amager, about six or seven miles from Copenhagen. You might like to go down there for a little visit. And then go to see where Nelson fought one of his famous battles — on April 2, 1801; about four years before Trafalgar — and the one that he said was the hottest of all the hundred and five battles he had fought.

This battle had some relation to our Revolutionary War, when England had claimed the right to search all mercantile ships for contraband. Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and Holland formed an armed neutrality to resist this, and they kept up the alliance after our war was won. By and by,

Napoleon sided with them. Anything, for him, that was against England!

England ordered Denmark to withdraw from the Armed Neutrality, and when Denmark wouldn't, England sent a strong fleet under Nelson to 'insist.'

Denmark had no fighting ships at home — no sailors, nor gunners. All she had, to defend Copenhagen, was a lot of half-rotten old hulks, most of them without masts; and, to man them against Nelson's veterans, a scrambled lot of farm lads, students, mechanics, and what-nots, none of whom had ever smelt powder — not even their commander had!

'The sun shone fair,' Jacob Riis wrote in his 'Hero Tales,' 'upon the blue waters as the great fleet of thirty-odd fighting ships sailed up from the south. From the city's walls and towers a mighty multitude watched it come, unmindful of peril from shot and shell. In the churches whose bells were still ringing when the first gun was fired, the old men and women prayed through the long day, for there were few homes in Copenhagen that did not have son, brother or friend fighting out there.'

Nelson had promised Admiral Parker, who was with him, that he would finish the fight in an hour. When three hours had gone by, Parker signalled to Nelson to stop. That was when Nelson put his glass to his blind eye, said he saw no signal, and kept on fighting.

Two hours later, most of the Danish hulks were captured, but Copenhagen was still full of fight.

So Nelson sent the Crown Prince of Denmark this message:

'Lord Nelson has instructions to spare Copenhagen when no longer resisting; but if the firing is continued, he will be obliged to burn all the floating batteries he has taken, without having power to spare the brave Danes who have defended them.'

So the Crown Prince ordered hostilities to cease, and the battle was over. Denmark withdrew from the Armed Neutrality.

A beardless youth of eighteen, whose gallantry during the fighting (this boy commanded a floating battery) attracted Nelson's admiring notice, was Peter Willemoes from Odense.

'You ought to make an admiral of him,' Nelson told the Crown Prince, after the battle was over.

'If I were to make admirals of all my brave officers,' the Prince replied, smiling proudly, 'I should have no captains or lieutenants left.'

You may imagine how proud Odense was of Peter! And, curiously, it was on the fourth anniversary of Peter's gallant fighting for Denmark that Hans Christian Andersen was born, in Peter's home town. Hans was not quite three when brave Peter was killed in another battle. But tales a-plenty of Peter must little Hans have heard as he grew up, in Odense.

THORVALDSEN'S STORY

Well! We must get back to the Thorvaldsen Museum.

We didn't know a great deal about Thorvaldsen

except that he made the design for 'The Lion of Lucerne,' and that he is considered the greatest sculptor that northern Europe ever produced. We love sculpture. When we go to the Paris Salon, and into art museums, we always seem to spend most of our time looking at the sculpture. Of course, we love pictures, too. But there are many kinds of pictures that don't appeal to us at all; and there are not many kinds of sculpture we don't care for! Perhaps it is the subjects that many painters choose that we don't like. Perhaps we feel that some of them are trying to 'do a stunt,' or be 'odd,' and we are not interested. Sculptors seem to choose subjects that are more appealing to us. Anyway, we love sculpture! So we wanted to see the Thorvaldsen Museum. And we were very much interested in hearing about him.

His given name, which you hardly ever hear, was Bertel. He was born in Copenhagen in 1770. His father was an Icelander, and a wood-carver. Bertel learned to carve when he was very small, and didn't go to school, but helped his father, and when he was eleven he began going to the Copenhagen Art School, where they could see, almost at once, that he was an exceptional boy. He studied hard, but he had to help his father with the wood-carving business; because his father drank a great deal, and worked less and less as Bertel got bigger and able to earn money. Bertel had a pretty hard time of it, but he won prize after prize at the Royal Academy of Arts, until he got the one he wanted most of all — a three years' travel scholarship in Italy.

When he was twenty-six, he set out, in a Danish warship, and landed at Palermo, in Sicily; then went up to Naples for a while, and on to Rome, which was to be his home most of the rest of his life.

In those first years in Rome he was so lost in wonder and so overcome with all he saw that he couldn't make anything of his own.

He was a tall young man, with a mane of blond hair, thoughtful blue eyes, classic features like a fine Greek statue, and a clear, pale complexion something like marble. He looked like a statue moving about among other statues that *couldn't* move.

When his three years were over, he managed to get his scholarship renewed for three years more. But even in those other years he didn't do anything worth mentioning. And in 1802, when his second scholarship was at an end, and his money was gone, and he was thirty-two years old, it seemed that he would have to go back to Copenhagen a complete failure.

Of course he hated the idea of this. So he got very busy and made a statue of Jason returning to his galley with the Golden Fleece.

'All Rome' came to see this, in plaster, at Thorvaldsen's studio. Canova, then the most eminent sculptor in Italy, if not in Europe, said it was 'extraordinary, a revolutionary piece of art.'

But nobody bought it!

The days went by, and there seemed nothing for Thorvaldsen to do but leave it, and go home.

A German friend was going north, and Thorvaldsen decided to travel with him.

The day of departure came, and Thorvaldsen was all packed to go, and was saying good-bye to his landlady, when the German came and said that his papers were not ready, and he couldn't leave till the next day.

And that afternoon a wealthy English banker, Sir Thomas Hope, being shown around Rome, was told of the young Danish sculptor's 'Jason,' and taken to see it. There it stood, in the studio that he was ready to abandon! Sir Thomas bought the 'Jason,' and ordered it done in marble. So Thorvaldsen unpacked his 'boxes,' and it was seventeen years before he packed again, to go to Copenhagen.

From that moment he got so many commissions that he kept putting off doing 'Jason' in marble; and it was twenty-five years after giving his order that Sir Thomas got his statue! But when Thorvaldsen delivered it, he presented two others with it, and also made very fine statues of Sir Thomas and Lady Hope.

Then it was seen that Thorvaldsen's six years of scholarship in Rome had not been wasted. Far from it! He had filled himself so full of inspiration, and studied great sculpture to such advantage, that hardly anybody could find flaws in his work, or anything to criticise — although this is not true of his most famous work of all, 'The Lion of Lucerne,' because he had never seen a lion, and he didn't get it quite right.

In 1819 he returned to Denmark, after an

absence of twenty-three years. That was the year when Hans Christian Andersen first arrived in Copenhagen to seek his fortune — a boy of fourteen. One day, Hans, walking in a Copenhagen street, met Thorvaldsen and bowed — because Thorvaldsen was a great and distinguished man.

Thorvaldsen stopped, and said: 'Where have I seen you before? I think we know one another.'

'No,' Andersen replied, 'we do not know one another at all.'

It was not until fourteen years later, in Rome, that they really became acquainted. But Thorvaldsen then insisted that in that first encounter they felt that they were to 'become good friends.'

In 1838 Thorvaldsen left Rome for the last time, and went back to Copenhagen to live — and to die.

His homecoming was a national festival — guns firing, flags flying, ships in the harbor decorated, streets all a-flutter. The people drew his carriage to his house. There was a serenade, by torchlight, and a banquet and ball, and poems were read, and Denmark was filled with rejoicings. He continued to work, especially on the statues of Christ and the Apostles, which are in Our Lady's Church, near the University.

On the 23d of March, 1844, he and Hans Andersen dined together; after dinner, Andersen went home, and Thorvaldsen went to the theatre. And there he died! When Andersen heard, next morning, that the great sculptor was dead, he couldn't believe it.

Thorvaldsen, like Andersen, was a bachelor. He left a great part of his fortune to build and endow a museum, which should also be his tomb — where he should lie surrounded by originals or copies of all his creations.

The building is a copy of an Etruscan rock sepulchre; in the garden that the quadrangle encloses, is Thorvaldsen's tomb. All around him are his works. Mostly, there is just one statue in a room, and on the walls a number of bas-reliefs and maybe a bust or two.

The last thing he worked on was a bust of Martin Luther — and there it stands, as he left it, even to the little lump of clay that he had in his hand when he stopped work — that day before going to dinner with Andersen — and stuck on Luther's breast.

We were interested in nearly everything, and deeply impressed by it all. The one picture we bought, to bring home with us, was of Thorvaldsen's statue of himself, at work. We think that is *very* beautiful, and hope we can have it in this book.

Bissen, who made the statue of Bishop Absalon, and a great many others that we see in Copenhagen, was a pupil of Thorvaldsen's.

THINGS TO BUY AT COPENHAGEN — AND FUN TO HAVE

Denmark has never had a painter who was world-renowned, like Thorvaldsen in sculpture.

But Copenhagen pottery, or Royal Danish Porcelain, is said to be, along with Hans Ander-

sen's fairy-tales, one of the products of Denmark that almost everybody in the world knows, even if he doesn't know another thing about Denmark. There is hardly a town, anywhere, that does not have some examples of 'Copenhagen ware.' We wanted to buy some, but we didn't have money enough. We're going to have some as soon as we have a little money to spend for beautiful things.

Copenhagen makes beautiful silver, too. But this didn't tempt us as much as the pottery. We *did* want some of those adorable animals! And we wanted plates with Viking ships on them, and *lots* of things!

But all we bought in Copenhagen was a Danish doll for our collection of costume dolls, and a pack of playing cards with the face-cards Shakespeare Kings and Queens and Princes. The clubs are from Hamlet — the King, Queen Gertrude, and Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

And now we must not try to say any more about Copenhagen, except just a last word or two about Tivoli.

That is the only place we've ever seen periscopes used — and for amusement! The crowds in front of the outdoor theatres (especially those that are giving 'spectacles,' and *hearing* isn't necessary) are so huge that the people in the middle and back couldn't see a thing if it were not for these periscopes which they rent. The top of the periscope is raised above the heads of the crowd, and there is a simple arrangement of reflecting mirrors, so that even if you're 'a shorty' you can stand far

back, and hoist your periscope, and see very well what's going on, on the distant stage.

Another thing we saw at Tivoli, that we've never seen anywhere else, was the crockery-smashing booth, where you could rent a handful of balls and get a prize for smashing the hanging plates and platters to smithereens. Talk about fun! Nannie could hardly get us away from there.

There was a silhouette cutter who was interesting to watch. We wanted to have *ours* cut, but we didn't like the idea of posing before so many spectators.

Altogether, you can see that Copenhagen is a place of many interests, many delights. We hope it won't be long before we get back there.

CHAPTER VII

THE DANISH CASTLES

One thing about Copenhagen that we haven't mentioned yet is the bicycles. We were told that there are two hundred thousand of them in use — and we feel sure that this is no exaggeration. It seems as if everybody rides a bicycle, all the time, everywhere.

The ting-a-ling of their bells is one of the sounds that a composer would certainly put into his piece if he were writing a 'Copenhagen Symphony.' And if a movie-director were putting on a Copenhagen street scene, at night, it wouldn't be *real* unless he had it full of fireflies that are bicycle lamps.

The great road that leads north from Copenhagen along the seashore to the Kattegat is closed to all traffic, except bicycles, Sunday afternoons. And even if it were not, motors couldn't crawl along in that thick swarm of pedallers.

We can bicycle pretty well. But we don't believe we could manage one and obey traffic regulations the way the Copenhageners do.

We started early one Sunday morning (at nine o'clock) for our day along the Sound and among the castles, so as to get far away before the bicycles got thick on the roads.

The route is up Store Kongensgade back of the Marble Church, and along Österbrogade, at the

east end of the lovely Sortedam Sö; and then north, almost as straight as the crow flies, for miles and miles along the Strandvejen, or shore road, lined with beaches and villas and hotels and yacht harbors, all the way to the Kattegat. (There are local steamers along this shore, too.)

Copenhageners, although they have so many fine parks and beautiful residences on the little fresh-water lakes, seem to love the country intensely, and to get away to it as much as they can. Especially the country beside the sea! And, fortunately, there is practically no place in Denmark that is more than a few miles from the sea.

A great many Copenhagen people have summer homes along the Strandvejen. (The railway runs up, just a little farther inland than the road, and there are twenty-seven stations on it, in a distance of less than forty miles.) Some of them are palatial villas in great grounds; and some are simple summer cottages. But they are all charming, and make you feel that the life lived in them must be full of pleasantness.

Those who can't afford country homes can at least have colony gardens, in the outskirts of Copenhagen. These are in plots of unused land that will probably be 'suburban subdivisions' some day; but until they are sold, they are leased by coöperative societies and divided into strips twenty feet wide and either fifty or one hundred feet deep which are rented for the season to working people, at low prices. Most families build a 'bungalow' on their 'estate'! Everybody takes a hand, and it must be heaps of fun. They use

old packing-cases, and all sorts of odds-and-ends, and fix up a sort of play-house which they can use evenings and Sundays and holidays, to rest in after they have been working in their gardens. They have a stove, so they can cook supper, and keep a few dishes out there. And by and by they may begin to sleep out there on Saturday and Sunday nights, and holiday times; till, first thing they know, lots of them find themselves living all the time in their little 'bungalow,' and saving city rent, so they can buy some ground and build a 'really truly' house, some day.

They raise flowers (*always* flowers! The Scandinavian people almost worship flowers, and *how* they can make flowers grow!) and vegetables — and fun! And appetites! And health!

We love watching the colony gardens, and we'd love to *have* one, and a teeny-weeny packing-box house on it.

Other cities besides Copenhagen have them, of course. Hamburg has just thousands of them. And we have them in Chicago. We don't know who had them first. But we do know that Chicago was the first to do a great many things that nearly all the world does now. And of course we're very proud of it.

As we went up the Strandvejen, we had the mansion pointed out to us where the poor, lonely old Dowager Czarina of Russia was living (she has died, since, and been buried at Roskilde); and even if, as we've heard, she never believed that her son and all his family were butchered by the Reds, she must have been very sad anyway, sitting there

and thinking of the days that were no more. For it was a big family group that she was once a part of, and very devoted to family gatherings in the palace of Fredensborg that we were on our way to. She was the last to linger. And think what has happened in the country to which she went as a bride!

We bought a picture of the poor old lady, sitting in a corner surrounded by photographs of her loved ones.

The name of the mansion that she and her sister, Queen Alexandra of England, bought together, so that they could have a home of their own in their native land, amid scenes of many happy days, is Hvidore, and you come to it just before Klampenborg, where the great Dyrehaven, or deer park is, in a magnificent old beech forest, dotted with lovely little lakes. When the hawthorn is in bloom in the deer park, it is a paradise for painters and for all beauty-lovers. This is specially fine at the northern edge of the park, near Vedbaek. The Eremitagen, or Hermitage, was once the hunting-lodge of the kings. There are no motor roads in the forest; but you can see something of it by motoring along either edge, if you haven't time to go in and wander. We always hate to miss a single chance to wander in an old forest. *All* the best stories seem to 'come true' in them!

HAMLET'S CASTLE

It is about twenty-five miles from Copenhagen to Helsingör, where 'Hamlet's Castle' is; Shake-

speare calls it Elsinore. Helsingör is the name of the town, which is quite a sizable one. (We met the Swedish Consul to Helsingör, when we were at Karlstadt, in Sweden.) The name of the castle is Kronborg; it was built in 1574–84, not by Christian IV (for a wonder!), but by his father. And although there was a castle on that spot before, nobody knows if it had anything to do with 'Hamlet, Prince of Denmark,' nor if there ever *was* a Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. But does anybody *care?* Hardly any prince that ever lived, and had all his doings carefully written into history, is so real to hundreds of millions of people as Shakespeare has made Hamlet.

Archbishop Absalon had as his secretary, or clerk, a monk named Saxo, whose father and grandfather had both been warriors under Valdemar the Great. Perhaps Saxo had heard a great many stories from his father and grandfather, and Absalon thought they should be written down. Anyway, he told Saxo to write the history of the Christian kings of Denmark.

The first king of *all* Denmark was a heathen. His name was Gorm the Old. He died in 935; and from his time on, the history of Denmark is real history, so to say, and not a mixture of legend and mythology.

Gorm's son was Harold Bluetooth, and he was baptized. Then came Svend, who resolved to conquer England in revenge for the terrible massacre of Danes in England by Aethelred. (The first Northmen — the English called all Northmen 'Danes' — who went over to ravage Eng-

land, didn't stay to settle. About the time of Alfred the Great, they began to settle in England. And, when thousands of Danes were massacred by order of Alfred's great-grandson, the King of Denmark, Svend, swore vengeance.) Svend's son, Canute, became King of England, and two of his sons reigned there after him. They left no heirs. So the Danish rule in England was not long. In Denmark, King Canute's nephew became King as Svend Estridsen — his mother was Estride, Canute's sister.

When Saxo began his story of the Danish kings, he began with this Svend Estridsen, who had been dead only about a hundred years or so. He had five sons who succeeded him, one after the other — the second one being that Canute who was killed at Odense and became the patron saint of Denmark.

But after he had written this, Absalon persuaded him to go farther back than Svend Estridsen, and write about earlier kings. So Saxo did. His book was not finished until after Absalon died (in 1201), so Saxo dedicated it to King Valdemar II and to that Archbishop Andreas who was to be, with Valdemar, godfather of the Danish flag.

Saxo had nine books dealing with Danish kings before the time of Harold Bluetooth. And in two of these nine books (the third and fourth) was a story about Amleth or Hamlet, which may have been told to Saxo, or he may have found it written by some one earlier than himself. It is about a governor of Jutland who had two sons, Howendill and Feng. Howendill married Gerutha, the

daughter of the Danish King, and they had a son named Amleth. Feng murdered Howendill and married Gerutha. Amleth, fearing that he would be murdered too, pretended he was crazy; but Feng *thought* he was pretending.

There's a lot more to the story as Saxo told it — including how Feng sent Amleth to England with a letter to the English King, telling the King to put Amleth to death; but Amleth altered the letter (it was written on wooden tablets) so it read that the English King should kill the attendants Feng had sent with Amleth, and give Amleth his daughter in marriage.

Saxo's book was widely read during the Middle Ages. And in 1514 it was published in Paris, and later reprinted in Switzerland and Germany. One of the treasures we saw at the Royal Library, Copenhagen, was a manuscript copy of part of Saxo's history, which was found at Angers, France, and was made in the same century that Saxo died in — the thirteenth.

The Hamlet story appeared in a book of 'Tragic Histories' published in England in 1559. And there seems to have been a play about it as early as 1587 or 1589. (Very much the same story, though, belongs to different countries, and many different times.)

Now! Here's where *we* did a little 'sleuthing,' a little 'putting two and two together,' that we thought out all by ourselves — although it may be in dozens of books, for all we know.

We knew, of course, that the perfectly *thrilling* Kronborg Castle at Helsingör was not where the

ghost of Hamlet's father walked — even if there had ever been a 'really truly' Hamlet and he had ever seen a ghost. But that didn't keep us from wondering why Shakespeare laid the scenes at

KRONBORG CASTLE

'Elsinore.' Why not over in Jutland? Why not at Odense? Or at Roskilde, which was the capital of Denmark long before Copenhagen was thought of?

Well, for *one* reason, because Saxo, it seems, was born at Helsingör. We don't know if he mentions his birthplace in connection with the Amleth story. But here's what we *did* 'think out':

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

James VI of Scotland (destined to become James I of England) married, in 1589, the Danish Princess Anne, elder sister of the young King Christian IV, who had just begun his long reign, though he had counsellors to rule for him.

James became King of Scotland when he was only fourteen months old. (We were going, when we left Norway, to Scotland, to see where he was born, and where he was crowned.) His mother, Mary, Queen of Scots, was still living when the King of Denmark (Frederik II) offered to give one of his daughters in marriage to the young Scotch King. Frederik had done a gallant thing for Queen Mary about nine years before this, when he sent to Queen Elizabeth a declaration that Bothwell, her last husband, made before he died. (Bothwell spent the last eleven years of his life as Frederik's prisoner, and died in a castle not far from Kronborg, as we'll tell more fully, by and by.) Bothwell wrote that Mary had not known about the plot to kill Darnley (King James's father), but that Bothwell and others had done it without her knowledge.

Queen Elizabeth tried to keep that letter secret, because she wanted everybody to believe that Mary was guilty of having her husband blown to bits with gunpowder.

But young James seems to have known about it, and appreciated Frederik's sending it. (Some people say the letter doesn't prove anything. But we don't know about that.)

The Orkney and Shetland Islands belonged to Denmark, but had been pawned to Scotland in the fifteenth century. Now, Frederik II was rich enough to take them out of pawn. Scotland did not want to give them up, to have Danish belongings so close to her coast, especially as Denmark had a very strong navy. So Frederik said he'd

give the islands as a dower for either one of his daughters that James might wish to marry. James was nineteen, then, and the princesses were twelve and ten.

Queen Elizabeth didn't favor this marriage — and she had a lot to say, as James was to be her successor — and Mary, Queen of Scots, didn't favor it because the Danish princesses were Protestant. So nothing was done about it.

In 1587, Queen Mary was beheaded. Later in that year, Frederik sent King James a demand to give up the islands or engage in war. There was a lot of palavering, and Frederik gave his older daughter to another. He sent word that, if James didn't espouse Anne before May 1, 1589, he must give up the islands.

Before that time came, Frederik died. However, James had seen a miniature of Anne, and liked it, and decided to marry her. She was fourteen then, and quite pretty.

It was August 20th (not May 1st) when the marriage-by-proxy took place — at Kronborg Castle!

The next month a Danish fleet of twelve ships, with the bride on board the admiral's, sailed for Scotland, but was blown back (by *witches*, the admiral believed!) and up to the coast of Norway. Ten of the ships got back to Denmark, but the admiral was afraid to take Anne back when he had been told to take her to her husband.

So they landed on the Norway coast in a miserable place called Oslo (or Upslo), which Anne's young brother was to build up and name

Christiania, for himself. Now it is called Oslo again.

There Anne sat, in the greatest discomfort, until James himself came to fetch her.

He was nearly a month getting there, but they were married on that bleak coast. They couldn't get away for some weeks, on account of the difficulties of winter travel. But on January 18, 1590, they appeared on the Swedish coast, at Hälsinborg, three miles across Öresund from Helsingör, where the royal family of Denmark was waiting for them. There was a raging storm, and it was three days before the bride and groom could cross to Kronborg, where they had their wedding over again, with royal splendor. James said he didn't care *how* many times he got married to Anne! And then they stayed for her sister's wedding — so it was May Day, 1590, that they arrived in Scotland. James was nearly twenty-four then; and Anne was more than seven months short of being fifteen. She was crowned on May 17th, at the abbey church of Holyrood.

There must have been a lot of talk about all this in England. Where was Shakespeare then? Nobody knows! The first that is definitely known about him, after he left Stratford early in 1585, is in 1592, or later. This is the time when he *may* have been in Italy.

We don't know whether he could, perchance, have been in Denmark. But it seems that he must have heard a great deal about 'Elsinore.' And there was the 'Hamlet' play produced in London in 1589, though it was very little like the

marvellous play that Shakespeare wrote, about 1601 or 1602.

Of the twelve counsellors who ruled Denmark for young King Christian IV, one was named Rosencrantz and one was named Guildenstern!

All these things that we 'dug out' are going to make 'Hamlet' a hundred times more interesting to us than ever before. And whenever we see it, we shall always think of a soldier who was on guard duty on the ramparts that Sunday morning we were there. His ancient-looking uniform was very picturesque, and we raised our cameras to take a picture of him. He smiled and tried to walk as much like a ghost as he could.

If there was a real 'Amleth' he must have lived about the end of the eighth or early part of the ninth century. The 'grave' they show tourists, at Marienlyst (near Helsingör), is more than probably a 'fake.'

But Kronborg Castle doesn't depend on Hamlet for all its interest. It is a place *full* of stories!

CHARLEMAGNE'S DEFENDER

In a black and spooky cavern under the bastions there is a big image of Holger Danske, or Ogier the Dane, hero of many of the stories about Charlemagne and his Knights. Ogier fought at Roncesvaux. And when the giant Saracen chief, Brehus, who was seventeen feet tall, challenged Charlemagne to meet him in single combat, it was Ogier who fought for Charlemagne and slew the giant — whereupon Charlemagne gave him two fine provinces, and Ogier married the daughter of an English king.

As the story of Ogier the Dane got told and retold through the centuries, of course it 'grew' — as good stories do; so, by and by it began to have fairies in it, especially Morgan la Fay, who keeps him as her lover for two hundred years at Avalon, and lets him go back to France, bearing a firebrand on which his life depends. The widow of King Philip I falls in love with him, and Ogier destroys the firebrand of his immortality so he can marry her. But Morgan la Fay comes and carries him off again, and he is supposed to be sleeping in a mountain, waiting till his great prowess is needed again by his people. Every Christmas Eve an angel comes to visit him and to tell him that he can sleep for another year — Denmark doesn't need him yet.

In the upper part of the castle of Kronborg there is a museum which has some interesting things in it — models of Greenland villages; stuffed dogs from the Far North, drawing a sledge; Esquimau fishing boats made of skins; and ship models of many sorts.

And there is the collection of things relating to Tycho Brahe.

Tycho was born at the end of 1546, in what is now Sweden, but was then a Danish province; and when he was twelve and a half he went to Copenhagen to study 'philosophy and rhetoric'! A total eclipse of the sun had for a long time been predicted to take place on the 21st of August, 1560. And when it happened, 'on the dot,' Tycho was tremendously impressed and began to study such astronomy as he could find — which

wasn't much, although Copernicus had come and gone, and left some new ideas about it.

His relatives didn't think much of his fooling with far-off stars. But finally, when he had been studying (law and chemistry — and stars 'on the sly') in Germany for nine years, and had come home without his nose, which he lost in a duel, but wearing an artificial one he had made of copper alloy, they let him install a laboratory at his uncle's castle. And then they got mad at him for marrying a peasant girl.

But Frederik II, when he heard that Tycho was thinking of settling at Basle, in Switzerland, gave him an island in the Sound, a few miles south of Helsingör, and also a pension, and the income of an estate in Norway. And on the island, Hveen, Tycho built a marvellous observatory called Uraniborg, where he worked for over twenty years. James VI of Scotland visited Tycho there in March, 1590, before sailing home with his Danish bride.

But young Christian IV didn't get on as well with Tycho as his father had; and he 'took back' his father's gifts. So Tycho returned to Germany, and then went to Prague, where the Emperor gave him a castle and a big pension. Tycho set up his wonderful instruments that he had used at Hveen; and Kepler — the great German astronomer of those days — came to join him; and they were hoping to do fine things together. But Tycho died, before he had spent two years in his new castle-observatory. He is buried in Prague, where we hope to go next summer.

Tycho was often at Kronborg in the lifetime of Frederik II; and it is a good thing to have the little museum about him there, where so many visitors go; because strangers would not be very likely to go to the island of Hveen.

HOLDING UP THE SHIPS

Now for one more thing about Kronborg! For a very long while Denmark used this formidable fortress to collect toll from every ship that passed through the Sound going between the Baltic and the North Sea. The Sound, as we told you, is only three miles wide at that point, which is a sort of bottle-neck; and the great guns of Kronborg could easily make an end of any ship that tried to get by without paying. This taking toll began in 1425, and in 1855 they were still doing it — collecting more than a million dollars a year — in spite of all protests. Then the United States told Denmark that American shipowners would not pay it any longer. So Denmark decided to call a conference. And as a result of this conference, the different countries whose ships use that passage, paid Denmark $20,000,000, 'once and for all.' Each country paid in proportion to the number of her ships that had used the Sound during the last year. More than one fourth were English — so England paid over $5,000,000.

The interest on twenty millions is not quite as much as Denmark was taking each year in tolls. But she has had many advantages from the new arrangement, and is very glad, now, that the United States took the stand it did. Many ves-

sels, to avoid paying this toll, used to pass between the Baltic and the North Sea by way of the Great Belt or the Little Belt (one on each side of Fünen) and didn't go near Copenhagen. When the passage of the Sound became free, Copenhagen was very much more prosperous than ever before. And then she built her great Free Harbor, one of the finest in the world, to which tens of thousands of ships come annually. You must try to see as much of it as you can when you leave Copenhagen on the train-ferry to go to Malmö.

After we left Kronborg (which we were sorry to do), we went to Marienlyst, just north of the castle, on the shore. It is a bathing resort; and we had lunch in the big hotel, there. In the grounds of Marienlyst Hotel there is a brook they call Ophelia's, and a statue of Hamlet, and in the castle grounds is a mound they call his grave, but these are just for 'tourists.'

Beyond Marienlyst for quite a few miles there are continuous beaches, and beautiful forests (especially the one called Hornbaek Plantation); but if you go farther than Marienlyst, you won't have time, in one day, for Fredensborg and Frederiksborg. And you mustn't miss those!

We looked over at Sweden, and wondered whether we were going to like it as much as we liked Denmark. And then we went back to Helsingör and took the road for Fredensborg, the 'castle of peace,' built in 1720 to commemorate the establishing of peace between Denmark and Sweden. The grounds are among the most

beautiful in Europe, and remind you somewhat of those at Versailles.

The palace is more like a very fine country house than a residence of kings. Yet few palaces have ever seen more kings and queens gathered together and trying to be as much like 'folks' as possible. Because it was here that the family parties of King Christian IX liked best to be.

This Christian had slim prospects as a young man. But in 1852, when he was thirty-two years old and the father of a fine family, representatives of the great European Powers met in London to decide what should happen in Denmark when the childless King, Frederik VII, died. They agreed that Christian, who was a direct descendant of King Christian III, would probably make a good king, so they elected him. But he didn't succeed to the throne till eleven years later. He reigned forty-four years, and was succeeded by his eldest son, who was married to the King of Sweden's daughter. The present King, Christian X, is that eldest son's eldest son; and the King of Norway is Christian X's younger brother.

King Christian IX's son George became King of Greece. One daughter, Alexandra, became Princess of Wales and then Queen of England. Another daughter, Dagmar, became Czarina of Russia.

This was the family group that used to gather often in Denmark, and that specially loved 'the simple life' at Fredensborg.

The Frederiksborg Castle is the finest in Denmark. It was built principally by Christian IV,

who had been born there. It is a National Historical Museum, now, like Versailles, and has many interesting pictures in it, and other things. It is beautifully situated on an island in a lovely lake that reflects the castle's striking architecture almost like a mirror.

We feel that we have left out many of the things that could be said and should be said about Denmark and the Danes.

But of course we've only made a beginning of getting acquainted there. We hope to go on and on, through many years.

Even with the little we know now, though, we feel as if we had inherited a wonderful new kingdom.

Before we went there, it never meant anything very special or definite when we heard or read a mention of Denmark.

But *now* ——!

PART TWO
SWEDEN

PART TWO
SWEDEN

CHAPTER I
GOING TO SWEDEN

WHEN you leave Copenhagen to go to Sweden, you have some very important choosing to do.

You can go direct to Stockholm, by day train or night train, in fourteen hours. To do this, you cross by steam ferry from Copenhagen to Malmö, a journey of just two hours, and then go all the rest of the way by land, to Stockholm, where, again, it's 'water, water everywhere.' The train goes on the big ferryboat. You can get in your car at Copenhagen and stay in it till you reach Stockholm, or you can get out while you're crossing the Sound, and go down into the very nice dining-room of the boat for a meal, or stay on deck and look about you.

Many visitors to Sweden take the night train between Copenhagen and Stockholm. It leaves Copenhagen at seven and gets to Stockholm at nine in the morning.

There are no first-class compartments in most Scandinavian trains. The second-class is the best obtainable — but it is better than first-class in many, if not in most, countries. About the only time anybody ever buys a first-class ticket in Scandinavia is when he wants to have a sleeping-

compartment to himself. For instance, we girls had second-class tickets, because there were two of us to go in one compartment; but Nannie had to have a first-class ticket for that one journey, so she could have the adjoining compartment all to herself, and have the door open between hers and ours.

The berths in European sleeping-cars go across the car instead of lengthwise. The compartments have washstands, but no toilets.

Another way to go from Copenhagen to Stockholm (not direct, but in several stages that will show you some very interesting parts of Sweden) is to cross over from Helsingör (or Elsinore) to the other side of the Sound, three miles away, where there is a fine old Swedish town named Hälsingborg, which you can visit before going on

KALMAR CASTLE

to Kalmar, where there is a magnificent castle. Then at Kalmar you take a boat for Visby, the island in the Baltic which is famous for its 'ruins

and roses,' and from Visby you take another boat for the overnight ride to Stockholm.

Or, you can go from Malmö or from Hälsingborg to Gothenburg, and take the Göta Canal to Stockholm — or the train to Stockholm, making stops at Karlstad and even at Rättvik and Upsala.

Or, you can fly!

It all depends on where you are going *after* Stockholm, and how much time you have. If you were going from Sweden to Germany, you'd naturally go north first, and then go down to Trälleborg and over to Sassnitz. If you were going to Norway, or to sail from Gothenburg for America or for London, you'd take a southerly route to Stockholm, and a northerly route from there.

There isn't a great deal of interest in taking the night train from Copenhagen to Stockholm. The ferry ride is fine, and the journey is comfortable, and you save time. But you don't have any opportunity to get off and see Malmö, where there is a good deal that's very interesting and much that's beautiful. (Malmö Castle was the first prison of Bothwell, before he was removed to Dragsholm.)

Malmö is one of the most important airports in Europe. From there you can fly to Copenhagen in fifteen minutes, and then on to Hamburg in two hours, or to Amsterdam in five and a half hours (instead of twenty-four hours by train!) or to Paris or London in nine hours (instead of thirty-six).

If you don't find a plane going just *where* you

want to go, and *when*, you can hire a private one for not so *very* much more than a good automobile costs: *twice* as much, perhaps. And, of course, you have to pay for the empty return trip of the plane, just as you do for an automobile. And that makes it 'mount up' in price. The rate (in 1928) is about seventy-five cents a mile, for a private seaplane with accommodation for four passengers.

In America, as we write this, people have not yet begun to do much of their travelling by air. We use air routes for mail, but not for many passengers. But in Europe, thousands and thousands of people use the air routes so much that they are no longer a novelty. And there are hardly any accidents, or even forced landings — probably fewer mishaps than happen to the same number of travellers by train or auto. It seems strange that we are so slow about this!

The next time we go from Copenhagen to Stockholm by way of Malmö, we're going to cross over from Copenhagen in the morning, as soon after breakfast as we can manage it. We'll get our luggage examined (Malmö is the Swedish frontier) and we'll register through to Stockholm everything but a couple of overnight bags.

WHERE A GREAT POEM WAS WRITTEN

Then we'll go up to Kramer's Hotel, which is a very good one, and leave our bags, and go out to see Malmö — especially its parks and drives, and the lovely bronze statue called 'The Sunflower,' by Hasselberg. And the castle! And after luncheon (at Kramer's or Kungsparken) we'll either go

down to the seashore at Falsterbo (where there's a fine hotel called Falsterbohus), which is a fashionable resort, and has golf links; or we'll go ten miles (on the main line to Stockholm) to the ancient university town of Lund, which has a magnificent old cathedral built in the eleventh century with a marvellous old sixteenth-century clock; and a university; and a statue of Tegnér, who was for years a professor there (his house is a museum), and while he was living there, wrote 'Frithjof's Saga,' a long poem of very olden times in Scandinavia. This poem has been translated into every European language — and into English and German, more than twenty times, each. It is the most famous book about old Scandinavia; we tell a lot about it when we come to Norway, where most of the scenes are laid. Longfellow translated for us Tegnér's 'Children of the Last Supper.' You'll see a beautiful memorial to Tegnér in Stockholm.

From Lund, we'll go to Alvesta (about a hundred miles from Lund on the Stockholm line) and change there for Kalmar, which is eighty-two miles and takes about three hours. We want pretty near a whole day at Kalmar, because the castle there is one of the finest in all the north of Europe (we want to see it, and to photograph it — it's great for pictures!) and because we want to go over to the island of Öland, where there are the ruins of Borgholm Castle, the most picturesque in Sweden. This island was inhabited even in the Stone Age; and the Romans seem to have been there, too.

In the days when Kalmar Castle was already old, but more than five hundred years newer than it is now, an important thing happened there: the Kalmar Union of all three Scandinavian countries, under one ruler — Queen Margaret. She was heir to the crown of Denmark, and she married the King of Norway; he died, and so did their son, so Margaret ruled both countries; and she was elected by the Swedes to rule them, too. Margaret died in 1412. The King who succeeded her wasn't fair to the Swedes, so they elected another king of their own. But a short while afterwards, the Danes ruled over the Swedes (although they said they let the Swedes 'elect' them!) again — until Gustavus Vasa set Sweden forever free.

Then, from Kalmar we'll take the night boat to Visby, spend a day on the island of Gotland; and then another night boat to Stockholm — which really ought to be approached from the sea! And we'll 'time' ourselves so that the day we leave Visby is the one (there are two or three in each week) when the steamer goes all the way to Stockholm, instead of only to Nynäshamn, from where one goes by train to Stockholm.

(We always think of Stockholm as '*on* the Baltic'; and so it is, in a way. But it takes about three hours for a steamer to go from Stockholm to the open Baltic Sea! And such a *gorgeous* ride as that is!)

VISBY AND THE GOTHS

Now, about Visby! It is the capital of the island of Gotland. There is hardly any other word which

keeps popping at you oftener and out of more places, in Europe, than *Gothic.*

Nobody seems to be quite sure where the Goths came from. Their belief about themselves was that they came from Skåne, the southern part of Sweden. The Lombards believed the same about themselves. (Remember about the Langobardi, or Longbeards?) And so did the Burgundians.

Anyway, they have left many traces of their name in Sweden. Östergötland and Västergötland (East Gotland and West Gotland), Gothenburg, the Göta Canal, and so on.

So we decided that, after this, when we read about Goths and hear about Goths, we're going to think of them as having come from Sweden; and we're going to *see* them, 'in our mind's eye,' as big, blond people, a good deal like the Vikings of a later age.

We begin reading about the Goths overrunning Europe, and threatening the Roman Empire, from about the beginning of the third century. And by and by we come to Visigoths in Carcassonne and in Spain — *western* Goths! And to Ostrogoths — *eastern* Goths.

Nobody seems to know how or when or why the very beautiful architecture, with the pointed instead of the round Roman arch, came to be called Gothic. But it might have been that the eastern Goths got the idea of the pointed arch in some of their invasions of eastern countries. But they were heathen (the Goths) and, if they ever made anything, it certainly wasn't a Gothic *church!*

An old Saga says that the island called Gotland

used to come to the surface of the sea only at night, and with the dawn it disappeared again beneath the waves. We wonder what it did in the long 'nightless' time when it is never dark thereabouts!

But once upon a time a bold man named Thjelvar settled there, and with fire frightened away the trolls, or fairies, that 'ducked' the island every day to keep people from settling on it. And since then, the Baltic has never swept over Gotland.

At any rate, the people who lived there in the first century were evidently great travellers or great traders. For coins — thousands of them! — from Greece and Rome and Arabia, and even from India and China, have been found on the island, and are still coming to light. We don't expect to *find* one! But we're going to *dig!* It is something to have dug for a coin from India, up in the Baltic Sea! Even if we turn up nothing but sand (nothing, that is, that anybody else can see), think of the stories we can make up, as to how those coins came so far, and what they bought; and so on.

We know a delightful lady who teaches geography. She loves it with her whole heart and soul, and teaches it so that it's the most fascinating thing anybody could well imagine. Her name is Miss Marian Willetts. We feel sure that if Miss Willetts ever teaches about Gotland (and we suppose she *does!*) she probably has the class pretend they're digging on the island, and that they've turned up a first-century coin from India, or China. Then she'd almost certainly have every

member of the class work out, independently, how the coin probably got there.

We've tried this. Have you that little Atlas of Ancient and Classical Geography which comes in Everyman's Library and costs about eighty cents? If you haven't, you are missing an awful lot! We used the map on pages six and seven; you can see Gotland on it, though it's not named; it's the largest of the islands in what the map calls Mare Suevicum, just east of Scania (Skåne) and Gautae — which we suppose must be Goth's Land.

See if you think the coin went away out through the Pillars of Hercules and up to the Skagerrak, and down through the Sound; or overland. And, if overland, *how?*

Miss Willetts says that, when she gives her pupils time to work out theories like this, they come back (the ten-to-twelve-year-olds, for instance) with papers that amaze her. She's another person, like Nannie, who knows that the things children think, and imagine, are very interesting.

However they went and came, the early traders between east and west seem to have used Gotland a great deal, from the Stone Age on. But what most people go there now to see are the ruins of Gotland's greatness in the early Middle Ages. One explanation of the great number of churches on the island is that there were people living there of so many nationalities, and each nation wanted its own churches in Visby (the capital) and in other places of Gotland. Visby was one of the principal towns, and may even have been the

birthplace of the Hanseatic League that we're always hearing about in northern Europe from about 1250 on to the fifteen or even sixteen hundreds. It was a league of northern cities which did a big trade with foreign parts; and the object of it was to stand together in defence of their routes and trading privileges, and to settle disputes between members; and so on. It was a kind of early League of Nations, only the members were cities (as many as ninety), and their purpose was just to protect their trade, which covered almost all northern Europe. The city of London belonged to the League; and so did Bruges, and Bergen, and Stockholm, and Dantzig, and Cologne, and places as far away as Novgorod.

Trade made them all rich. But Visby was one of the richest. It used to be said, in an old ballad, that

'The Gotlanders weigh their gold with twenty-pound weights,
And play with choicest jewels,
The pigs eat out of silver troughs,
And the women spin with golden distaffs.'

This was an exaggeration, of course. But the people were very rich, and very splendid. And, to protect their treasures, the citizens of Visby built a wall ten thousand feet long and very high, with a great many towers from fifty to sixty feet high. Most of that thirteenth-century wall, and thirty-seven of the towers, are still standing. But all the old churches, save one, are in ruins.

When any city in olden times got a reputation for such wealth, it could be pretty sure that no

matter how high and strong its walls were, and how much water there was between it and the mainland, and how well its citizens were known to fight, there would come some day an adventurer bold enough to attack it, and perhaps strong enough to take it.

And so, one day, the King of Denmark came to Visby.

He was Valdemar III, father of Margaret, who was later to wear the crown of the three Scandinavian kingdoms. He thought the towns of the Hanseatic League were getting too 'bossy'; so he broke an agreement he had made with them about fishing rights in Skåne, and said that if they wanted to fish there they must pay him a lot of money. They sent a committee to plead with him; but he wouldn't come to any kind of agreement; so they went back to their homes.

It seems that, before this, he had been in Visby, disguised as a merchant, and made love to a maiden whose father, a goldsmith, was an influential citizen. She showed him and told him a great deal about Visby and its treasures and its defences, and he had this to help him as he planned his attack.

Without any warning or declaration of war, Valdemar collected a great army, saying he would lead those who followed him to where there was gold and silver enough for all. And with this army he landed in Gotland and marched toward Visby.

The inhabitants were unprepared, and couldn't fight off the attacking forces. Eighteen hundred of the Gotlanders were killed, and Valdemar

entered Visby through a breach in the walls, leading his army to plunder. He had no use for the girl, once he was in possession of her city's treasure. But, somehow, the townsfolk found out about her, and walled her up in a turret on the city walls, and left her there to die. The turret is shown to visitors, to this day, and called the Jungfrus Tornet, or Maiden's Tower. And the gap by which Valdemar entered is also shown!

SAINT NICHOLAS

Among the loot were two enormous carbuncles which were set in the rose windows of Saint Nicholas's Church. The story is that a light used to be set behind these great gems at night, to guide returning seamen safely to Visby's harbor.

Well, Valdemar proclaimed himself King of Gotland, and then set sail for Denmark with his booty. But a great storm arose, his ships were sunk, and Valdemar himself barely escaped with his life.

To this day, nearly six centuries after, when the Baltic glints very golden in sunsets, or silver beneath the full moon, the fishermen and sailors say it is the wealth of Visby shining beneath the waves. And when there is a red glow, toward nightfall, as sometimes happens after the sun has sunk to rest, they say it is the great carbuncles of Saint Nicholas gleaming from out the deep.

This Saint Nicholas is our beloved Santa Claus. His feast-day, in December, was Children's Day, when they got surprises and gifts. It is still so celebrated in many Catholic countries of Central

Europe. When the Dutch became Protestant and did away with saints' days, we think the children must have raised a great big outcry against taking their Saint Nicholas from them, with his presents and goodies. So the grown folks made Christmas a children's festival, and changed Saint Nicholas, whom they called Santa Claus, into the jolly old Santa Claus we know.

The ruins of Saint Nicholas's Church in Visby

RUINS OF SAINT NICHOLAS'S CHURCH
VISBY

are very beautiful, and you often see them in pictures. Also, the ruins of Saint Catherine's, a Franciscan convent; these are considered the most beautiful ruins in Visby.

Most travellers spend just one day in Gotland, although it is something like Capri in Naples Bay, and many people, who go there for a glimpse, stay on and on. It is a fine health resort, and has splendid bathing beaches. Ten thousand people live in Visby now. But there used to be many more.

Voyagers by the night-boats from Kalmar or from Stockholm get up early so as to enjoy the approach to Visby in the lovely morning light. And those who go back by the boat which docks at Stockholm certainly must have a most glorious sight as they draw near to that superb city and see the early morning sun shining full on it.

There is a good hotel at Visby — Stadshotellet; and a group of bungalows beside the sea, two miles from town — Snäckgärdet. And many people love the experience of breakfasting in the garden restaurant adjoining the ivy-covered log house called the Burmeister House, built in the seventeenth century (three hundred years after the city was sacked by Valdemar) by a German merchant, Hans Burmeister. Just beyond the Burmeister House, in a building with a rose garden in front of it, are the offices of the Stockholm–Gotland Steamship Company, whose director, Consul Ekman, does everything he can to make visitors glad they came to Visby.

When you go to the National Museum in

Stockholm, be sure to see the picture, by Hellquist, of Valdemar at the sacking of Visby.

If you choose the Hälsingborg-to-Kalmar route, you can get a through train. And of course there is a lot to see around Hälsingborg. If we were going to do this, we'd make our Copenhagen Castle trip so that we finished at Helsingör, and we'd spend the night at Marienlyst; then, across the Sound by steam ferry in the morning, in half an hour. Or, we could cross in the early evening, and spend the night on the Swedish side. There is a very good hotel at Hälsingborg, one of the best in the Swedish provinces, and a health resort or spa near by — Ramlösa, where the sparkling water comes from that you see people drinking all over Scandinavia.

Hälsingborg is one of the most attractive cities in Sweden, 'presided over,' one might say, by the remains of a tenth-century castle. Like nearly every place in Sweden, it has beautiful parks and gardens, and wide, shining-clean streets, and many handsome buildings.

Not far away, on the shore of the Sound, the Crown Prince of Sweden has a favorite summer residence, Sofiero.

If we were going from Hälsingborg to Gothenburg, instead of to Kalmar, we would certainly try to stop at Båstad, a bathing resort, where there is a hotel that we would love to see, and *try* — Skånegården. One of the Nobels — a nephew of the one who left part of his fortune for Nobel Prizes — had this hotel built and furnished to show the best taste in things typically Swedish.

We have seen many beautiful pictures of it and heard a great deal about what a perfectly delightful place it is to stay.

It isn't far from Hälsingborg. If you crossed the Sound in the morning and visited Hälsingborg, you could be at Båstad in time for a 'dip' before dinner. Then, go to the Gothenburg next day.

A great many architects and interior decorators and people who make art-craft things, and people who sell them, are going to Sweden nowadays. And all travellers with those lovely 'interests' would *surely* wish to see Båstad's Skånegården.

CHAPTER II

STOCKHOLM

EVERYBODY who has been there has tried to tell how beautiful Stockholm is — and nobody has succeeded. So, of course, we can't expect to do it. But perhaps we can do a little to help you realize how interesting it is.

We knew, from the moment we entered it, that we were going to love it. Its beauty would make anybody do that, at first sight. But just beauty isn't enough, in a city nor in a person, to *keep* you in love! And Stockholm has the other things: she has charm, and friendliness, and delights your mind as well as your eyes. We can't help feeling *sorry* for people who have never seen Stockholm!

We came into it by train, from Copenhagen, and we thought our approach was one of the loveliest we had ever made to any city. We didn't dream, then, what it would be like to enter Stockholm from the sea; particularly on such a golden morning as that when we first saw her.

There was a smiling, helpful English-speaking man on the platform just where we stepped from the train; and he took charge of us and all our belongings. 'Us' he put into a taxi, and our belongings he handed over to the hotel porter, who had a wagon there.

In a few minutes we were at our hotel — the Grand — which is one of the finest hotels we have

ever been in, anywhere; and has one of the most superb locations.

We had one big room, with three beds, and the most perfectly appointed big bathroom we have ever seen. Our room had two French windows opening onto a balcony, and looking straight across at the King's Palace. Between us and the palace was water — about as wide as the Grand Canal in Venice, in front of *that* Grand Hotel. We didn't know, at first, what water it was, but we soon learned that it was the end of the Baltic — and that the palace and other important state buildings are on an island which, with two or three other islands, nearly fills in the place where the Baltic, 'backing up,' meets Lake Mälaren, 'coming down.'

Perhaps you think that the first thing we did was to go out on our balcony, map in hand, and study out 'the lay of the land.'

But the *first* thing we did was to order breakfast — a lot of it! — served in our room. And the next thing we did was to take turns (quick turns!) at that scrumbunctious bathroom.

While one of us was getting cleaned up, the other two 'explored' — and exclaimed. It seemed as if there wasn't the tiniest thing that could possibly add to a guest's comfort that hadn't been thought of, and provided. For instance, not only were there *two* telephones (one for calling people inside the hotel, and the other for outside calls; Stockholm has more telephones per person than any other city on earth), but there was also the usual array of electric buttons to push; and, in-

stead of just the Swedish name for waiter and valet and porter and chambermaid, there was also a droll little outline drawing, so that, beside the button which called the valet, there was a picture of a valet bringing back somebody's shoes; and the waiter's button had a picture of a waiter with a tray. And so on.

By the time we were cleaned up (our bags arrived almost as soon as we did), and had discovered all the conveniences of our delightful room, breakfast arrived, in charge of two nice waiters who both talked English. And *such* a breakfast!

But if we try to tell you about all the good food we ate, and the interesting places we ate it, our Stockholm chapters will sound like 'Eating Our Way Through Sweden's Capital.' And there's a very great deal to tell about, besides delicious food.

Just the same, it's far from unimportant — we think — to begin your acquaintance with a city by being made very, very 'comfy,' and having your breakfast served on extremely pretty dishes, and being waited on by people who act as if they were glad you had come.

And when we had finished breakfast, we started out — to wander about, in any direction that looked most inviting. We didn't care where we went. It was all beautiful, and all fascinating; and we just wanted to look, and linger, and feel ourselves a part of it.

Down beneath our balcony there was a whole fleet of little white steamboats that kept coming and going all the time, tying up to the quay and

unloading; then loading and steering away again toward the archipelago and the open Baltic.

We thought we'd like to try every one of them, and see every place they went to. But not yet!

BUYING SWEDISH COSTUMES

In the glass showcases that were in the halls and lobbies of our hotel, there were dolls in Swedish costumes; and we wanted to get a number of those for our collection of foreign costume dolls. *Also!* Nannie had promised each of us a lovely Swedish costume to *wear* — in plays and at fancy-dress parties, and so forth; and we could hardly wait to get where they were sold.

We had heard of Stockholm's beautiful department store, the Nordiska Kompaniet, or Northern Company. So we got some Swedish money, and then we sallied forth.

Just beyond the corner of our hotel, there was a beautiful park — the King's Garden, or Kungsträdgården — with magnificent trees and flowers, and one of the loveliest fountains in the world, surrounded by great, plume-y willows that droop their filmy 'feathers' about it in a way just distractingly exquisite. This garden was full of children playing, and grown people reading, and otherwise making themselves 'at home.'

Alongside the garden there is a very handsome broad street called Kungsträdgårdsgatan (or King's Garden Street); and at the top of that is Hamngatan, where the N. K. store is, in a beautiful new building, *almost* overlooking the King's park.

There were costumes in one of the windows, and costumes just inside the main door, and more costumes upstairs, where we went to find our sizes, and to try them on.

An interpreter went with us. Such a nice young man! So friendly and interested, and helpful. The saleslady couldn't speak English, but she could make us understand that she liked waiting on us and wanted us to enjoy our costumes.

BUYING COSTUMES

Betty got the Rättvik costume, which is perhaps the best-known of all Sweden's beautiful peasant costumes. And Sisser got the one from Leksand. We knew we were going there. And Nannie said that if we cried, 'There's my costume!' when we saw them worn by scores and

hundreds, we'd feel much more interested in the places our costumes belong to; and it worked just that way. We'll tell you more about it when we come to the chapter on Dalecarlia.

We bought everything to make our costumes complete — even red stockings, and Swedish breast-pins with 'dangles' on, to pin our kerchiefs.

The N. K. store is where the very, very famous manufactory of Swedish glass, Orrefors, has its principal Stockholm salesroom. Nannie loves this glass, and thought maybe she could buy a piece. But the kind she loves, the etched kind, is expensive (no wonder! it is SO beautiful), and, after the costumes, Nannie felt she couldn't indulge. So we just looked at it. There are many kinds, and some of it doesn't cost much. But the kind that Nannie admires so much is expensive, because each piece is the work of an artist and represents a great deal of labor — as much as a picture, or maybe more.

This glass is known and prized all over the world. And yet it was only after the war that Mr. J. Ekman, who owned a small glass factory near Kalmar, making ink-bottles and things like that, began to take an interest in making truly beautiful glass for all purposes. Two artists at Orrefors who have become famous are Edward Hald and Simon Gate. The City of Stockholm made the City of Paris a present of a glass-covered cup, or jar, by Gate, which is one of the most exquisite things any one could imagine, and worthy to go in a collection with goldsmith work by Cellini. Another glass firm, De Svenska Kris-

tallglasbruken, has also made beautiful things. One plate of theirs is engraved with a design from the lovely Molin fountain among the willows in the King's Garden.

We found many things to look at in the N. K. store — and some salesgirls who were as pretty as pictures. And we had such an interesting time that we decided we couldn't possibly have made a better beginning in getting acquainted with Sweden.

When we left there, we wandered along, turning down Regeringsgatan (the first street we came to), and looking in windows, watching people, and having the best kind of a time. We could soon see that Stockholm is a wonderful place to shop in. The textiles of all sorts are very attractive; the porcelains and potteries are lovely; the cast-iron and wrought-iron and bronze are beautiful; the cabinet-making is exquisite. Even if you are a very young traveller, and your mind is very full of the Swedish costume you've just got, you can't help realizing that you have come to a country where a great many people must be interested in owning beautiful things, and in having those things made by their own artists and art-craftsmen; and also they want things which keep them reminded of their fine old traditions and express the spirit of their race.

Probably you can't understand anything that you hear people *saying*, as you pass them in their streets. But we think you can understand a great deal about those you have come to visit, if you see their shops — what they make, and what they

buy. And there's a kind of *air* about cities, that the stranger feels. Some cities just tolerate us, and others seem pleased to have us there.

A great deal depends on *us*, of course! It was Dr. Börje Brilioth, of Stockholm, who told us about the old Quaker who was walking along a country road looking for a village named Middleburg. The first man of whom he asked his way said: 'Oh, are you going to Middleburg? It's a mean place, full of the meanest people,' and so on. And the Quaker said: 'I thank thee, friend. Thee wilt find the same kind of place where thee is going.' The next man the old Quaker accosted said: 'Oh, are you going to Middleburg? It's a fine little place, full of the nicest, friendliest people.' And the Quaker answered: 'I thank thee, friend. Thee wilt find the same kind of place where thee is going.'

And we know that there's a lot of truth in *that*. But though we always expect to find friendly people, and mostly we *do* find them, there are places where we don't feel as if it mattered much to any one that we were there. But in Stockholm we felt *welcome*, from the first minute!

At lunch-time we were not very hungry because we had breakfasted so late. So we didn't go to a restaurant, but went into a very handsome candy and pastry shop, where we chose our sweet rolls and cakes from a counter, and took them to a table, and ordered hot chocolate. The paper napkins brought us were so lovely that we couldn't bear to crumple them; so we brought them away with us, feeling that they were just another of

countless little and big evidences that Swedish people love beauty in everything they use.

After lunch we had to make calls and present letters of introduction that Nannie had to official people, like the head of the Swedish State Railways, and the head of the Swedish Tourist Association; so they could help us learn as much as possible.

If we were planning your Stockholm stay for you, we believe we'd recommend that you spend your first morning pretty much as we spent ours, except that you might turn *north* in Regeringsgatan, instead of south (as we did), and follow it to Kungsgatan (King Street), one of the principal business streets of Stockholm, which seems to flow between her only skyscrapers, Kungstornen, twin structures towering on either side Kungsgatan like very tall grown-ups making a 'London Bridge' for very small children. (The Carlton Hotel, Stockholm's newest, is on Kungsgaten, not far from the skyscrapers.)

When you get to Kungsgatan, turn right (away from the skyscrapers) toward Stureplan, which is a square in Birger Jarls Gatan. At No. 6 Stureplan is a very well-known fish restaurant, the Sturehof, where you might like to lunch; and also the Eskilstuna Shop, where you can buy, at factory prices, the celebrated Eskilstuna cutlery and damascened steel ware, made at 'the Swedish Sheffield,' some miles west of Stockholm, on one of the many 'bays' of Lake Mälaren.

SWEDISH HISTORY YOU NEED TO KNOW

After lunch, on your first day in Stockholm, we'd have you go over to that group of islands between the Baltic and Lake Mälaren, which is called 'the city within the bridges,' and begin getting acquainted with a few of Stockholm's ancestors. For a person feels a very silly sort of guest who doesn't know at least a *little* about the things his host is proudest of. Suppose a stranger from abroad, visiting our beautiful Washington, didn't take the slight trouble to know whether George Washington or Abraham Lincoln was 'the father of his country!'

In Sweden it isn't necessary for the visitor to know an awful lot of history, because, though Sweden is very old (some say the oldest state in Europe), the events that everybody talks about and that most of the statues and pictures and stories are about, are not so many. We found it very easy to get the principal ones fixed in our minds.

Before 800, there are only myths and legends — not any real history. Then — that was Viking times! — when the Norsemen from Norway and Denmark were ravaging France and England, and even the south of Italy, Norsemen from Sweden went eastward, to Finland and Russia. In Russia, Rurik the Swede founded the Russian Empire, over which Rurik's descendants ruled for seven hundred years, until the Romanoffs succeeded them.

This was easy for us to learn, because we know Princess Sasha Kropotkin, who is descended from

Rurik; and she has told us thrilling stories about Russia. She lives in the United States, now; and writes for magazines, and lectures.

Well, then! After Rurik going to Russia, you don't need to know anybody for about four hundred years, or more! And then, about the time that Saint Louis of France was away on his first Crusade, and Edward I of England was conquering Wales, and in Italy Dante was just going to be born, a Swedish nobleman decided that these islands between the Baltic and the great sprawling Lake Mälaren would be a good place to build a fortified town to keep pirates from sailing on up into the interior of the country. This nobleman's name was Birger Jarl — or, as we would say it, Earl Birger. We think it's best to learn the Swedish way of saying it; because, you might know a good deal about 'Earl Birger' and not realize who is *meant* when you get to Birger Jarl's statue in Birger Jarls Torg.

You don't need to know anything much about Birger Jarl except that he was the founder of Stockholm, and that he made his son King of Sweden.

THE BOY WHO GAVE 'THE JUTES A BLACK EYE'

Then you can go along for nearly three hundred years more, until you come to the year 1523.

Columbus has discovered America — and died without knowing that he found a continent; he believed he had been to Asia! Magellan has made the first voyage around the world, and been killed on one of the Philippine islands. Cortez has con-

quered Mexico, and Pizarro is about to set off for the conquest of Peru. Henry VIII of England has met Francis I of France on 'the field of the cloth of gold,' and Francis is soon going to be taken prisoner by Charles V of Spain, and carried captive to Madrid. Martin Luther has translated the Bible — the Reformation is well under way. The Renaissance is in full flower in Italy.

Up in Sweden there is a young man of twenty-seven who has had a tragic life. He is a Vasa, of a great old Swedish family whose members were said never to stop loving a friend, nor hating a foe.

This boy, Gustav, was born in a castle, in 1496, and when he was able to comprehend anything at all, he knew that his people were very unhappy because they were under Danish rule, and the King was cruel to them. This King was Christian II (who brought the Dutch to Copenhagen to keep his Dutch sweetheart, Dyveke, company), and he particularly had it in for Gustav's family, because they were the leaders of the nationalist party.

When Gustav was thirteen, he got furious in school, one day, and cried, 'I will go to Dalecarlia, rouse the people, and give the Jutes a black eye.' His teacher was a 'Jute,' and he gave Gustav a great old whaling and a black something-or-other for saying that. When it was over, Gustav pulled out his dirk, drove it through his book, and into the desk, and stalked out of the room.

Not *then*, but a few years later, he did just what he said he was going to do.

As soon as he could fight, he served under his

kinsman, Sten Sture, against King Christian. Christian said he wanted to talk things over with Sture, but he wouldn't trust himself in Sture's company unless Sture sent six hostages. Gustav was one of those sent; because, of course, hostages for a king's safety had to be important persons. And Christian played a dirty trick: he ran off, to Denmark, with the hostages, and never went near the meeting! Gustav was held prisoner for a year; and then he managed to escape, disguised as a cattle-herder, to the town of Lübeck, which was the capital of the Hanseatic League. Christian found out where Gustav was, and tried to make Lübeck give him up; but it wouldn't. It sent Gustav home to Sweden on a little trading ship. And he landed near Kalmar on the last day of May, 1520 — just after his twenty-fourth birthday.

But the Swedish people were tired of all they had suffered through trying to hold out against Christian, and most of them had decided to let him be crowned as their king. So, when Gustav tried to rouse them against Christian's rule, they not only wouldn't listen to him, but they chased him and shot at him, and hunted him like a deer.

Gustav was not invited to Christian's coronation, but his family were; and they did not dare to stay away. So they went — and those that were not massacred, in what is called 'Stockholm's Blood Bath,' were dragged off to perish in Danish dungeons. Among the slaughtered were Gustav's father and his brother-in-law. Among the captives were Gustav's mother, grandmother, and sisters. And the man who brought this news to

Gustav, in his ancestral home on Lake Mälaren, also told him that a price had been set on his (Gustav's) head, and spies on his track.

Clad as a peasant, and with but a single servant to accompany him, Gustav set out for Dalecarlia to do what he had said he was going to do.

We think that the rest of his story is easier to learn when you are at Upsala, and in Dalecarlia.

He was succeeded by three of his sons. And the youngest of these, Charles, was the father of the next great Swedish king, about whom you must know at least a few very definite things: Gustavus Adolphus, who was killed in battle when he was only thirty-eight, leaving the throne to his little daughter, Christina. Gustav Vasa made Sweden Protestant. Gustavus Adolphus was the great defender of Protestantism in the Thirty Years' War. But Christina didn't like being a queen, nor staying in Sweden. She abdicated, went to Rome, became a Catholic, and is buried in Saint Peter's!

We believe you'll 'piece out' all these stories most satisfactorily as you go from place to place that is associated with them.

After Christina, you need to know a good deal about Charles XII, and his battles against Peter the Great.

And, lastly, you will want to know about Sweden and France during the Revolution and Napoleon's day; because some of the most interesting stories are connected with this time — especially that of Count Fersen, who loved Marie Antoinette and helped her escape; and Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's marshals, who became

King of Sweden and founder of the present dynasty.

Now, with that much in mind, start out toward 'the city between the bridges.'

CHAPTER III

MORE ABOUT STOCKHOLM

By this time, even if this is your first day in Sweden, you have begun to learn a few words of Swedish. You know that street is *gatan*; and square (in French, *place*; in Italian, *piazza*) is *torg*; and bridge is *bro*; and that island is *holm*, or *holmen*; and 'way' — as we use it in Broadway, or Midway — is *vägen*. Castle is *slott*; house is *huset*; church is *kyrkan* (like the Scottish *kirk*); town is *stad*; and State is *Riks* (like the Dutch, *Ryks*, and German, *Reich*).

We find it fun, after about a half-day in a place new to us, to begin seeing how many words we know, on shop signs and maps, and so forth.

The first thing we did on starting out in the morning was to get a map of Stockholm such as the travel bureaus there give away. And though we didn't use it much during the morning, we started studying it at luncheon — so we could see where the people were to whom we had brought letters. We decided that, as none of them were very far away, we'd walk and make ourselves find them. We got along pretty well! Just once did we get 'turned around,' so that the easiest way out was to call a taxi and show our letter to the driver.

Now Stockholm is one continuous feast for your eyes. But it is terribly hard on your *feet!* It seems to have millions of cobblestones. We love

to wander around, poking and peering and taking our time looking at what interests us. But we soon found out that we *must* drive whenever possible, and save ourselves from the cobblestones, or we'd be too tired to enjoy places when we got to them. If we were going out to enjoy Stockholm itself, just as we found it, that was *one* thing. But if we were going to some definite place where we would have to do a good deal of walking around to see it, we drove *to* it.

So we studied our map a lot, even though we had a guide all the time after the first day. We find that even the best guides don't understand very much about working out a kind of programme for you, so that you don't get all tired out and spend your time looking at the least interesting things. You have to do your own planning, if you have no time to waste.

So, spread out your map, and see where Lake Mälaren, with its myriads of lovely islands comes 'bump up against' one rather big island and two small ones, on the other (east) side of which begins the Baltic, with many more islands all the way (seventy-five miles) to the open sea.

As you go along the quay past the beginning of the King's Gardens, and the magnificent Royal Opera with its superb terrace restaurant commanding one of the grandest views in Europe, you notice that the quay is named Strömgatan, or Stream Street, River Street, and the current or stream of clear water flowing swiftly between it and the three islands is called Norr Ström, or North Stream.

Then, starting from in front of the Gustavus Adolphus statue in the Torg named for him, you find the Norrbro (or North Bridge) leading across the island on which is the sumptuous Parliament Building, to the island on which the King's Palace is. On the left-hand side of the Norrbro, as you cross toward the palace, is the lovely 'Singer to the Sun' statue, the memorial to Esaias Tegner, by Carl Milles. This figure, with arms upraised in greeting to the rising sun, symbolizes Sweden's longing for the sunshine. The nights are very long, a good part of the year. And when their late springtime comes, with sun nearly all around the clock, the whole country turns out to give it joyous greeting.

The Parliament Building is new — it was finished only in 1905, but it was planned just before Sweden's architects had begun to feel that their buildings should express something distinctly Swedish. Behind it is the National Bank of Sweden, which has done a great deal for the development of the country.

The Swedish Parliament has two Chambers, both presided over by speakers whom they elect. The First Chamber has one hundred and fifty members, elected, for eight years, by the County Councils of Sweden. It is a good deal like our Senate. The Second Chamber has two hundred and thirty members, elected for four years, and is much like our House of Representatives. Women can, and do, sit as members in both houses.

The Norrbro leads to the main entrance to the King's Palace. It would be hard to think of

Stockholm without this majestic pile of buildings, which many people consider the most beautiful royal residence in Europe. But we think that, unless you have at least a full week or more for Stockholm, you will do well to enjoy the palace from a distance.

We went to see the changing of the guard, at noon, and found it much less picturesque and impressive than the same ceremony is in other capitals — although the Swedish Court is one of the most ceremonious in Europe. The most interesting thing at the guard-changing we saw was the people who gathered to watch it, including some peasants in their charming costumes.

The palace is splendid inside, but it has to be seen (naturally) in company with a shuffling crowd, and with a guide who speaks only Swedish. And it is expensive! We paid four kronor (there were four of us), or $1.12, and thought it was a good deal. But when we went upstairs to see the State Apartments, they charged us four kronor more! And then they wanted to show us where the King sleeps, for two kronor additional — $2.70, all told. And we thought of what we can see at Fontainebleau for eight cents a person! So we decided we were not curious about the King's bed.

There are some very beautiful things in the palace (mostly French), and some interesting portraits. But we think that most people will feel better satisfied to spend their time in any one of a dozen other places in and around Stockholm.

Back of the palace is the Stor Kyrkan, the Court Church, where the kings are crowned. It

was founded by Birger Jarl, in 1260, but was largely rebuilt about five hundred years later. What we liked most in it was the big Saint George and the Dragon, carved out of wood during the Middle Ages. It is very fine!

And near the church is the Stor Torg, where Christian II of Denmark bathed Stockholm in the blood of eighty-two of its leading citizens, including Gustav Vasa's father and brother-in-law.

There is a most imposing statue of Gustav Vasa in front of the Hall of the Nobility, or Riddarhuset; but this doesn't show us the young man on whose head Christian II set a price — the young man who fled, hunted, to Dalecarlia — the young man you'll think of when you're at Rättvik, where he roused the farmers to save Sweden. This is the grand old King with the flowing beard almost like Michelangelo's 'Moses,' with his robe of state about him, and his sceptre in his hand.

The Hall of the Knights, or of the Nobles, is a beautiful building which looks as if it had come straight from France. It was built for Queen Christina. The nobles have (since 1866) had no part in the government of Sweden unless they got *elected* to it. They have no hereditary right to rule. The King has a cabinet of twelve members, who can be impeached by Parliament if it so desires. Sometimes there are nobles in the cabinet — but only if the King believes that they are the best men available as ministers.

From the Square in front of the Hall of the Knights (Riddarhuset) there is a bridge leading

to the island called Riddarholmen, or Knights' Island. On this island there is a statue of Birger Jarl. And there is the most interesting of all Stockholm's churches, the Riddarholms-Kyrkan (Knights' Island Church), founded by Birger Jarl's son, Magnus, whom he made King of Sweden, and who is buried here. Gustav Vasa is buried in Upsala Cathedral. But Gustavus Adolphus lies here, and so does every other Swedish sovereign since his day, except his daughter Christina, who is buried with the Popes at Saint Peter's.

CHARLES XII AND PETER THE GREAT

Many of the tombs are interesting. But the one that has the greatest interest for most people is that of Charles XII, the dashing soldier-king who is the greatest popular idol among all the Kings of Sweden. He became King when he was only fifteen. By the time he was eighteen, he had annihilated the Russian army of Peter the Great, at Narva. He went on, from victory to victory, until he was twenty-six. After that, the rest of his life (ten years) was a succession of defeats and disasters during which he kept up a courage, a 'sportsmanship' as a plucky loser, which made his soldiers and his long-suffering people ashamed to lose heart. Everything seemed to conspire against him, but nothing crushed him. He was away from his country for fourteen years — fighting, fighting, always fighting. Yet, when he returned to what was left of it, he was able to gather a fresh army of twenty thousand men to attack Norway.

In December, 1718, when Charles was thirty-six years old, he was besieging the fortress of Fredriksten, near Strömstad, the Swedish town nearest the Norwegian frontier, on the west coast. He looked over the parapet of the front-line trench and was shot through the head by a bullet from the fortress.

Somebody started the story that the bullet which killed Charles was a Swedish bullet, fired from behind — by one of his own men. And that story keeps cropping up. His tomb has been opened, at least twice, and his skull examined, to see what could be learned about the fatal shot. It seemed certain that the bullet had come from the front, and from such a distance as the fortress he was besieging. But we all like 'mysteries,' whether they are in history or in detective stories; and there probably will always be people who will wonder about the taking off of Charles XII.

He never married, and his youngest sister was made queen.

We were much interested in his tomb; and in Cederstrom's picture in the National Museum, that shows his body being borne on a litter across the frontier and through the snow and ice to his capital. His statue stands beside the Royal Opera, looking over toward the magnificent Royal Palace that his father began, but that didn't get finished until long after Charles XII was dead.

A POET'S TAVERN

Along the eastern part of the island on which the King's Palace stands, but south of the palace,

are the most picturesque old streets and houses of the Stockholm that Gustavus Adolphus knew. And tucked in among them is one of the quaintest restaurants in Europe, Källaren (or Cellar) Freden, sometimes called 'Bellman's Tavern' because Carl Michael Bellman used to frequent it. He lived when Robert Burns did, and was like Burns in many ways. He had a fine voice, was a great mimic, and used to play the zither and act as if he were making up his verses as he went along, setting them to the music of old Swedish ballads that every one knew and could sing. He loved taverns and tavern company better than work, and he would have been in lots more distress than he was, if it hadn't been that the King liked his company, and helped him along. This fascinating old place was about to be demolished, a few years ago, when Anders Zorn, the great artist, bought the house, supervised the restoration of the tavern, and presented it to the Swedish Academy of Arts.

Isn't it fine that artists, who so often have inspirations to do things like this, sometimes have the money to do them, too?

You will enjoy lunching or dining at Källaren Freden, and imagining that you see Bellman there, with his zither and his boon companions, singing songs that are full of 'jolly-good-fellowship'; but many of them are the sort that laugh to keep from crying — which is probably why people love them so.

THE THRILLING TOWN HALL

But if you are taking an afternoon stroll, over the Norrbro and past the palace to the two churches and the House of the Knights, we advise you to leave the old streets and Bellman's Tavern to another time, and to turn your attention toward the City Hall — which is so splendid, so much admired, so characteristic of all that is best in Sweden, that pictures of it are as representative of Stockholm as pictures of the Doge's Palace are of Venice.

There is something about that building which is *thrilling;* there is no other word for it. Practically everybody seems to feel the same way about it.

It stands on the north shore of Lake Mälaren, just where a small stream flows into the lake opposite the Riddarholms-Kyrkan, which is 'the Swedish Pantheon,' and the magnificent swimming baths.

The plans for this marvellous building (which was dedicated in 1923, the four hundredth anniversary of Gustav Vasa's becoming King) were growing and changing for nearly twenty years, all the while becoming more and more not just a beautiful building, but an expression of the soul of Sweden and all it had learned in its long history.

It is ancient in style, and it is modern. It shows what Sweden owes to Italy and other countries from which all the world has got inspiration; and it shows what Sweden has developed out of her own situation and experience and temperament — shows this so beautifully that architects from all over the world are flocking to Sweden, now,

to be inspired by this and other new buildings there.

We don't know what to mention *first* about it! There are so many lovely features. Perhaps what first makes the visitor love it is the way it suggests Venice. (Stockholm is often called 'the Venice of the North.' And, really, in many ways it is even *more* beautiful than Venice!) The arcade and the windows above make you think of the Doge's Palace; the high tower (three hundred feet) makes you think — a little — of the Campanile. But this bell-tower seems like a beacon, too, and it lifts the 'three crowns,' the Vasa symbol, up toward the sky in a proud way that sort of makes your heart leap.

The copper roof is one of the things that show Stockholm's feeling about this building. When it came time to put on this roof, the war had made copper so expensive that the architect thought he'd have to use some other material that wouldn't carry out his ideas so well. But the citizens wouldn't let him! They insisted on the copper, and thousands of them contributed six dollars each to buy a copper plate. When you look at the roof, remember that each plate in it is engraved with the name of a citizen who wouldn't let his City Hall be one whit less perfect than their *best* could make it!

And when you are in the vast and oh! so beautiful Blue Hall, where the stateliest events of Stockholm's civic hospitality take place, you will like to imagine how it looks on the Sunday in August when prizes are awarded to the colony

gardeners. (You can rent a garden strip for five dollars a season in the outskirts of Stockholm; and if you don't build your own bungalow, you

THE BLUE HALL, STOCKHOLM

can buy a ready-to-set-up one for a hundred dollars.) *Then* the costumes of the provinces come forth in all their glory, and the military bands play, and the city gives five prizes to those who have made the most of their tiny garden strips — raised the best fruits and vegetables and flowers, put up the best preserves, and so forth. The Blue Hall must be a thrilling sight, then!

(Sweden is making most interesting experiments, now, in heating the ground by electricity so that vegetables may be grown all the year round. So it may be that these gardens on the outskirts will soon have a much greater productiveness.)

There is a lovely terrace garden between the arcade of the City Hall and the blue water, with

flashing, leaping fountains in it, and statues, and marble benches for people to sit on.

The architect who dreamed this glorious thing and then made it 'come true' (made it stand, not just for his taste and skill, but for the whole nation's sense of beauty) is Ragnar Östberg. And we should think he'd be one of the proudest men alive.

Another eminent Swedish architect of to-day is Carl Westman, who built the Law Courts. And there is Ferdinand Boberg that we'll tell more about in another place.

It has taken a good deal of space to tell about this group of buildings; but it need not take you long to look at them, except the City Hall, your visit to which you'd better save till morning.

If it is a nice afternoon in summer, we think you'd love to take a steamer (beside the Royal Palace) and sail an hour and a half to lovely Saltsjöbaden (which we tell about in our next chapter), dine there, and return by electric train in thirty minutes.

CHAPTER IV

NAPOLEON AND THE SWEDISH KINGS

Most people, when they are planning their first visit to Scandinavia, allow far too little time for it, and four days for Stockholm seems to be a usual stay.

Well, in four days you can at least see enough of Stockholm to make yourself very sure that it is a place you'll get back to at the first opportunity — and when you do get back, you'll stay a lot longer than four days.

On that second visit you'll know your way around, and what there is that most attracts you.

It is for the first visit, and for your planning of it — however long in advance — that we must try to help you.

If you have only four days to stay at Stockholm, you'll probably want to spend two of them visiting places outside the city. So that means you must plan very carefully your two days in Stockholm itself.

So, we'd advise seeing the National Museum, close to the Grand Hotel, as early as you can on your second morning: that is, as near ten o'clock as you can manage. The Swedish Antiquities are on the ground floor, and the Picture Gallery (with 'The Sacking of Visby,' 'The Body of Charles XII Borne to Burial,' 'The Death of Gustavus Adolphus,' and many other most interesting pictures) on the second floor.

After that, we'd take a cab and drive straight to the City Hall, which can be visited from eleven to one. Say 'Stadshuset' to the driver. The entrance fee is fifty öre, or a little over thirteen cents, or a little more than sixpence; one krona, all told, if you go up in the elevator for the wonderful view.

The new Law Courts are not far away. But we should think that unless you are specially studying architecture there are other places you'd rather see on this day that has to cover so much.

There's an interesting restaurant in the cellar of the City Hall. But if we were taking you about, we'd get another cab and say 'Källaren Freden' to the driver; and lunch in Bellman's Tavern. If you feel timid about trying this, the N. & S. Travel Bureau, which represents the American Express Company, and which has offices in the Carlton Hotel, and *near* the Grand, will send you over from your hotel in a motor car, pay for your luncheon, and bring you back, for five kronor — or $1.35! The address for the tavern is Österlånggatan 51; and that street is one that runs down the east side of the island the King's Palace is on, just back of the Skeppsbron which looks over toward the island called Skeppsholmen. No. 51 is quite far along, near Järntorget. (We put this in because we had a time finding it, even though we had a Stockholm guide with us. And we know you'd be sorry to miss it!)

Just a little south of the tavern is Karl Johan's Torg, or Square. And this Karl Johan's story, besides being one of our favorites, is one that's

most important to know when you're visiting Sweden. His name was Jean Baptiste Bernadotte, and he was born at Pau in the Pyrénées, and was two years older than Napoleon. He enlisted in the French Army, and his first experiences as a soldier were in Corsica — but Napoleon had left there then. They first met in Italy, in March, 1797, when Napoleon was winning his early victories there. At that time Napoleon had been married to Josephine for just a year; and by marrying her he had made another woman very, very mad at him!

Her name was Désirée Clary; she came from Marseilles, and her elder sister Julie had married Napoleon's elder brother Joseph, in 1794. The father of the Clary girls was wealthy, and Joseph's bride had a fine dowry. So she and Joseph thought it would be an excellent thing if Napoleon, who was poor and having a hard time, could marry Désirée. Napoleon thought so, too! It seems at first Désirée was quite 'sniffy' about the shabby little Corsican. She was eighteen, and pretty, and had a big *dot*. But she got over this uppishness, and was very much in love with him when he went up to Paris to look for a job, and leaped into fame in a night.

He was fond of her, too. But he was fascinated by Josephine — whom Désirée called 'that old woman'! (Josephine *was* fourteen years older than Désirée.)

Napoleon felt mean about leaving Désirée in the lurch, and he thought that the least he could do would be to find her a good husband. So he

arranged for her to meet his General Duphot, who was coming along very brilliantly. They were in Rome just before Christmas, 1797, and the wedding was to take place in a few days, when General Duphot was killed by a shot from the Papal troops. Désirée was a witness of the tragedy. The following August she married Bernadotte from Pau, whom Napoleon kept advancing — largely for her sake. When Napoleon became emperor, he made Bernadotte one of the eighteen marshals of France. And a little later he made him a prince.

But Bernadotte was not grateful, nor loyal; and Désirée was always 'sore' that she had missed being an empress.

In 1810, Napoleon had just made Bernadotte Governor of Rome, and Bernadotte was about to go there, when he heard that he had been elected heir to the King of Sweden, who was childless.

One reason why the Swedes picked a king from the Pyrénées was that they wanted a soldier, to defend them against Russia. Another reason was that they hoped Napoleon would protect them if their king was one of his own protégés. Also, when Bernadotte had been sent, two years before, to operate against Sweden, he had been very kind to the Swedish soldiers that he took prisoners.

So he went to Stockholm and was adopted by the old King, Charles XIII, taking the name of Karl Johan, and the title of Crown Prince. And as the old King was very doddering, Karl Johan

began to rule (though not actually to *reign*) practically at once.

And the first thing he did was to start plotting with Napoleon's enemies!

One thing he was after was Norway. And he thought he could get Russia to help him do this, to spite Napoleon and to punish Denmark for being his friend. He got it! In 1814.

Meantime, Désirée went back to Paris! She didn't like Stockholm, and she *did* like Paris. So there she stayed, right under Napoleon's nose, when he *knew* that her husband was plotting against him!

Napoleon told her he thought she ought to be with her husband, and that people were talking terribly about her for frisking around Paris when everybody knew what her husband was 'up to.'

But Désirée didn't care. And when Napoleon abdicated, and the Allies entered Paris in triumph, Désirée was among the gayest of the gay in the festivities for the Czar.

Karl Johan became Charles XIV of Sweden in 1818. Five years later, his son and heir, Oscar, whose godfather was Napoleon, married Josephine's granddaughter — the daughter of Eugène Beauharnais, Josephine's son. Her name was also Josephine. So, *two* queens of Sweden at that time were closely connected with Napoleon. And the present reigning house — the house of Bernadotte — is descended from the girl Napoleon *didn't* marry and the woman he *did* marry! Isn't that a story for you?

Karl Johan, or Charles XIV, lived till 1844.

And Désirée lived sixteen years longer, practically always in Paris, where she died when she was eighty-three, in the house that Napoleon had given to her husband and to her. Among her treasures, when she passed on, were the letters Napoleon had written her sixty-five years before.

When you get to Oslo, you'll be reminded often of Karl Johan, whose name is still borne by the principal street there, although Norway no longer is united to Sweden.

COUNT FERSEN AND MARIE ANTOINETTE

Another story about Stockholm that we are very fond of is closely connected with Charles XIV. It is the story of Count Axel Fersen, who has been a favorite with us ever since we were very small and began hearing stories-without-end about Marie Antoinette.

He was the handsome and gallant young Swedish nobleman, scion of one of Sweden's old families, who first met Marie Antoinette at Versailles shortly before she became Queen. He was making a European tour with his tutor. And when they reached Paris, the Swedish Ambassador there took the young count out to Versailles to present him to Louis XV and Madame du Barry, at a ball given by Marie Antoinette.

Fersen and Marie Antoinette were each nineteen. He thought she was beautiful and charming, and *she* thought he was handsome and romantic.

They met again at a masked ball at the Opéra, where Marie Antoinette recognized him and

talked to him a long time. After that, they saw each other frequently, but always at big parties. Count Fersen was a tremendous success, socially, and was asked everywhere.

Then Louis XV died (of smallpox), Marie Antoinette became queen, the Court was in mourning, and Fersen went to England, and from there back to Sweden where he became a great favorite with the King, Gustavus III.

In 1778, Fersen went back to France, where he and Marie Antoinette saw each other frequently, and knew that each loved the other very much. But they never said so.

At Upsala, the old capital of Sweden (to which you'll be going on your way north from Stockholm, we hope), there is a letter from the Swedish Ambassador to France, addressed to King Gustavus III, in which he tells the King that Fersen has decided to go to America because people have noticed how fondly he and the Queen look at each other, and he doesn't want her to be talked about.

Lafayette had gone to America, and a new corps was forming in France under Rochambeau. There was such a rush to get into this that many had to be refused. But Fersen, whose father was Marshal of Sweden, was taken. And in May he sailed, with five thousand others. Twenty-six hundred more had to be left behind at Brest because they couldn't get enough ships.

Fersen was the first of Rochambeau's men who saw General Washington.

When Fersen returned to France, he was given a command in the French army, and his father

tried to get him to marry. One of the matches proposed for him was with the very rich heiress, Mademoiselle Necker, who chose, instead, another young Swedish gentleman, the Baron M. de Staël. But Fersen never married! He soon began to feel the trouble that was gathering around the Queen, and his one idea was to be near her to help her when he could.

He was at Versailles when the mob came out from Paris and burst into the château. When the royal family was taken back to Paris by the mob, he went too.

From that day on he hardly thought of anything but her safety. He did all the planning for the escape of the royal family. He even disguised himself as a cab-driver and drove the cab in which Marie Antoinette left the Tuileries.

Nearly every day when we are in Paris we pass the house that Fersen lived in while all these things were happening.

It was in June, 1791, that the royal family got away, and was turned back at Varennes, near Verdun.

The next year, in March, King Gustavus III was murdered at a masked ball at the Stockholm Opera, leaving an heir only thirteen years old, who turned out to be a pretty bad failure as king; so he was deposed, and his uncle, who had been Regent for him, was made king in his stead.

It was this uncle, Charles XIII, who had to have an heir elected because he had none of his own.

Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were long

since dead, in spite of Count Fersen's heroic and untiring efforts to save them; but he was still devoting his life to getting their deaths avenged. He had a great deal of influence over young Gustavus IV, and many people in Sweden didn't like Fersen because they believed he would sacrifice anything to avenge the death of Marie Antoinette. They liked Charles XIII because he disliked Fersen.

The first successor that Charles XIII chose was a Danish prince, Christian of Holstein-Augustenburg, who had an apoplectic stroke while reviewing some troops, and died suddenly.

Those who did not like Count Fersen started spreading the story that Fersen had caused Prince Christian to be poisoned.

Prince Christian's funeral was set for June 20, 1810 (nineteenth anniversary of the escape from the Tuileries!), and Fersen, although he knew the temper of the people, and of the King, toward him, set out in a gilded coach, drawn by six white horses, to meet the funeral procession entering the city. (He was Grand Marshal of Sweden.)

All the way along the line of march his coach was pelted and he was insulted. When his coach got to the square on which the 'House of the Nobles' stands, an immense crowd prevented it from passing. The people unharnessed the horses, and dragged out the Grand Marshal. They didn't kill him at once, but tortured him for an hour or more, and literally tore him to pieces and carried the pieces around the town.

Charles XIII did nothing to save him, nor to avenge him.

It was shortly after this that Bernadotte was elected in Prince Christian's place.

Bernadotte's son (married to Josephine's granddaughter) became Oscar I, who reigned fifteen years and was succeeded by two of his sons; first, Charles XV, who had only a daughter, married to Frederick of Denmark, and mother of the present Kings of Denmark and of Norway; then, Oscar II, who reigned till 1907, when he was succeeded by the present King, Gustav V.

Isn't it curious that all three Scandinavian countries should now be ruled by descendants of the girl Napoleon jilted and also of the woman he married?

WHERE THE OLYMPIC GAMES WERE HELD

Close to Karl Johan's Square there is a 'lift' (*hissen* is Swedish for 'lift') which will take you to the heights above, from which there is a fine view. A well-known restaurant up there is Mosebåcke. But if you have just lunched, that won't interest you now.

One thing you'll surely want to see at Stockholm is the Stadium built for the Olympic Games of 1912. If there are any 'events' on, during your stay, you ought certainly to go to them. For the Swedish people's love of sport and their excellence in it is something one must know in seeking to become better acquainted with them.

The King is a great tennis player (even at seventy years of age); and it might be that you'd have a chance to see him play at the Royal Lawn Tennis Club.

The Stadium is up at the north edge of town, on Valhallavägen. If you drive up there, drive up Sturegatan past Humlegården, where the Royal Library is, and the statue of Linnæus. Or, better, drive up Drottninggatan (Queen Street) which is sometimes called the Bond Street of Stockholm, on account of its fine shops, and take a look at Stockholm's fine new concert hall, and when you get to the observatory, turn east past the Engelbrekts Church, which is considered one of Stockholm's very interesting examples of modern architecture, and then a very short distance to the Stadium.

If you are not stopping at the Stadium for any events, you can drive back by way of Sturegatan and Birger Jarlsgatan, to the Dramatic Theatre, and there turn into Strandvägen, which is the most popular promenade in Stockholm. (At the confectioner's, or tea-shop, 'Landelius,' you can get wonderful coffee and cakes.)

Soon you'll come to a bridge called Djurgårdsbron, leading to Djurgården, which means 'Animals' (deer) Garden,' but is so many other things besides, that the animals are the least part of it.

But before you cross to Djurgården, take a look at Nobel Park, which lies just beyond the bridge.

THE NOBEL PRIZES

The Nobels were a family of inventors and financiers. The father, Immanuel, invented nitroglycerine and the submarine mine. Two of his sons founded the naphtha industry at Baku, Russia, which was one of the greatest fortune-

making industries of the nineteenth century. Alfred, the third son, invented dynamite, which he hoped would not only be of great service in mining, but would make war so terrible that no one would dare to undertake it!

He died at San Remo on the Italian Riviera on December 10, 1896, and bequeathed much of his fortune (more than $8,000,000) to a fund, the interest on which was to be paid out, annually, to those who during the preceding year 'have conferred the greatest benefit on mankind.'

The interest is divided into five equal parts — one for the most important discovery or invention in physics, one for the same in chemistry, and a third for the same in physiology or medicine; a fourth is for the person in the field of literature who has produced 'the most distinguished work of an idealistic tendency'; and the fifth for the person who has 'done most to promote the *fraternity of nations.*'

(That's the one *we'd* like to earn, some day!)

The prizes are presented each year on the anniversary of Mr. Nobel's death — December 10th. They amount to about $40,000 each.

Röntgen got one of the first for his discovery of Röntgen rays. The Curies got one for their discovery of radium. Marconi got one. Finsen we told about. Roosevelt had the 'fraternity of nations' prize, usually called the peace prize. So did Woodrow Wilson, and Elihu Root, and Charles Dawes. Nansen has had it, and Briand, and Stresemann, and Austen Chamberlain, and Sweden's own great premier, Branting.

Among those who have had the prize for 'idealistic' literature are Björnson, from Norway; and Mistral, from Provence; and Sienkiewicz, of Poland (who wrote 'Quo Vadis'), and Kipling; and Selma Lagerlöf; and Maeterlinck, from Belgium; and Tagore, from India; and Carl Spitteler, from Switzerland; and Knud Hamsun, from Norway; and Anatole France, from Paris; and W. B. Yeats, from Ireland; and George Bernard Shaw.

The United States has not yet, as we write (1928), had the literary prize, although it has had all the others. We wonder why! That is, we wonder if none of our writers seem sufficiently 'idealistic.' We have tried to think who *should*, in our opinion, have got it. We haven't decided. What do *you* think?

And wouldn't it be interesting to know what they all did with their forty-thousand-dollar*ses*? We know about Finsen. And we know about what Selma Lagerlöf did with hers — which we'll tell you, two chapters farther on.

We had fun telling each other what we would do with a prize like that. And it probably won't surprise you to know that we decided ours would be mostly spent on travel!

Nannie asked if we would spend it all on ourselves. And we wouldn't, of course. So she asked whom we'd give some to, and how, and what for. We thought we'd give some to other children so they could travel.

Everybody, Nannie says, likes to think what he'd do if he had a lot more money than he has now. And nearly everybody believes he'd be a lot

more generous. But Robert Louis Stevenson said that no one ought to wish for more money so he could do more good, who wasn't *sure* that he is doing the most that could be done with as much as he has *now*.

And another thing to keep ourselves reminded of — we decided — is that everybody has other kinds of riches, even if he hasn't money; and we are supposed to be benevolent with *those* riches, too.

AN IDEA IS THE GREATEST THING

Sometimes — *often*times — an *Idea* is the greatest thing one can give to the world. Sometimes it takes the combination of a person with an idea and a person with money, but no definite ideas about making it do the most good, to be of great service together.

We think that as you approach Skansen, the world's first outdoor museum, instead of trying to tell you about Dr. Hazelius, whose Idea it was, we'll save that story for a little later, and bring it in at the place where we began to realize all that this Idea had to do with the beautiful things we were seeing.

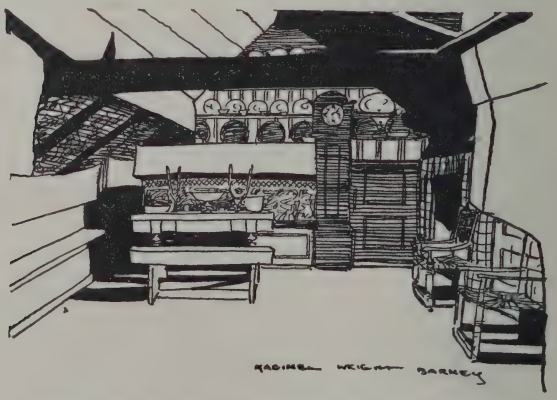
Skansen is a hill at the east end of Djurgården, with a beautiful view toward Stockholm.

Gustav Vasa made a deer park of Djurgården with its mighty oak trees; and it wasn't turned into a pleasure garden until the time of Gustavus III — the King who was murdered at the masked ball in 1792. He had it laid out beautifully, with fine drives and walks. And wealthy people then

began to build lovely villas in it. Probably the most interesting residence in it to-day is that of Prince Eugene, King Gustav's brother, who is a painter of note and a great patron of art. (Another Stockholm artist who has a beautiful home is Carl Milles, the eminent sculptor — it was he who did the 'Singer to the Sun' memorial to Tegnér, in the garden opposite the Parliament House.)

The Rosendal villa which Bernadotte built in Djurgården is now a museum of the Bernadotte dynasty.

Just after you cross the Djurgårdsbron, you come to the magnificent building in which is the very celebrated Northern Museum (Dr. Hazelius's Idea) where you may see how people of the Scandinavian countries have lived and the kinds of things they have made, for the past four centuries — since Gustav Vasa's time.



INTERIOR OF AN OLD HOUSE, SKANSEN MUSEUM

Skansen is really a part of this museum. There, in seventy acres of hills and dales and flat plateau, is a miniature Sweden, to which have been brought old churches and houses and mills and barns and belfries, and dear knows *what* else, to be set up again in surroundings as near as possible to those wherein they originally stood.

Suppose there was, in a park in our lovely Washington, a collection of typical negro cabins from Dixieland, and maybe a 'big house' with its white-pillared portico; and some typical old New England houses; and a Quaker 'meeting house' from somewhere in Rhode Island or in Pennsylvania; and some log houses of our pioneers; and so on. Suppose you could visit all parts of our country and all periods of her history, in seventy acres of space and a few hours of time!

That's what the *Idea* of an outdoor museum is! At this one in Skansen, there is a model of the city of Visby; there is a Lapp encampment with real Lapps in it, living as they do in Lapland — which is farther north in Sweden — and making Lapp things.

If you can't go into the Swedish provinces to see the costumes and dances and the life of the country people, you can see the costumes and dances at Skansen, at certain times, and get an idea of the way the country houses look — especially the old ones. But we think you don't really comprehend what all this has meant to Sweden until you know the country districts, especially Dalecarlia.

Stockholm seems almost to live at Skansen as

FOLK DANCE, SKANSEN OPEN-AIR MUSEUM

soon as the weather gets warm enough for outdoor life apart from *sports*. The concerts and other entertainments are there, in open air.

THE YALE GLEE CLUB AT STOCKHOLM

We were in Stockholm on the Fourth of July, and the Yale Glee Club gave its Stockholm concert that night — in Skansen, of course. It was from 7.30 to 8.30; and at 9 o'clock there was a delightful supper-dance at Hasselbacken's famous restaurant just outside Skansen. We were allowed to go. It was our first 'grown-up party,' and certainly we shall never forget it!

There was fine singing after supper (Swedish people love singing, and a great many of them seem to have fine voices), and jolly speeches, and

fireworks, and dancing, and a famous Swedish comedian, who reminded us a little of Harry Lauder. The boys from Yale were jolly, and everybody liked them a lot.

You should have seen the enthusiasm at the end of their concert, when they sang the Swedish National Anthem in *Swedish!*

Nannie thought that was a lovely way for us to have our first experience of a grown-ups' party; and we thought so, too. Never shall we forget how pleasant it was; nor the wonderful drive home, at what was an unusual hour for us to be up, but seemed like an afternoon when the sun's not shining.

Nannie used to get up every morning about two or three o'clock and stand at the window for a long time marvelling at what are called 'the white nights' (no darkness!); but we didn't! Once we get our heads on our pillows we're dead to the world for nine or ten hours. That party night was our chance to see Stockholm at midnight, or near it. And we shall always remember that home-going in the pearly light; and how beautiful everything looked.

You must surely dine at Hasselbacken (or have supper there). And this reminds us to tell you that in Sweden and Norway people don't dine as late as they do in many other countries; nor do they all dine so nearly at the same time. A great many people eat their dinners around four or five o'clock!

Another place to dine, in Skansen, is Idunhallen.

Now, we haven't told you all we'd like to about

Stockholm. But we've told you plenty to do in two days!

And before we say something about the things to do on short trips out from Stockholm, we must say a word or two about two Swedish women who are specially well known to Americans and English people: Jenny Lind, and Fredrika Bremer.

Miss Bremer was born in Finland, but was brought to Stockholm when she was three years old, and spent a good many of her sixty-four years here and around here. She began to write verses when she was only eight, but her first volume of stories wasn't published till she was twenty-seven. She loved travel and learned a great deal from it. But what she is chiefly remembered for is her writings in favor of women having more opportunities in the world than they used to have in her day. It would be wonderful if she could come back to Stockholm one of these days and see what women are doing! She died on the last day of 1865. And it wasn't till fifty-six years afterwards that Swedish women got the vote and the right to be elected to Parliament.

Jenny Lind, 'the Swedish nightingale,' was born in Stockholm (we went to see her birthplace and the lovely statue of her out near the Northern Museum), and was only seventeen when she was engaged for the Royal Opera (which Gustavus III had started) in her native city. But when she got to Paris, four years later, she found that she had harmed her voice by using it so much when she was very young; and she had to work very hard for a year, to undo the damage and learn a

better way. She was a fine actress — as well as a very great singer, and pretty; and she had a beautiful character — was never 'spoiled' by all the tremendous fuss made over her. Hans Andersen was in love with her, you'll remember. But Jenny married a young man (nine years younger than she was) named Otto Goldschmidt, a composer and musical director. They were married in Boston; but lived nearly all the time in England. There is a memorial to her in Westminster Abbey.

Stockholm has had many famous citizens, and has a good many now living.

Probably the one that most visitors would like to call upon, if they could, is Sir Sven Hedin, Sweden's Marco Polo, who penetrated the most 'forbidden' parts of Tibet, besides doing a lot of other wonderful exploring. We have seen a picture of him with his little granddaughter to whom he seemed to be telling some of his adventures.

Yum!

CHAPTER V

EXCURSIONS FROM STOCKHOLM

THE excursions from Stockholm that nearly every tourist makes are to Drottningholm and Saltsjöbaden.

Drottningholm is often called 'the Swedish Versailles.' It is about as far from Stockholm as Versailles is from Paris; and the park will remind you very much of that at Versailles. The château was built at the same time as Versailles, but is not nearly so huge.

Drottningholm means 'Queen's Island.' It is in Lake Mälaren, about forty-five minutes from Stockholm by steamer. The queen for whom the present château was built was Ulrica Elenora of Denmark, the adored wife of Charles XI, and mother of brilliant, tragic Charles XII. Her death (in July, 1693) was a shock from which Charles XI never recovered; and he died four years later, at the age of only forty-two, leaving the destinies of Sweden, for which he had done so much that was great and constructive, to his brilliant fifteen-year-old boy, who lost for Sweden all that Charles XI had gained.

The sister who succeeded Charles XII on the throne was named for her mother — Ulrica Elenora. And the Queen Ulrica for whom Drottningholm was built was a granddaughter of Christian IV, for whom nearly everything around Copenhagen was built!

The royal architect who designed and built Drottningholm was also architect of the beautiful palace of the kings in Stockholm: Nicola Tessin, who is sometimes called the Swedish Christopher Wren.

If the royal family is not in residence, you may visit the château, which is rather simply furnished, though there is one apartment hung with superb Gobelin tapestries which Louis XV of France presented to Gustavus III.

Gustavus III loved the theatre, and loved to act. He had a theatre in the grounds at Drottningholm, and another in the castle at Gripsholm.

There is a conducted tour, by motor coach, which goes to Drottningholm, every week-day afternoon at 2.30 from the office (near the Grand Hotel) of Nyman and Schultz, who are the representatives of Bennett's Agency and the American Express. This goes also to Haga Slott, on the north outskirts of Stockholm, where Gustavus III intended to build a marvellous new palace, but got only so far as a lovely pavilion which is shown you. Not far from Haga is Ulriksdal, a country residence of the Crown Prince and his family.

SALT SEA BATHS

There are excursions to Saltsjöbaden, too. But we don't see why any one should need 'conducting' to go there.

The loveliest way to go is by steamer, in about an hour and a half. Some of the Saltsjöbaden steamers leave from behind the Grand Hotel (in

front of the Royal Dramatic Theatre), and others leave from beside the Royal Palace. The station for electric trains to Saltsjöbaden is over near the Katarina Hissen (or 'Lift') on the quay called Stadsgården.

It is nearly forty miles from Stockholm to the open Baltic Sea, through the archipelago, where it is claimed there are thirty or forty thousand islands, which get bleaker and sterner as you get nearer to the gales of the open, northern sea. But Saltsjöbaden (or Salt Sea Baths) is a long way before the slightest bleakness begins! It is a perfect paradise of bloom and beauty. The lilacs were in bloom when we were there (at the beginning of July), and it seemed to us as if never before had we really seen lilacs, or smelled them. The size of the bushes! And the infinite number of the great blossoms — white ones, pale lavender, real lilac color, and deeper-red ones — filling the air with a perfume that was truly intoxicating. We just didn't know whether we were in a real place, or in some enchanted garden.

Some day we hope to go to Saltsjöbaden to spend at least a week — perhaps in the summer, for the bathing and yachting and tennis and golf; perhaps in the winter, for skating and ski-ing and ice-yachting and skate-sailing.

Here is a description of ice-yachting that was given us:

'Picture a ten-mile stretch of ice like crystal glass, an ice yacht, a favoring wind of thirty or forty miles an hour bulging the sail taut as a well-strung drum; the sun pouring down from a cloud-

less sky, making the ice a huge mirror like polished glass in which the yacht is reflected without one single detail being blurred. So clear is everything that the sportsman fancies as he speeds along that he is competing in a great race with another competitor underneath. Hammer and tongs the combatants fight for mastery every inch of the way, phantom with reality, swerve met with swerve, in and out, curvetting, pirouetting; sometimes the wind lifting the yacht several feet off the ice at one end as a sharp turn is made. Then the homeward journey, and a piping hot bath, and the grand finale, dinner at the Grand Hotel or the Grand Restaurant.'

In summer, they do a lot of 'surfing,' a sport imported from the South Sea Islands. A bather stands on one of the surfing-boards and is drawn through the water by a motor-boat at terrific speed.

The hotels at Saltsjöbaden are as fine as any one could wish. There are three, and they are wonderfully inexpensive for such beautiful hotels. The Badhotellet has medicinal baths and light-baths and massage, and is one of the most up-to-date establishments of its kind in Sweden. (And, of course, Sweden leads the world in such things.)

The Grand Restaurant at Saltsjöbaden is a place so noted that practically every visitor to Stockholm is taken there.

The International Sailing Regattas are held, every summer, at Sandhamn, an island three hours' sail beyond Saltsjöbaden, in the open sea. There is a new church at Saltsjöbaden which is

SALTSJÖBADEN

considered very beautiful. It is the Church of the Revelation, designed by Ferdinand Boberg, and donated by Knut Wallenberg who 'opened up' the Saltsjöbaden district as a residence and resort district. He gave the famous architect a free hand (and practically unlimited purse) to create the most beautiful house of worship he knew how, and to associate with himself for that purpose the finest sculptors, painters, and art-craftsmen he could get. Boberg is the architect who built Prince Eugene's villa, and Prince William's, and many other lovely things in Sweden — especially at Expositions. His wife is a famous painter; we tell about her in our Norway part.

They say that no other city has so many private motor-boats and sailing-boats of every kind and size. No wonder! The people of Stockholm certainly have plenty of places to go to by boat.

Almost every place around Stockholm can be reached by boat as well as by motor and by train. And often a boat is not only the pleasantest way to go, but as quick as an automobile, because autos have to travel such a long way around the edges of bays and inlets, or else ferry across them on funny old scows.

ADAM'S FERRY

(There is an ancient tradition that the Swedes are descended from Seth, the third son of Adam and Eve. And somebody told us of a book written, long ago, by a pastor up in the part of the country where the people are called 'the Black People,' in which he said that undoubtedly Adam came, often, to visit Seth in Sweden! Well, if you had used some of the ferries we did, in our car, you'd *know* that Adam must have used them too.)

Many of the interesting places east of Stockholm (in the Baltic) can be reached only by boat.

The places west and northwest of Stockholm (on Lake Mälaren) can all be reached by boat, train (or train and bus), or motor.

Eskilstuna, the Swedish 'Sheffield,' where the fine cutlery is made, is eight hours from Stockholm by boat, and three by train.

Gripsholm is three hours by boat, nearly as long by motor, and two hours by train.

Upsala is six hours by boat, and about two by motor, and one hour, or one hour and a quarter by train.

Skokloster is not to be reached by rail. You must go by motor in two hours, or by boat in four hours and a half.

There is an excursion to Upsala and Skokloster in one day which leaves Stockholm by train at 10 A.M. And there is another which leaves at 1 P.M., gives you the afternoon at Upsala, and the night there; takes you out to Linnæus's home, and then to Skokloster (the Warwick Castle of Sweden). These are conducted by Nyman and Schultz.

They also have excursions, four days a week, by steamer to Gripsholm — a ten-hour trip, and most interesting!

We feel that to go to Stockholm and not to see Gripsholm would be a very great pity. We feel the same about Upsala. We think it is fine to see Skokloster if you can; but you may have to save it for your second visit.

There are two ways of regarding your trip to Upsala. It may be an excursion from Stockholm, or it may be a stop-over on your way to Rättvik. The latter is cheaper, because you don't have to retrace your way. But you wouldn't see Skokloster.

We are putting Upsala into our next chapter, along with Rättvik, Leksand, Mora, and thereabouts.

So in the remainder of this chapter we'll tell you only a little about Skokloster (and Sigtuna) and something about Gripsholm.

The great castle at Skokloster, built in the seventeenth century by the son of one of Gustavus Adolphus's field marshals, belongs now to the Brahe family into which the field marshal's daughter married. This is one of the most illustrious old families of the Swedish nobility. The castle is magnificent, and its collection of treasures is one of the finest in Sweden. (Castle and contents, we are told, are about to be given to the nation by Count Magnus Brahe, the present owner.) The museum of armor is especially fine. The library is a really great one. And there are far too many splendid things to tell about.

But you may care most of all for the ring, with a ruby set in diamonds, which Gustavus Adolphus 'gave to his first and only true love, the beautiful and gifted Ebba Brahe, on their betrothal.'

The father of Gustavus Adolphus was the third and youngest of Gustav Vasa's sons who succeeded him; he was only fourteen when his father died, but he was fifty when he came to the throne and he reigned only eleven years — which was enough! for he was a cruel and violent man. When he died, Gustavus Adolphus was seventeen — a handsome youth who knew Seneca by heart, loved poetry, had mastered eight languages, and had such good sense and good temper that ever since he was ten years old he had been sitting with his father in the King's Council and dealing with ambassadors from foreign countries.

Ebba Brahe had been his playmate. He couldn't remember when he hadn't loved her. And when he became King, he wanted to marry

her. She was beautiful, and good, but his mother (a Danish princess) thought it would be most unbecoming for a king to marry one of his subjects. So she broke up the match.

Gustavus Adolphus declared he would never marry. But he did! He waited a good while, though — until he was twenty-six — and, by the German wife he never pretended to love, he had only one child, Christina.

When Christina was in her fourth year, her father held her in his arms as he appeared before his Parliament, and committed her to the care of his devoted people. He was going away to war, 'to deliver,' as he said, his 'fellow Christians from oppression.'

He never came back. He was killed in battle at Lützen, near Leipzig, in November, 1632. The cathedrals of Vienna, Brussels, and Madrid rang joyful *Te Deums* thanking God for his death, and Madrid had twelve days of festive bull-fighting to celebrate it.

We wonder if he thought of Ebba as he lay dying.

THE VIKING CAPITAL

A thousand years ago, Sigtuna (near Skokloster) was Sweden's Viking capital. It was destroyed in 1181. The ruins are interesting to antiquarians, but we are not going to pretend to you that they meant much to us, though we found the old church very impressive.

What we did enjoy, thoroughly, was Gripsholm Castle, to which we devoted a day. Gustav

Vasa built it, early in his reign; and it has been closely associated with all the history of Sweden, ever since.

It is an enormous castle in a most beautiful situation beside the blue waters of Lake Mälaren; and in its wealth of furnishings you may see what kinds of things the kings and queens of Sweden have had for nearly four hundred years. It is a great place for students of furniture and decoration.

And portraits! We were told that there are two thousand portraits in the castle. We believe we saw them all! But nearly every one had a story to it — and you know we never get tired of stories.

The place in the castle that impressed us most was the cell, up at the top, near the battlements, in which Gustav Vasa's oldest son, the mad King Eric, was imprisoned for many years, while his brother John reigned in his stead. We could see where Eric wore a groove in the window-sill with his elbows — standing and looking out. When he became King, Eric was just about to leave for England to see if he couldn't persuade Queen Elizabeth to marry him!

Near the castle is the little town of Mariefred where we ate lunch on the porch of a hotel, looking out on a pretty garden.

CHAPTER VI

UPSALA AND DALECARLIA

Now we have to write about going away from Stockholm, not for a day's excursion, but for a long while. And that makes us sad — even though we know what is ahead.

Stockholm is so very beautiful! You know it the moment you get there. But after you have stayed even a few days, you know it so much *better!*

When the time to leave comes, you have promised yourself that you are coming back at the first opportunity — and yet that doesn't make it much easier to go.

On your last night in Stockholm you can't help feeling sorry for yourself because you have to go away. You probably sit at dinner, either in the glass-enclosed terrace dining-room of the Grand Hotel (the famous and gorgeous palm-court is a winter dining-room, farther back in the hotel) or in the terrace restaurant of the Opera — Operakällaren — looking out upon one of the loveliest scenes that any city in the world can hang, forever, in your mem'ry-gallery. And you may do as we did: you may say, 'What's the use of going *any*where away from here?'

But don't let yourself yield to this temptation unless you can stay another *week* in Stockholm. For to miss Dalecarlia is almost to miss the very

heart of Sweden, and you *must* be up there on a Sunday!

You should leave Stockholm not later than Saturday by the ten o'clock train if you are going straight through to Rättvik, or Friday by the same train, or a one o'clock train if you are going to stop off at Upsala.

Upsala is the older and larger of the two Swedish universities. It has over three thousand students, about twelve per cent of them women.

UPSALA PEASANT HOUSES

The town of Upsala, forty-one miles from Stockholm, is a pretty garden-like place with some thirty thousand inhabitants. The school term is over on June 1st, and the new one does not begin till September 1st; so the town seems strangely quiet during June, July, and August; and some persons may tell you that it isn't worth visiting then. They are wrong! It is very interesting indeed. We wouldn't have missed it for *anything*. Of course we'd like to see it when it is full of student life. But we thoroughly enjoyed it as we found it, in July.

Upsala has been the church capital of Sweden,

the residence of Sweden's Archbishop, since 1276 — or, really, counting the time it was at old Upsala, two miles away, since about 1100. The Kings used to be crowned here, as the French Kings were at Reims.

It was one of the archbishops who founded the university, in 1477. Gustavus Adolphus gave from his personal inheritance three hundred and sixty farms, to endow the university. The income from this is not enough, now; so Parliament makes up the difference. The students pay little or nothing for their courses. Many students stay at the university for eight or ten years.

We saw the handsome university buildings; but all we saw of the student life was at the Gästis Restaurant, in the hotel, where a group of the Upsala Glee Club was entertaining the Yale Glee Club at a luncheon in the garden. We were also lunching in the garden, and had the pleasure of hearing their songs and speeches.

LINNÉ

What interested us most at Upsala was the cathedral, and Linnæus. He taught at the university and is buried in the cathedral. The cathedral is the largest church in Scandinavia, and very fine — though not so fine as the cathedral at Trondhjem in Norway.

We liked seeing the tomb of Gustav Vasa, and the pictures showing scenes from his life — particularly the one of Gustav at Mora appealing to the farmers. And we liked the rooms upstairs where the old vestments and clothing are.

But we were most thrilled at being where Linnæus lies, and seeing where he taught, and studied. Just a block from our house, in Lincoln Park, Chicago, there is a fine statue that the Swedes of Chicago gave — a copy of the one in Humlegården, Stockholm; and we have known that ever since we can remember. And of course we began, long ago, asking, 'Who is it?' (We have Ericson Drive, too! Named for Leif Ericson. It is not so near our house — but in a very beautiful part of our lake front that is fast coming to be one of the handsomest city stretches in the world. And we're going to have a Lindbergh Airport!)

Linnæus (or Linné, as it is in Swedish) was a minister's son. And when he was a baby, if he got cross, all they had to do to make him perfectly happy was to lay him on the grass and put a daisy in his hand. When he was big enough to go to school, he thought all the time about trees and flowers instead of about his books. So the teachers said he was a dunce. His parents were very anxious that he should be a minister; but it seemed that all he could think of was plants and flowers!

However, he went to the University at Lund, where he lodged with a physician who had a library full of books on botany, which Carl Linné used to study nearly all night.

Then he changed universities and went to Upsala, where he struggled along, depending on chance for food, wearing clothes that other students threw away, patching his shoes with birch bark and cardboard.

One day he was sitting in the Botanical Garden of Upsala, sketching a plant, when one of the very eminent professors passed by, noticed how poor the young man looked, and how absorbed, and sat down to talk to him. He was so impressed that he took Linné home with him to live and help him write a book on the plants of Palestine. He was so impressed with what Linné knew, that he got him a license to give public lectures in that very Botanical Garden where he had discovered him.

The students flocked to hear Linné, and that made the instructor of botany at the university mad; he got a rule made that no man without a degree could lecture at Upsala.

So Linné went off, with a few of those who were enthusiastic about him, up to Falun, in Dalecarlia (whither you are bound), and there he started a school of mineralogy for the miners at that famous old copper mine. There he met a girl with whom he fell in love. But her father wouldn't let them marry till Carl got a degree to practise medicine, so he could support a wife.

To get this, Carl went to Holland, where there was then the most famous physician in Europe — so famous, and so testy, that he could make Peter the Great sit in his waiting-room two whole hours before the doctor would see him.

Linné had written two books on botany, and he got these published in Holland. In one of them he divided, for the first time *ever*, all nature into three kingdoms: animal, vegetable, and mineral. When the great doctor saw that book (hardly

more than a pamphlet), he sent for Linné, and was so impressed with him that he got him a job that paid his expenses and gave him lots of time and advantage for study.

It was nearly four years before he got back to his Elizabeth, married her, and settled down in Stockholm to practise medicine.

But nobody would consult him, and they almost starved. After a while people began to find out how much he knew, and even the Queen sent for him. Then it was said no one could get well without him!

He wasn't happy, though. He didn't become really happy till he was made professor of botany at Upsala, where he lived and labored for thirty-seven years and was idolized by his pupils, who came to him from all over the world. (The attendance at the university increased from five hundred to fifteen hundred because of him.) The King ennobled him, and the King of Spain offered him great inducements to go there. But Linné felt that he should stay in his own country and serve it.

He wasn't the first botanist, as some think (that is, not the first in point of *time*), for he himself catalogued fully a thousand books that had been written on his subject. But he was the one who renamed growing things according to a simpler system, and classified them, and made it easy for every one to go on studying about them.

When he was up in Lapland, in his young days, he found a delicate, sweet-scented little flower lifting its tiny pink bells from the moss at the foot

of evergreens, which grow beneath the flashing Northern Lights. He loved this modest flower the most of any he had ever seen, and so he gave it his own name, the *Linnæa borealis*.

We heard about this flower, and hoped to find one. Soon we'll tell you the charming circumstances in which we *did*.

Another eminent man who is buried at Upsala Cathedral is Emanuel Swedenborg, about whom there is a lot we'd love to tell, because he was so very remarkable. But we mustn't make this book too long. Swedenborg is usually thought of as a philosopher and the founder of the Swedenborgian religion. But he was also a very great scientist, and about a hundred and fifty years ahead of his times in many branches. He died in London in 1772, and it was only in 1908 that his remains were brought to Upsala, where he had been a student.

Seven miles southeast of Upsala is Hammarby, Linné's home, where he died in 1778. It is now a museum.

Near the Upsala Cathedral is the castle that Gustav Vasa began. In it, his great-granddaughter, Queen Christina (daughter of Gustavus Adolphus), resigned the throne to her cousin Charles, son of her father's sister.

A very interesting visit is that to Gamla (or Old) Upsala, about two miles north of the present town. Back in Viking times there used to be a splendid heathen temple here, gleaming with gold and all the treasures the sea-rovers could find to bring home with them. Near it the old kings were

buried. There are three mounds, each about sixty feet high and two hundred feet in diameter, which are burial chambers. One tradition is that here Odin is buried; and Frey, and Thor.

Whatever they are, they go back probably to the sixth century, or earlier, and we could imagine the Vikings grouped around them and perhaps offering up a human sacrifice before starting on a journey.

From Upsala your train (the one that leaves Stockholm at 10 A.M. and Upsala at a little past 11) goes on to Krylbo, about an hour's ride from Upsala, and there the cars for Leksand and Rättvik are detached from the rest of the train, including the restaurant car, and take another line.

We didn't know the restaurant car was going to be taken off. So we didn't get any luncheon. We're telling you, so you won't miss *yours*.

The car in which we were riding was of a sort we had never seen before. Instead of compartments of equal size, for six or eight people each, it had compartments of several sizes. Some were quite tiny — for two persons. Some were quite large — for twelve or sixteen persons. In some you could smoke, and in others you couldn't.

It was a Saturday morning early in July, and the cars were full of people going on their holidays. We had been at Upsala on a trip out from Stockholm; so we took the train at Stockholm and found seats without much difficulty, because we were at the station early. But the train was quite crowded. And when it stopped at Upsala, there

were a good many getting on there. One family, a father, mother, and two grown sons, who had second-class tickets, couldn't get on anything but a third-class coach until the train reached Krylbo. There some passengers got off, and this family moved into our compartment.

When we had been on our way, beyond Krylbo, a little while, one of the young gentlemen found that, in moving over from the other car, his raincoat had been left behind. He tried to tell the conductor, but the conductor could understand nothing but Swedish (hardly anybody on any Swedish railway can speak or understand anything but Swedish), and the young gentleman was French, though he spoke English fluently and also several other languages.

In our compartment there was a Swedish gentleman who spoke English (as many, if not most, of the highly educated Swedish people do), and *he* told the conductor about the raincoat.

To the young Frenchman this gentleman said: 'Where will you be to-morrow?'

The Frenchman said he would be at Rättvik, at the hotel we were going to.

'You will have your coat to-morrow,' said the Swedish gentleman. *Not*, 'If it is found, it will be sent to you.' Not at all! 'You will have your coat to-morrow.'

And he did! It was delivered to him at the hotel on Sunday afternoon.

We were quite impressed by this. And we couldn't help noticing how fine and gracious these four people were about everything, in a very

quiet, simple sort of way. They rode third-class when they couldn't do better, without a protest. They made no fuss about the raincoat.

We nearly always feel 'drawn to' French people wherever we encounter them, because those we have met and know have given us the feeling that to be French is to be overflowing with kindliness, and most especially toward children. So we were glad to know that this family was going to our hotel.

'THE HEART OF SWEDEN'

It was around five o'clock when we reached Rättvik; and a porter from the Siljansborg Hotel was at the station to meet us and put us into a car for the drive of about two miles to the hotel —

DALECARLIAN CHILDREN

which is not in the little town of Rättvik, but stands in its own extensive and beautiful grounds on one of the loveliest spots of all Lake Siljan.

This province of Dalarna, or Dalecarlia, often called 'the Heart of Sweden,' is really a miniature

Sweden, having in its boundaries almost all the things most characteristic of Sweden, except the great mountains of the Far North.

The oldest mine in Sweden is the Falun Copper Mine (where Linné taught the miners), which has been worked since about 1220 and has *never changed ownership!* (Falun is not far from Lake Siljan and Rättvik — south of them.) And the company owning the mines is probably the oldest in existence. The original mine is not producing much now; but the company owns the largest iron and steel works in Sweden, one of the largest paper mills in Europe, one of the greatest sawmills in the world, and a number of other things — all of them near together in Dalecarlia. In the Middle Ages this province used to be called 'the Treasury of the Crown,' because it produced so much mineral wealth.

It produced other wealth, too — wealth of spirit that was sturdy and full of courage, and fine. It wasn't by any sort of chance that Gustav Vasa, when he was only thirteen, said: 'I'll go to Dalecarlia, rouse the people, and give the Jutes a black eye.' For it was a man of Dalecarlia, Engelbrekt, leading other men of his province, who rose against the Kalmar Union that made Queen Margaret and her successors rulers of the three kingdoms. Engelbrekt, in the very next reign after Margaret's, led an uprising against 'the Jutes' who were being sent to oppress and suppress these sturdy Dalecarlians. In 1435, nearly sixty years before Gustav Vasa was born, Engelbrekt called together at Arboga the first

parliament on the continent of Europe that was really representative — elective.

If you want to understand Sweden and the wonderful things she is doing to-day, we think you *have* to go to Dalecarlia.

When you go, you may think that it's just an expedition to see a lot of colorful costumes in a setting of great natural beauty. But if, after you've been there, you don't feel that you have had a truly great experience, far beyond anything you could have dreamed of, then you must be a tourist and *not* a traveller!

A DALECARLIAN GIRL

We found the Siljansborg Hotel one of the most interesting in Europe — full of characteristic Swedish (Dalecarlian) products and furnishings, all very charming. (My! how the interior decorators must love it!) The outlook is simply exquisite, whether your windows overlook Lake Siljan, or the beautiful woods behind the hotel.

The rooms are extremely comfortable, and attractive. We had a sort of sun-parlor with ours, nearly all glass, with many fine plants in it. We ate our breakfasts there. Our bathroom was as up-to-date and dainty as any one could wish.

The waitresses all wear Dalecarlian costumes. The food is simple Swedish food, but very tasty and good. The public sitting-rooms of the hotel are delightful — just like somebody's very interesting home — somebody with good taste, who has been a fortunate collector of native handicraft. The very rooms seem to draw people together and make them sociable. And the hotel is managed by Madame Arpi and her perfectly charming young daughter, both of whom are fine linguists and excellent hostesses. And the head porter at that hotel is the very nicest we ever met, anywhere.

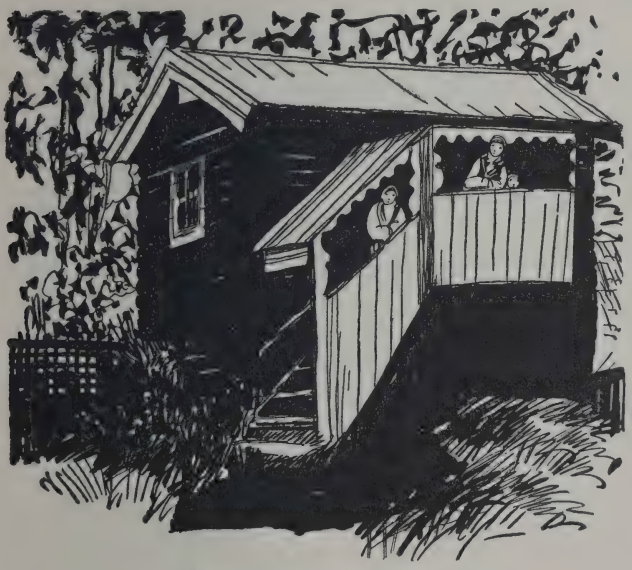
So much for the *comforts* you'll find at Rättvik! Now for the other things which would be worth any amount of *dis*comfort, if it had to be borne in order to enjoy them. But it doesn't! Hotel Siljansborg would be well worth visiting even if it had nothing to offer but the beauty of its surroundings and the pleasure of a stay there.

But it has much more!

On Sunday morning about ten, Miss Arpi was ready to take us, in her own car, to Rättvik Church and then over to Leksand. What visitors usually do is to watch the congregation assembling for worship at Rättvik; and then drive over, about twelve miles, and wait for the congregation to come out from the other venerable church at Leksand.

It was an absolutely perfect summer morning, and brought out the best of everything that we had come to see, and *feel*. We shall never, never forget it!

Betty had her camera, of course, and was anxious to take pictures. Nannie said she mustn't



RÄTTVIK PEASANT HOUSE

'snap'; this wasn't 'a show.' These reverent people were assembling for worship. We were onlookers, and the least we could do was to keep ourselves from seeming like spectators. But they all knew Miss Arpi, and quite evidently they liked her very much, and were inclined to like us because we were with her. They not only let us take

pictures of them, but they asked us to! And one dear old Grandpa, in his baggy bright-yellow knee pants and tasselled stockings and buckled shoes, was so disappointed that he wasn't around when we took his daughter and little granddaughter, that we took them again, with Grandpa 'in.'

The French family were there, too; and one of the sons made many pictures. We started talking with them, then. But we didn't yet know who they were.

The church is very picturesque, and the churchyard is even more so. What a setting that would be for the grave-diggers' scene in Hamlet!

In the churchyard, at the edge of the exquisite blue lake, is a memorial to Gustav Vasa who stood there, in 1520, rousing the people against Christian II of Denmark who had murdered Gustav's father and brother-in-law, and dragged the women of the family off to die in Danish dungeons. He was being hunted like a hare; but he came here, on a Sunday, and when the people came out of church he addressed them. Then he went on to Mora, at the top of Lake Siljan, where the parson hid him, and let him speak to the congregation out in the snowy churchyard on Christmas morning, as we saw in the fresco at Upsala Cathedral.

But the Dalecarlians are not hasty. They wanted time to think things over.

So Gustav left, and turned toward the Norwegian frontier. He hid under an old bridge. Famished wolves dogged his footsteps. He had to

outrun them on his skis. Starving and despairing, he had almost left Sweden behind, when he heard shouts and saw two men coming after him on skis. They had been sent to call him back! The Dalecarlians had decided what to do.

When he came back, they rallied behind him. In May he took Upsala. By midsummer he was besieging Stockholm.

The men of Dalecarlia helped him to 'give the Jutes a black eye.' He became not only King, but 'the Father of his Country.' But he had to fight out many an issue, in forty years, with these people of Dalecarlia. We mustn't tell more about it here; but we hope you'll want to read a good deal about him, elsewhere.

From Rättvik we drove over to Leksand, and there we waited for the congregation to come out. The costumes at Rättvik are very picturesque, and the scene there is charming. But it was at Leksand that we got the greatest picture and — we believe — the most unforgettable emotion.

We had to wait quite a while for the congregation to come out. So we sat in the churchyard, close to the church. This church holds five thousand people. It was built by soldiers of Charles XII returning from captivity in Russia under Peter the Great. But parts of it are older. The belfry is some distance from the church, as is often the case in Sweden. And the Swedish people do *love* their church bells!

As we sat there, listening to the splendid congregational singing, it seemed to us that, while the people raised their hearts in those hymns of praise

to God, we got a feeling about Swedes and Sweden that made clear to us many wonderful things in their past and many beautiful things they are doing to-day.

A BELFRY IN DALECARLIA

By this time we knew who the French family were. The father, a most distinguished-looking elderly gentleman, was General Nicolas, one of the defenders of Verdun! We never can forget him as he sat on a bench outside the church at Leksand, listening to that singing, looking at all

the loveliness about him, and feeling — we knew — as we did, tremendously uplifted by it all. His eyes seemed misty but shining. And all he could say was just to murmur, over and over: '*Exquise! Exquise!*'

Then! when the belfry bells began to ring for the dispersal of the congregation; and the first figures, looking as if they had strayed out of lovely, colorful canvases, began coming out of the old white church, and moving through the churchyard beneath whose mossy stones their ancestors

INTERIOR OF AN OLD HOUSE IN LEKSAND

sleep, up toward that most magnificent broad avenue of white birches! Well, our hearts just *almost* stood still. We were afraid to draw a deep breath, for fear the whole thing would vanish. It didn't seem that it *could* be real!

The prevailing color at Leksand is a rich orange. A dress of this, with a red-and-white striped apron, a gay kerchief covered with big red roses, and a cap to match, on a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired lady of three or four or five, makes you feel as if an adorable dolly had 'come alive.' Then you look around and see dozens of them, dressed like tiny copies of their bigger sisters. The married women are a little soberer.

There is enough variation in the costumes, between winter and summer, maid and matron, young man and old man, and enough leeway for personal taste, to make it hard to give a single description that tallies with all the costumes of any township or district. But there's enough that's outstandingly characteristic about the dress of each district so that it is recognizable anywhere and tells in an instant where the wearer comes from.

The people of Sweden like to wear up-to-date clothing of the general European styles, most of the time. It is only on Sundays and festival days that many costumes are to be seen. But the feeling that Swedish people have for these costumes, and what that feeling has had to do with the fine things which Sweden is producing to-day, is a thrilling story.

Sweden is not only an up-to-date country; it is

in many respects ahead of most other countries; in its use of electricity on the farms, for instance, in its telephone system, in its divorce laws, and in its regulation of the liquor traffic; and so on.

But in its eagerness to be up-to-date and to lead, it isn't trying to cut loose from its past. It is, rather, so very, very proud of its past that it loves to keep reminded of it. That is why it loves the beautiful old costumes, and also the latest Paris styles; why it cherishes the old farmhouses, in museums like Skansen, and builds its new ones to suggest the old, but fills them with every up-to-the-minute convenience.

'A STORY BEHIND ALL THIS'

Now, there's a story behind all this! A story of a few men with an Idea, an Ideal!

One of them was Artur Hazelius, who first had the idea of the outdoor museum (as we told you at Skansen). Another was Anders Zorn, whose home at Mora we hope you are going to visit the day after you have seen Rättvik and Leksand.

Along about 1870, Dr. Hazelius began to realize what a lot the people of Sweden were losing out of life by always wearing 'store-bought' clothes that were as much alike as orphans' uniforms, and always buying factory-made furniture, and linens, and kettles; and so on.

Homes used to be so much more interesting when they were full of things that the members of the family had made! Clothes used to be so much more colorful and picturesque and *remindful!*

So he began collecting old costumes, to pre-

serve them. And he began collecting examples of the fine old art-crafts that were practised in the homes. And then he began buying old, deserted farmhouses, and putting into them the things that people used to make for them. And then he wanted a place to put these, where the most people could see them — so he started Skansen. And there he got people to *live* in the old houses (in summer, at least) and wear the old costumes of their provinces, and dance their old dances, and sing their old songs, and make their old rugs, and copper kettles, and laces, and linens, and wood-carvings, and pewter dishes, and so on.

He gave all the money he had toward this Idea! And he was always begging for help. 'I have given all that I own,' he used to say. 'What will you do?'

'The prince of beggars,' people called him. But he begged on, and on, until he had given Sweden the Northern Museum at Stockholm, and its outdoor annex, Skansen, and — something greater even than those: until he had given it a Renaissance! He inspired a group of Swedish women to found a society for encouraging the making of home textiles. The 'Friends of Handiwork' had to train teachers and send them out into the country districts to learn from the old grandmothers and teach the young granddaughters. Then, when women began making things, the 'Friends' had to provide for the sale of them, so that the girls on the farms would realize there were other ways to make money than by going off to work in factories. We went to one of their

shops, in Stockholm, and bought as much as we could — partly because the things were so attractive, and partly because we wanted, as 'guests' of Sweden, to show how much we appreciate what this society has done for *every*body.

Anders Zorn, who was born at Mora on Lake Siljan, of farmer stock, was one who did a very great deal for this Idea. He painted the costumes and scenery, the old houses, the lovely old things, of Dalecarlia so beautifully that all the world said: 'How exquisite!' And the people of Dalecarlia began to realize how much the world admired their old things and the things they could make. So they began to be very proud of them.

And of course Prince Eugen, the King's artist-brother, would be quick to feel the value of an Idea like this, and to encourage it. He was the leader in another society called the 'Home Sloyd Union.' We think of 'sloyd' as describing things that boys make in school workshops. But in Sweden the word means *handcraft*, as distinguished from machine-made. And the 'Home Sloyd Union' has not only made thousands and thousands of Swedes happy and given their homes many lovely things of their own making, and earned them thousands and thousands of dollars through the sale of their handwork, but has caused them to love and appreciate good workmanship so that they buy fine factory things instead of inferior ones. That's the explanation for what you feel when you first walk the shopping streets of Stockholm and see what *lovely* things the people of Sweden *make* and *buy*.

And Skansen helps you to understand *why*. The Northern Museum helps you to understand. *Many* things help you to understand. But none of them mean as much to you as they should, until you have been to Dalecarlia, and *felt* what you feel as you listen to the organ in Leksand Church, and the beautiful, deep-toned congregational singing, and hear the bells ring reverently as the long lines of worshippers in the costumes of long ago move on up that great 'nave' of white birches toward the village beside the gleaming blue lake.

Such a *substantial* universe, this seems to be when you sit at Leksand and watch this congregation! How much dignity, and beauty, there is in life!

If these were people of another day, unconscious of the modern world, they wouldn't be half so interesting and impressive. Just as, if their art and art-craft went on repeating the beauties of other days but not trying out anything new, it wouldn't be astounding the world. But those devout people in their quaint costumes donned for Sunday and the *kyrka*, do a vigorous lot of independent thinking on nearly all the problems of the modern world — and some of them are probably going home to cook their dinners by electricity, and turn on the radio while they're doing it.

It's just thrilling, the way the Idea has helped them to hold on to the finest of what made them what they are, and to reach out, at the same time, to accomplish the best that this wonderful day can create.

We hope you stay over Monday at Rättvik,

and drive up to Mora, where Anders Zorn, one of the greatest painters and etchers of modern times, was born, and had his charming home, and lies buried.

If you can make *two* visits in that vicinity, we think you'd like to make the second to Falun, and to Sundborn, to the home of Carl Larsson, another eminent Swedish painter who did a very great deal to help on the Idea. Try, in any case, to buy a copy of his book called 'Ett Hem,' meaning 'A Home' (his own), the pictures in which will give you a good idea of home life in Dalecarlia.

This is only a little of all we would like to say of Dalecarlia. But who could say enough?

However, there is one bit more that we must get into our story; and that is about our search for the *Linnæa borealis*, in the lovely woods around Lake Siljan. It was dear Madame Nicolas who helped us find it, and told us many charming things about it. We enjoyed her so much, and also her distinguished husband and their fine sons. They are the kind of people who know how to make little girls feel very much at ease with them, and very happy. We shall never think of Linnæus and his namesake flower, without thinking also of Madame Nicolas and our walks and talks in those exquisite woods beside the blue lake.

CHAPTER VII

LAPLAND

WHEN you leave Rättvik, it may be that you'll be bound for Lapland, and the Midnight Sun. If you are, you can travel in perfect comfort the final stretch on the Lapland Express, an electrified railway, with sleeping-cars and diners, all the way to Narvik in Norway (not far from the Swedish border), which is many, many miles beyond the Arctic Circle!

There are a number of reasons why some travellers to Sweden should go up there, though it is not a trip to be recommended for all.

Any one interested in mining ought certainly to make this journey and visit Gällivare, Porjus, and Kiruna. Any one interested in forests and magnificent waterfalls and electric power plants ought to go. Any one who would like to see the Lapps as they have lived for centuries. Any one who wishes to see the Midnight Sun where it really shines — away from the fogs and rains that hover about the North Cape.

The journey from Stockholm to Abisko is thirty-six hours (from Rättvik about thirty hours), and there is a very good, although plain, hotel at Abisko.

Up to a very short while ago, all this north part of Sweden was a wilderness with few inhabitants — mostly Lapps — and little communication with the world outside. But now!

LAPP CHILDREN

The first of the places we have mentioned that you come to on your way north, is Porjus, where there is an electric power plant that takes more than 80,000 horse-power from the river (it will take 140,000 when complete), and yet leaves enough water to make some marvellous rapids and falls called 'The Hare's Leap,' about two miles farther down.

Some tourists go north of Porjus in a motor-boat, through a chain of lakes to another fall, the Great Lakes' Fall, which is more than two thousand feet wide, and very impressive, we're told.

The machine room at Porjus had to be put far down in the rocks (165 feet) to protect the machinery from winter cold. It is current from Porjus that runs this north-of-the-Arctic-Circle railway.

A LAPLAND LAKE

Gällivare is interesting to those who know a good deal about iron-mining. The methods are said to be wonderfully up-to-date. And it is believed that there are about two hundred and seventy million tons of ore in those deposits. Some of the ore is from sixty to seventy per cent metal!

But Kiruna is the marvel-town. It has all sprung up within this century, and mostly in the last dozen years or so. Before 1908 or so, the Lapps camped here as in any other part of the great north wilderness. Now it is a handsome town of ten or twelve thousand inhabitants, with model dwellings, picture theatres, schools, a trolley line, and a new church designed to suggest the only 'architecture' of the Lapps — which is their hut or tent!

And that tells a story of another man with an Idea: Hjalmar Lundbohm, who created this community in the wilderness for his company, half of whose shares are owned by the State and half by private capital. We don't know just what the

A LAPP HOUSE

Kiruna mine (one of many in a great group) paid on its most recent dividend. The last we heard it was paying forty-five per cent! It is said that one of the mountains which surround Kiruna, the one called Kirunavaara, 'the hill of iron,' contains more than seven hundred and forty million tons of ore, much of which is seventy per cent pure metal.

Well, when Director Lundbohm opened up operations there, he was determined that the men who got out that wealth for Sweden and for the world (most of it is exported; it goes about a hundred miles, to Narvik, the northernmost railway terminal in the world, where there is a port that's always free of ice; and great ships are always waiting to carry this Lapland iron to Germany, England, and America, and elsewhere) should live as comfortably as possible, and have everything

that could be provided for them and their families to make life truly worth living. Also he was determined that the little nomad Lapps (the strangers from Asia who for centuries have wandered about these Northlands, with their reindeer herds, and have never mingled much with the Scandinavian people, nor imitated them) should feel as friendly as possible to the invaders of their wilderness. Instead of 'shoo-ing' them out of the way of modern progress that they'll have nothing to do with, he set himself to study them, and to persuade the Swedish Government not to disturb them in their ancient ways. And then he began publishing books about them, so that they might be better understood by people of other lands. One of these books was written by a Lapp named Johan Turi, a mighty wolf-hunter.

The Lapps called Director Lundbohm their 'Little Father.'

THE LAPPS' MEAT AND DRINK AND CLOTHES

They are Mongols, you know. How long they have been wandering about the north of Europe, nobody can guess. They like coffee, and snuff; but for the most part they lead primitive lives, sufficient unto themselves in the same ways that their remote ancestors in Asia were, unknown centuries ago. Their reindeer are literally their 'meat and drink and clothes' — also their beds and other house-furnishings — even their spoons are carved from reindeer horn, and their sewing 'thread' is reindeer sinews. Their costumes are very colorful — when *new!* But being 'sewed up for the winter' is no joke, in Lapland. And washing themselves or their clothes seems to be the last thing they ever think about. When we bought our Lapp dolls, at Hammerfest, the most northerly town in Europe, we asked if the Lapps had made them.

'Mercy, no!' said the woman who sold them to us. 'If they *had*, you couldn't take them home.'

And the more we saw of Lapps, the more we realized what she meant. They certainly are *dirty!*

Sweden insists that the children have some education, and provides them with teachers, frequently of their own race, who move about with them in summer, and in winter encampments set up a 'schoolhouse' just like the huts that the children live in. From eight years to eleven, the children are taught thus. From eleven to fourteen, they go to a central school for Lapps. Their studies are very practical: the scientific care of reindeer, some natural history, *hygiene*, and so on.

What they do with the hygiene, we can't imagine! Until they are twelve or thirteen, the children seem bright and learn easily. After that they learn almost nothing. Some Lapps 'settle down' as fisherfolk and farmers. But even then, they don't mingle with other people, and they don't change their ways a great deal. They are very religious, their faith being that of the Lutherans.

A LAPP BABY

We got very interested in the Lapps, and their reindeer herds, and their babies 'done up' like papooses or mummies and hanging, out of harm's way, in the trees.

Beyond Kiruna is Abisko, where so many

people go to see the Midnight Sun that the Swedish Touring Club has built a comfortable Tourist Station there to take care of them. We haven't seen the Midnight Sun over Lake Torne-träsk, at Abisko — but we mean to see it, some day! It is visible up there for seven weeks.

CHAPTER VIII

VÄRMLAND — THE LAKE COUNTRY

EVERY one who goes to Sweden goes to Stockholm. That can be taken for granted. So, the first question we find ourselves asking anybody we meet who has been to Sweden, is, 'Oh! did you go to Rättvik?' And the second is: 'Did you go to Karlstad?'

Too often they haven't been to Karlstad! And we think that is a very *great* pity. Not only do we feel that Karlstad is a beautiful and a delightful place, and full of interest; but we feel that travellers ought to get there as early in their Swedish visit as possible. Because there is no other man of all we met in Sweden who are interested in making travellers glad they came, who knows quite so well how to do it as Mr. Henry Odén, who owns and manages the very beautiful Stadshotellet (or Town Hotel) at Karlstad. He is a gentleman of rare charm and graciousness, a man of fine, broad culture, a fine linguist, a splendid hotel-keeper (not many better in Europe!), and he has not only zeal to make his guests comfortable, but zeal to make them in love with his beautiful country. And he knows how to do it!

We went from Rättvik to Karlstad, on our way to Oslo. If you are bound, as we were, for Norway *last* on your Scandinavian tour, this is probably the way you'd do it. But if you have landed at

Gothenburg (by steamer from the United States or from England, or by train from Copenhagen and Malmö), you can go to Karlstad *en route* to Stockholm, if you're not going by the Göta Canal, or going down to Copenhagen.

There are two changes of train between Rättvik and Karlstad. The first one is at Falun, and the second is at Kil, about twenty minutes or half an hour before you reach Karlstad.

On the station platform at Falun a very nice young man from Princeton came up to us and said: 'Could you tell me how to find my train for Narvik?'

And we laughed.

'We don't know how to find our own train for Karlstad,' we told him.

He said he was travelling alone in Sweden, and having the time of his life, meeting with the most wonderful hospitality from Swedish people with whom he scraped acquaintance as he went along.

(You see, when you get among the more highly educated Swedish people, you find a great deal of excellent English spoken. It is only among the less-educated that it is kind of difficult.)

So he helped us with our luggage.

A train came in that had signs on saying 'Göteborg.' We said 'Karlstad?' and a man said 'Ja.' So we piled all our stuff on.

'I hope it's the right one,' said cheery Princeton.

We thought maybe we'd better ask again. So when another trainman came along, we said

'Karlstad?' and he shook his head and said, '*Nay, nay.*'

Out we piled, with all our stuff. Then we tackled a third man showing him our tickets and he pointed us back to the Göteborg train. So, 'Princeton' helped us in again. By that time we were feeling so well acquainted that we were sorry to part.

We're sure that 'Princeton' had a grand time at Narvik. Probably he got himself invited to visit some Lapps!

A first-rate ambassador for his country was 'Princeton' — lots better than some that are sent officially, to represent us.

PEOPLE IN EUROPE ARE INTERESTED IN AMERICAN YOUTH

And this may be as good a place as any we shall find, to say that one of the things about America which most interests the people we visit abroad, is American *youth*. They have seen our movies, and heard our jazz, and read about our criminal gangs and gunmen, and about our wealth and luxury. And they are curious to see what influence all these things have on our young people. We couldn't help knowing (because they were always telling us!) that we were of as much interest to the people we met, as they were to us. It made us feel very responsible, to be taken as examples of American youth. We hoped we weren't doing the ones at home any injustice — *mis*representing them in any way. We hope we were good ambassadors. We felt quite sure that 'Princeton' was.

The train for Göteborg (Gothenburg) was a more-than-comfortable one. We had a fine compartment to ourselves. Next to it was a compartment like a fine big sitting-room, with movable easy-chairs, and sofas, and tables. It had places for a dozen or more non-smoking people; and next to it, on the other side, was a similar compartment with leather-covered furniture, for smokers.

A clean, comfortable, pleasant ride it was, to Kil — about five hours.

At Kil we had no 'Princeton' to help us, and of course no porter; and it was quite a tug. But the train for Karlstad was standing by, and we were hardly settled in it before we were piling out again, to be met by a smiling porter with 'Stadshotellet' on his cap. He put all our belongings on a hand-cart, motioned us to follow, and away we went, up the wide, clean, handsome street that looked so prosperous and yet was so calm and quiet. Karlstad has about twenty thousand inhabitants. And not only are they well-to-do, but the whole district roundabout does a good deal of its important shopping here, and transacts much other business. It was at Karlstad, in 1905, that the union between Sweden and Norway was dissolved, and Norway became an independent country.

Värmland is a forest country, with an almost infinite number of lakes and rivers. It also has mining sections; but the principal business today is timber and wood-pulp and machinery for making wood-pulp and paper, and by-products

— which include wood alcohol. Sweden produces about half a million tons of wood-pulp paper a year, and exports more than three fifths of it — mostly for newspapers and wrapping-papers. Usually a sawmill, after cutting up the best logs for wood to be used in various ways, grinds the small logs and all the waste into pulp, and then — in a third mill — makes paper out of some of the pulp. (Sixty per cent of Sweden is covered by forests, remember! There are ten acres of forest for every inhabitant!)

Our hotel — a very large and handsome one, most surprisingly so for a town of twenty thousand inhabitants — was full to overflowing up to within a few hours of our arrival, we learned, with a convention of wood-pulp men from many countries. It was built for frequent occasions of that sort, and has banquet rooms and ballroom and fine suites, and a dining-room that seats several hundred and opens onto a beautiful terrace where a military band plays and two thousand people can sit at small tables to refresh themselves while they listen.

Our room (an enormous one, with a bathroom as big as most bedrooms, fitted with the latest and finest of everything in plumbing) opened onto a big balcony furnished with chairs and tables, where we could sit and enjoy as lovely a view as any one could wish for.

The Klarälven River which comes from away up in eastern Norway is very wide as it flows into Lake Vänern at Karlstad. Our balcony overlooked the river, down which millions of logs float

every year. Lake Vänern is the third largest lake in Europe (the largest two are in Russia) and is eighty-seven miles long; at its widest, it is fifty miles across. The Göta Canal, which is really a dug canal for only about fifty-six of its two hundred and forty miles between Gothenburg and Stockholm, traverses the southern part of Lake Vänern; Karlstad is on the north shore of Lake Vänern.

We found lovely flowers in our room, to which Mr. Odén, the proprietor, escorted us; and presently up came a delicious tea, with big strawberries and thick yellow cream, and lots of 'goodies.'

When we had finished, and cleaned ourselves up a bit, we went downstairs to meet Dr. Linus Brodin, a delightful Swedish gentleman who is a well-known writer, especially on this lovely Värmland province of his which he knows as well and loves as passionately as does his friend Selma Lagerlöf. Mr. Odén had arranged that we should use his car and chauffeur while we were at Karlstad, and had invited Dr. Brodin to accompany us. This was the most helpful and pleasant thing any one could well imagine.

SELMA LAGERLÖF

Dr. Brodin dined with us that evening, and told us many fascinating things about Sweden. Also, that he had telephoned Miss Lagerlöf, at Mårbacka, and she had asked him to take us over there the next day at two o'clock.

He told us a lot about her, that evening at din-

ner. How her forefathers had lived at Mårbacka for many generations; how Selma, a delicate child, had grown up there, just 'soaking up' the old stories of the neighborhood that the peasants used to tell; how she tried to write these stories, in verse, in plays, and other ways; how her family lost the old homestead, and she went away to the south of Sweden to teach; how she heard of a prize that was offered, and got out her old stories, and put them together as 'Gösta Berling's Saga,' and won not only the prize but immediate fame. This was in 1891. In 1909, the Nobel Prize for literature was awarded her, and later she was elected a member of the Swedish Academy which has only eighteen members (not forty, like the French), but had never had a woman in it till Selma Lagerlöf was welcomed to it. She is, of course, more widely known than all the other members put together. Her books have been translated into more than thirty languages, and her home is filled with testimonials of esteem that have come to her from all parts of the world.

She bought back Mårbacka with her $40,000 Nobel prize. And lately she has built a beautiful house there which preserves and includes the original old one, but is much larger and handsomer as befits one who is visited by notables from everywhere.

Of course you'll want to know what we thought, on meeting so distinguished a lady, doubtless the most famous woman writer of to-day. And as she evidently is much annoyed by visitors, we hope she will be grateful to us if we seem to discourage

them. She seemed to us very cold and distant and full of her own importance and our unimportance. We felt like *worms* who had wiggled in where they had no sort of business to be. And when we came out, we were very *mad*. But of course we didn't say anything while Dr. Brodin was with us.

When we got back to the hotel, we burst out at Nannie, with 'Did *you* like her?'

And Nannie tried to tell us how tired of being visited Miss Lagerlöf had doubtless got, in so many years of being very famous; and how she may have been writing, and hated to leave it; and how she may have been feeling unusually bad about something that had happened that we knew nothing about.

Perhaps it was all true. But we were sorry we went, and sorry that Nannie went, because Miss Lagerlöf didn't try at all to be nice to her, and seemed disgusted when Dr. Brodin said that Nannie might write a little something about Sweden. Nannie didn't care — much. She thinks that people can be interesting even if they're not gracious or charming. And she doesn't feel at all important, *any*way; so she wasn't hurt when she saw how unimportant Miss Lagerlöf evidently thought her.

But we think that if celebrities are likely to be bored with visitors, they should refuse to see them — especially if any of the visitors are children. For you can't fool children about the way you feel toward them.

We sat on the edges of our chairs in Miss Lagerlöf's extremely pretty drawing-room, and

spoke only when we were spoken to, and probably looked (as we felt) scared stiff, while Miss Lagerlöf's translator, from New York, who was very kind and seemed sorry for us, showed us pictures in a Japanese book.

After a few minutes, we bowed ourselves out and felt as if we must have shrunk and got as little as Nils Holgerson, who rode all over Sweden on the back of a wild goose.

It took us quite a while, after that, to get over hanging back when there was any prospect of meeting another celebrity. The next time we went, with a letter of introduction, to call on a person of importance, Betty stayed outside the gate and wouldn't venture within a block of the house. But we got over it, eventually, because most of the very well-known people we meet are so exceptionally fine to us. They seem to know that '*children* are *people*,' even if we're not full-grown.

Miss Lagerlöf talks English quite fluently. We feel sorry, now, when we think about her; and hope that she's lots happier than she seemed to be. It must be awful, after having written so many books that millions of people have enjoyed, and had so many honors, not to be able to give the impression that — well! that you've had a good deal of happiness out of doing it all, even though you may have had a lot of trouble and sorrow, too. How can any one help being glad who knows that she has given happiness to millions of people?

We learned Stevenson's little poem about 'My

Great Task of Happiness,' and we wish more people felt that way about what they're here for.

Nannie wouldn't have put this in the book if she were not trying to write the way we feel about things. She says people who read it will just think that we hadn't the right spirit to appreciate Miss Lagerlöf, or that there must have been something about us that she disliked. Maybe so. But it was an experience we can't forget; and we don't see how we can tell about the 'Gösta Berling Country,' as it's called, without telling why it is so hard for us to have any enthusiasm about it. And we had looked forward to it the most of anything in Sweden!

We saw Rottneros Manor, which is 'Ekeby' in the story — the home of the Major's wife and the twelve Cavaliers; and Herresta Hall, which is 'Borg' in the story. Mårbacka is 'Lövdala' in the book. And we saw Södra, where the clergyman lived, a hundred years and more ago, who is supposed to have been the original of Gösta Berling.

Aside from some of the scenery and houses and churches, very little in this district to-day is at all like it was in the times of Gösta Berling.

Not far from Rottneros, where the Cavaliers held sway, there is Ransäter, where Erik Gustav Geijer was born, just a little before Gösta Berling's time. Geijer was a student at Upsala and afterwards professor of history there and a tremendous influence in Sweden for the kind of culture which is bearing such fine fruits to-day. He was a poet, too.

And Tegnér came from these parts, too! So did Gustaf Fröding, who is next to him in rank as a poet. There is a memorial stone with Fröding's portrait carved in it, set in a lovely clump of Sweden's exquisite white birches, not far from Filipstad.

When you see how beautiful this part of Sweden is, you can understand why it should have had so many children to sing its praises.

We spent a whole day motoring about the Gösta Berling country, the Valley of the Upper and Middle and Lower Fryken Lakes, which is just about due north of Karlstad.

ABOUT JOHN ERICSSON AND 'THE MONITOR'

The next day we went on another pilgrimage — to the country of John Ericsson.

We went first to Filipstad (Philipstown) where he is buried, in one of the most beautiful cemeteries imaginable, on the slope of a hill above a lovely lake. His mausoleum, of Swedish granite, with an American eagle in bronze, wings outspread, above it, was opened for us by a small boy Dr. Brodin sent to get the key. And we stood beside the oak casket covered with the Stars and Stripes, in which our country sent John Ericsson's body home in a warship to rest in his beloved Värmland. On top of the flag-covered casket is a little faded model of the Monitor, in immortelles.

It was very impressive!

Near Filipstad, which is a beautiful little town surrounded by five small lakes, dark pine woods and mountain ranges, there are the ruins of an old

smelting furnace, Storbrohyttan, which are so picturesque that more pictures have been made of them than of any other building in all Värmland.

The road to Långbanshyttan, where Ericsson was born, goes through forests and along the edge of lakes, past old mines which are no longer worked, to the one of which John Ericsson's grandfather was chief engineer, and close to which the great inventor was born.

We had heard it called a 'log cabin' birthplace. It isn't a cabin and it isn't of logs. It is a cottage, now used as a guest-house, close to the very charming home of the chief engineer — the house in which John's grandfather lived.

John was born in 1803. His brother, who became 'the Father of Swedish Railways,' was just a little older. Their father seems not to have amounted to much; and when the grandfather died, the family had very little means.

The mother, Dr. Brodin told us, took her boys to where the work on the Göta Canal was then going on. She kept boarders, and the boys got jobs. John was such a good draughtsman that he was employed thus by the Canal Company when he was only twelve!

For seven years John was in the army, and became quite celebrated for his military maps, and attracted the attention of Bernadotte — Charles XIV Johan, as they call him among the Swedish kings.

In 1826, John went to England, and there he built the Novelty, a locomotive, which he entered in a competition that was won by Stephenson's

Rocket. He invented the steam fire-engine, and the screw-propeller.

Dr. Brodin said that, before he went to England, Ericsson told the King he could build an ironclad vessel which would be as valuable to Sweden as several fleets in protecting her coasts. But the King said he was crazy, and told him Sweden had no room for such a fool.

And in England he met with a lot of jealousy. So he decided to come to America. He came here when he was thirty-six, became a citizen when he was forty-five, and died here when he was eighty-six.

His little 'cheese-box,' the Monitor, doubtless did as much as any other one thing to break the Confederacy and save the Union. And of course it revolutionized navies and naval warfare for ever after.

There was plenty to think about, as we sat down on a grassy slope behind John Ericsson's birthplace to eat the fine picnic luncheon Mr. Odén had sent with us. But with all there was to recall about Ericsson, and our debt to him, there was also something else: the loveliness of the surroundings.

The yard in which the chief engineer's house and 'the birthplace' stood, was a perfect bower of bloom. At our feet, in the pretty lake, were lily-pads and white waxy flowers. Above us, a blue, blue sky. It would be hard to think of a more charming spot. And yet, Dr. Brodin told us, the finest quality steel in the world was being manufactured right there, amongst the lilacs and sy-

ringas and lily-pads! He said that an American manufacturer of safety razors, searching Europe for the finest steel he could buy, had found it there.

We thought of Pittsburgh, and South Chicago, and Gary, and wondered what their workmen would think of Långbanshyttan.

When you leave Karlstad, you can go direct to Oslo, the capital of Norway; or you can go up to Trondhjem, which was the old capital. Or you can go to Gothenburg.

On the way to Charlottenberg, the Swedish-Norwegian frontier, you go through Arvika, the town where Dr. Brodin lives, and one that is celebrated for the way it has preserved and treasured the fine peasant art-crafts. This is a place that travellers interested in the decorative arts should not miss — not on any account! Arvika is twenty-one miles from the frontier.

CHAPTER IX

GOTHENBURG AND THE GÖTA CANAL

GOTHENBURG may be where you'll get your first impressions of Sweden. If it is, you cannot fail to like the country from the first; for Gothenburg is a beautiful city and almost everything about it tells the story of the remarkable country you have come to visit — a country that seems standing on tiptoe (or using a 'periscope' like those in Tivoli Park at Copenhagen) to scan the world for interesting, valuable new things to add to her progress; and a country that is developing in herself a great many clever and beautiful things to share with all the world.

One day, when the Pilgrim Fathers were still in Leyden but almost on the eve of embarking on the Mayflower, Gustavus Adolphus, then a young man of twenty-five, went over to the west coast of Sweden (a very short coast it was, then!) with some of his Dutch friends and advisers, to see what could be done about building a city there.

Where the Göta Älv River, coming from Lake Vänern, empties into the Cattegat, Sweden had an outlet to the western seas — and western trade. But it was just that much. For the coast south to Hälsingborg and on down, along the Sound, belonged to Denmark (Christian IV) and so did all the coast north — which was a part of Norway, that Denmark ruled.

There had been several successive towns built at that outlet, during six or eight centuries; but they were all destroyed. Gustavus was determined to build one that would be hard to destroy. He knew that Sweden must have a port to the west.

There is a story that, as he stood on high ground, that day in 1619, looking about him to study the possibilities, a bird that an eagle was chasing dropped exhausted at his feet; and he took it for an omen as to where his new town should be built. In the principal square of Gothenburg, you see his statue, looking delightfully like one of the Musketeers (that was just about their period — Louis XIII was six years younger than Gustavus Adolphus), and pointing downward as he says: 'There shall the town be built.'

The Dutchmen he had called up to Sweden to help him improve the trade and industry and agriculture of his country planned the new town of Gothenburg the way they thought a town should be — with canals. And of course they built strong fortifications around it, and dug a wide, deep moat.

Some of the canals are still there (others have been filled in) and they add a great deal to the city's beauty.

Another thing which makes Gothenburg delightful is its parks and gardens. Some people say that no other town in all Europe has so many trees and plants and flowers.

The buildings are nearly all modern, and many of them are very handsome. The streets are

wide and straight and — some, at least — beautifully shady.

If you sail into the fine harbor of Gothenburg on a Swedish Lloyd steamer from England, or a Swedish-American Liner from New York, you may be surprised to know that it wasn't until 1904 that Sweden had her first steamships crossing the ocean (to South Africa) and only during the World War that the Swedish-American Line came into existence. Think of this: at the end of 1915 Sweden sent her first liner, the Stockholm, to New York. Ten years later, she started a new era in ocean travel by putting into service the first motor-ship to enter the North Atlantic routes. That was the Gripsholm, a beautiful ship, fitted with every luxury. In 1928 (as we write) the magnificent Kungsholm was added to the company's fleet, to carry passengers between New York and Gothenburg in about eight and a half or nine days, and give them, as they voyage, a wonderful idea of what they may expect to find in Sweden in the way of beauty, up-to-date-ness, delicious foods, and friendly people.

They move *fast*, in this remarkable Sweden!

In 1923, Gothenburg had a Jubilee Exhibition which was the four hundredth anniversary of Gustav Vasa's victory over Christian II and founding of the modern kingdom; and it was then that a great many visitors from abroad got their first real idea of what Sweden is accomplishing.

A very important part of that Jubilee Exhibition was a 'Children's Paradise,' where everything was 'child size'! There were eight-year-old

grenadiers in the tiny sentry-boxes, and baby animals in the Zoo, with dwarf ponies to ride on, and a diving-seal that was only a baby-seal; and the grown-ups loved it as much as the children did. But the great thing about it, aside from the fun it was, was that it made the children and what is being done for them, a part of the Jubilee. Probably even by this time, some of those who were children in 1923 and loved the Lilliputian restaurant, are studying seriously in some of the art schools, so they can make Sweden more and more beautiful; or in some of the trade schools, so they can make her industries more important; or in some of the universities, so they can give their country and the world, more fine books, and science, and Ideas.

Every time we sit, with Nannie, watching children play, in some of the countries we're visiting (and we do this a lot!) we wonder which of them are going to be the most important and valuable ones a few years from now — going, for instance to have an Idea like Dr. Hazelius; or to get dissatisfied making ink-bottles, like Mr. Ekman of Orrefors, and never stop perfecting glass manufacture, not even when his shop has turned out such wonders as that vase it made for the City of Paris; going to dream, and build, glorious things like Östberg's Town Hall in Stockholm; going to patent something like Gustav de Laval's 'separator' for skimming cream from milk; or to invent milking-machines, like Gustaf Dalén, and then go on, discovering things about lighting — like many of those which are in use all over the

world to-day, in lighthouses and for traffic signals, and so on. The lamps he invented and which are used in many buoys and lighthouses, have to be filled only once a year. (A pathetic thing about this man who helped the world so much in the matter of light, is that in 1912, in an explosion, he lost his sight. But he has kept right on with his experiments. He had received the Nobel Prize for physics the year before he was blinded. An invention of Dalén's that we think you ought to know about is called Sol ventil. If you put this in with fire materials, it kindles them automatically at twilight — and automatically puts the fire out at daybreak!)

Gothenburg has been very prosperous for the last thirty years or so; and her citizens have done a great deal with their wealth to make their city beautiful. The museums, including one for sloyd, are fine. And there are lots of delightful outdoor eating places. The islands offshore are popular and have many pleasures.

About ten miles from Gothenburg, on the way to Trollhättan Falls, are the picturesque ruins of Bohus Castle, which used to be the most famous Swedish stronghold. A few miles east, beside a lovely lake, is the Nääs Sloyd Seminary, owned by the nation, to which people come from all the world to study how the Swedes teach handicraft.

WHERE VIKINGS USED TO KEEP THEIR SHIPS

But what fascinates us, in the vicinity of Gothenburg, is the coast district to the north, all the way to the Norwegian frontier. This is in the

province called Bohuslän, the shore of which is slashed into countless fjords almost like rocky fringe, and dotted with thousands of islands, or islets, so that one fifth of the whole province is in fragments that look as if they might be putting out to sea — like the Vikings who used to fit out their fleets here. There are burial chambers in Bohuslän that are five thousand years old; and pictures that were cut in rock when David the Psalmist was King in Israel.

Do you know the story of Beowulf? The original manuscript of it is in the British Museum, and it was probably written in the year 600 or thereabouts, telling a minstrel tale that had been sung for a generation or two.

Beowulf was an orphan, adopted when he was seven years old by his grandfather, King of the Goths. The boy was very strong, and so good a swimmer that one story about him (which probably grew bigger every time it was told!) was that, in a swimming contest with another youth, he battled the waves for a whole week, killing many sea-monsters, and finally landing in the country of the Finns.

When he was grown to man's estate, Beowulf heard that the King of the Danes had been suffering terrible ravages of a devouring monster called Grendel, who used to come every night to the King's hall, force his way in, and slaughter some of the King's followers. So the King had to desert the place. Beowulf and fourteen friends sail to Denmark, and declare they have come to rid the King of the giant. They are feasted in the hall

that has seen so many tragedies, and then the Danes leave their defenders alone. Grendel, the giant, comes, wrenches open the iron-barred door, and one of Beowulf's friends is killed. Then Beowulf, unarmed, wrestles with the giant and tears his arm off. Grendel manages to escape, but in the morning a blood-stained trail shows the direction he has taken and leads Beowulf, a little later, to his lair — on this Bohuslän coast! But, first, the Danish King, having returned to his hall, is visited at night by Grendel's mother, who kills and carries off one of the Danish nobles.

So Beowulf takes up the blood trail, and when it stops at the edge of a mere, he plunges in, all armed, and in a vaulted chamber beneath the waves he finds Grendel's mother, and kills her. Then he finds the corpse of Grendel, cuts off its head, and takes it back in triumph. This part of the story, dealing with Grendel's lair, belongs to the rocky, cavernous coast north of Gothenburg.

The story then goes on to tell how Beowulf is richly rewarded by the grateful Danish King, and welcomed home by his uncle who is now King of the Goths. Later, this uncle and his young son having both been killed in battle against the Swedes who lived to the north of them, Beowulf became King and reigned for fifty years. Then a fiery dragon came to ravage *his* country, and the aged King resolves to fight him, unaided. He slays the dragon, but in doing so receives his own death-wound.

We are saving our Viking story till we come to Norway — although the Vikings came from all

the Scandinavian countries, and this Bohuslän coast was Norwegian in their day and for long afterwards — so we won't try to tell any of it here. But we do think that young travellers to Sweden will love to go from Gothenburg to Lysekil, a popular seaside place about five hours by either steamer or rail; and from there make short excursions in the country of Grendel's cave and of the Viking's coves. From Lysekil, when you are ready to go on, you can take a steamer to Strömstad farther up 'the Viking coast' and close to Fredrikshald on the Norway frontier where Charles XII was killed. (Strömstad is famous for its lobsters and oysters, and also for warm mud-baths.) But this Strömstad corner is an inconvenient one to get out of; so we don't advise you to try it on a first visit to Sweden. Up to Lysekil for a stay of twenty-four hours or so, and back to Gothenburg, is easy.

THE GÖTA CANAL

Now we come to the Göta Canal — two hundred and forty miles of waterway between Gothenburg on the west coast and Stockholm on the east coast, of which only fifty-six miles had to be blasted and dug — the rest was all there, waiting to be connected. There are seventy-two locks; and the highest part of the route is three hundred and eight feet above the Baltic where the Stockholm end is.

Away back in Gustav Vasa's time, or thereabouts the Swedes began to think of this way of getting ships across Sweden without going away

ON THE GÖTA CANAL

down and around the south end and up the Sound and paying toll to the Danes at Helsingör. But it wasn't undertaken until early in the nineteenth century, and was finished in 1832. The journey takes about two and a half days. The steamers have to be small, because some parts of the canal are so narrow; but they are comfortable, and most of the passengers get off and walk while the boat is going through the locks. At Trollhättan, for instance, forty-four miles from Gothenburg, the steamer has to be raised nearly one hundred feet. So you have two hours in which to visit the falls and the power-house. The lock gates are opened and shut by electricity.

The water-power of Sweden is estimated at four to six million horse-power, about one million and a quarter of which is already 'harnessed'; 270,000 of this is at Trollhättan, furnished by the falls; and, so far, 170,000 horse-power is being

used. The power-house is interesting for those who understand such things. But most visitors care more for the beautiful scenery.

Nine miles beyond the Trollhättan Falls, the steamers enter Lake Vänern and it takes them about seven hours to cross it. When you leave Lake Vänern to go to Lake Vättern, you are at the highest point of the route and the part you see oftenest in pictures. (The two places on the canal that nearly everybody has seen pictures of, are at Forsvik where there seems barely room for the white steamer to slip through the narrow, reflecting waterway dug between white birch trees; and at Vadstena, beside the castle.) There are twenty locks in this short stretch of the way; so you have plenty of time to get out and walk. Another lovely section is just east of Lake Vättern, beginning at Motala.

But the vicinity of Lake Vättern is full of interest and beauty; and the fortunate travellers are those who can take a week for this journey instead of two and a half days.

At the southern tip of Lake Vättern is Jönköping where millions of safety matches are made. It was in 1844 that G. E. Pasch discovered the secret of safety matches — the only kind now permitted in Sweden — and since then Swedish matches have been sold all over the world.

Jönköping is a beautiful town of thirty thousand inhabitants, with a very good hotel (Stadshotellet, also); and it was for a short time the home of Louis XVI's two brothers (later Louis XVIII and Charles X) and of his daughter, the poor little princess of the Temple Prison.

There is a very fine park, and a mountain-side restaurant with a marvellous view.

About an hour and a half boat-ride north from Jönköping you come to the island of Visingsö, nine miles long and not over one and a half miles wide, where the Visingsö Kings had their palaces, away back in the Middle Ages; and where, later, Per Brahe, father of the beautiful Ebba whom Gustavus Adolphus loved, built a castle. If you were a bride on this island, you could wear Ebba's golden bridal crown, which is preserved in the Visingsö church, and loaned for marriages. Per Brahe set up printing presses on this island, and from them came books that are much treasured by collectors.

There are prehistoric burial grounds on the island — and, in season, marvellous cherries! And if you go riding, you must do it in a big flat cart covered with mattresses. You sit on the side and 'dangle' your legs.

Half an hour from Visingsö (by steamer — less by motor-boat), on the east shore of Lake Vättern, is a lovely little town called Gränna, with a charming hotel in an old manor house filled with antique furniture — and good cheer.

Gränna is a most attractive place to stay and to make excursions from. As you go up the east shore of Lake Vättern, you come (twenty-three miles) to Alvastra, which has exquisite ruins of a Cistercian Abbey, dating from the twelfth century. And then, fifteen miles farther, you come to Vadstena, where there is a grand old castle that Gustav Vasa built and from which his eldest son

Magnus, threw himself, in madness, because he thought a mermaid was luring him to join her in the crystal-clear waters of the lake.

Also, there are the convent church consecrated in 1430 and some remains of the convent buildings of the mother-house of Saint Bridget's order.

Did you think Bridget was an Irish name? *We* did! But she was a Swedish woman, the most celebrated saint of the North, whose father was one of the richest landowners of Uppland (where Upsala is) and governor of that province. Bridget, or Birgitta, was born about 1302, and was married when very young to a lord, by whom she had eight children. When she was about forty, she went, with her husband, on a pilgrimage to Saint James's shrine, at Compostella, Spain; and after their return, the husband entered the Cistercian monastery at Alvastra, where he died. Bridget then devoted herself wholly to religion, founding the order of Bridgittines which once had eighty houses on the Continent and in England, but now has only six. One of these, in England, is very famous. Bridget spent the last twenty-three years of her life in Rome, and died there; but a shrine supposed to contain her relics is in the Kloster Kyrka, or church at Vadstena. The tomb of mad Magnus is there too. And so is that of an English queen, Philippa, daughter of Henry IV of England and wife of that Eric who ruled the three kingdoms after Margaret and the Kalmar Union, but did it so unjustly for Sweden that they rose against him.

Motala is one and a half hours from Vadstena,

and the builder of the Göta Canal, who died before it was finished, is buried there. It is twenty-seven hours from there to Stockholm — with much fine scenery, but no stops of so much interest as those we've mentioned.

Now, we *must* take leave of the beautiful country of white winters and white summer nights, of white birches and 'white coal' supplied by its tumbling white waterfalls.

We would take you, every one, there on a magic carpet, if we could, and come fluttering down on Midsummer's Eve when the 'maypoles' are set up on every village green, and the gaily-costumed people dance around them all through the night that knows no darkness.

It is a great thing, we feel, to have been to Sweden!

PART THREE
NORWAY

PART THREE

NORWAY

CHAPTER I

GETTING ACQUAINTED

We are afraid we are going to find it hard to write about Norway. The scenery is so grand — and we know we have no words for it. We don't feel as a Norwegian does whom we met this summer: that there's no use trying to say anything about Norway except to tell people to go and look at it. We think there's a good deal that people want to know when they are looking; and that there's a lot that should be told to people who may not be able to go and look at it. We wonder if we shall be able to do a little of what we'd like to do for both kinds of readers!

We hardly ever like figures. But it seems to us that unless you get in your mind a few figures about Norway, you can't *begin* to understand it.

First of all about the sea! Norway has an actual coast-line, from its southmost tip to the North Cape, if you sail straight up, of 1700 miles. But this is so slashed and indented, and dotted with 150,000 islands, that even if you only count the circumference of the largest islands and the depth of the gashes in the rocky shores, Norway has a seaboard of about 12,000 miles. Imagine!

THE SCENERY IS SO GRAND

Then, the land! There are about 125,000 square miles of it, of which more than half is two thousand feet or more above sea-level. And *not more than about three thousand square miles are cultivated!* Nearly sixty per cent of the whole country is bare mountains, with thousands of square miles above snow-line. More than half the remainder is forest.

One third of the country is north of the Arctic Circle; but, up above Bergen, the Gulf Stream

draws near the coast and brings it so much warmth that the average winter temperature at the North Cape is the same as that of Oslo, eleven hundred miles to the south! The intense cold in winter and intense heat in summer are inland — away from the sea air.

Two thirds of the people live along the coasts and in the fjords; but the whole country is sparsely inhabited.

What you keep thinking, as you travel there, is that God made Norway a wonderland indeed for visitors, but doesn't seem to have intended it as a place for many people to *live* in. Those who *do* live in Norway, however, are (along with the Swedes across the border) the healthiest people in Europe; or, at least, they have the lowest death-rate. A rocky land and a rigorous climate seem to make sturdy people. Fish and timber were for a long time their principal sources of income.

These few things we think people ought to bear in mind as they approach Norway, whether they are going there actually or in imagination.

A great many thousands of people each summer make cruises up the Norway coast to the North Cape. It was estimated that fully forty thousand must have done this in the summer of 1928. Some of them came from New York, or from Germany, or from England, on ocean liners that were making North Cape Cruises. Some of them crossed the ocean from America on regular sailings of the Norwegian-American Line to Bergen or the Swedish-American Line to Gothenburg, or crossed from Newcastle to Bergen, or came up

from the Continent as we did, and took smaller cruising ships at Bergen.

It is very comfortable and convenient to sail direct to Norway, step across the dock at Bergen, and board a handsome steam yacht for the cruise north. And if you are travelling in school-vacation time and are particularly interested in the Midnight Sun, this is certainly the best way to do it, since it is the quickest way to the North. Also, if you want the least trouble, and the most restful way of travelling. And if you like social features, such as cruises have.

On the other hand, we think it is rather a pity to see Norway first, before you see any of the rest of Scandinavia; and that if you can so plan your trip as to leave Norway for the last of the three Scandinavian countries, you'll have a grander climax.

It doesn't seem quite fair to Denmark, which is so very interesting in its totally different way, to go there after you have come from Norway. With Sweden it might not matter so much, because it has so many different kinds of interests.

But, all other things being equal, we believe that Denmark, Sweden, Norway is the order in which to make your acquaintance with Scandinavia.

And if you come from Sweden, and want to cruise up the Norway coast to the North Cape and back again, you'll come to Oslo, and then go to Bergen. If you come from Sweden and don't care about the North Cape, and want a different kind of trip, you'll probably go by rail to Trond-

hjem and come down by rail, motor, and steamer to Bergen; although you can take a mail-boat up to the Cape if you want to.

There are not so very many railways in Norway. The first one, forty miles long, was opened only in 1854; and there was no railway communication between Oslo, the capital, and Bergen until 1909! But the difficulties, we must remember, are tremendous.

There are more than five hundred regular motor services, covering four times as many miles as the railroads do. And there are boat services without number.

If you want to see the North Cape, you must take a cruise, unless you have time and inclination to go up there in a post steamer.

But don't feel that you're not really seeing Norway if you don't see the North Cape. The most magnificent parts of it are from Trondhjem *south* — although the Lofoten Islands are very interesting, and they are far north of Trondhjem.

Perhaps the best way to do is to write first about Oslo and Bergen and the southern part of Norway; then about the coast; and let you decide what attracts you most, and how you'd like to visit it.

WE ENTER NORWAY

We entered Norway at Charlottenberg, coming from Karlstad; and we never can forget it — partly because we're always impressed by frontiers, by crossing from one country into another; and partly because Mr. Odén, not content with

sending us to the station in his own car, laden with flowers and candies and luncheon, had telephoned the station-master at Charlottenberg to send us in a tea-tray. And my! but it was a *good* one!

PEASANT HOUSE, SOUTHERN NORWAY

The train we were on was the express (!) coming from Stockholm. It is only one hundred and twenty-nine miles from Karlstad to Oslo, but it took us more than six hours! Most of the time seemed to be consumed in long stops so people could get out and eat. In the compartment with us there was a young lady from Scotland who had been salmon-fishing up in northern Norway for three weeks, and then went over to have a look at Stockholm before returning home. She said the fishing had been very poor that year; and that was the only thing she seemed to care about.

From Kongsvinger on, for many miles, the railway follows the left bank of the Glomma River, the largest in Norway, which rises up in the north about a hundred miles below Trondhjem, and

flows three hundred and fifty miles to the Skagerak. Every year more than five million logs, worth about thirty million dollars, come floating down the Glomma to the sea, to be made into all sorts of things from wood-pulp to window-frames, or to be shipped as logs or as lumber, to many distant places! At Lilleström, where we leave the Glomma as it turns south, there is a railway line coming from the north; and it was the lower part of that line, up as far as Eidsvoll, that was Norway's first railway.

Oslo (the old Norse name — used until Christian IV of Denmark called the place Christiania after himself — was resumed in 1924, after exactly three centuries of being called for the Danish King) lies about midway between the two largest rivers in Norway, the Glomma and the Drammen, both of which empty into the Oslo Fjord that is really the top of the Skagerak. When you get high up behind Oslo, on the pine-clad mountains, and look seaward over the fan-shaped waterways that spread to the south, you feel that few cities have a more beautiful location. It, also, should be approached from the sea! Fortunately, this can easily be done, no matter how you travel to Oslo, by taking the steam yacht Tourist, any morning at 10.30 or afternoon at 4.30, for a two-and-a-half-hour sail among the islands of the fjord. The afternoon is the best time to take this! The city itself is nothing like so lovely as Stockholm; but the surroundings compare with those of *any* city. People will tell you that Oslo is an exceedingly pleasant place to live. And after you have been

there a very little while, you feel that you understand *why*.

When Anne of Denmark was forced to land there, on her way to marry James VI of Scotland, Oslo was more than four hundred years old, but still a miserably poor, uncomfortable sort of place. Most of it burned in 1624; and Christian built a town almost wholly new. But scarcely anything is left that belonged to Christian's day or to any day of long ago. The city we visit is a modern one, with over a quarter of a million inhabitants (one tenth of all the people in Norway) most of whom seem to be very little concerned with the past and very much concerned with the present and the immediate future. But ——! You can't know a Norwegian very many minutes without finding out how proud he is of his ancestry and of his country's history. And if you want a fight, or at least a dreadful snubbing, the quickest way to get it, in Norway, is to say something that shows you don't recognize any difference between Norwegians and Swedes.

In fact, one of the few things that make visitors to Scandinavia feel uncomfortable, is the way the people of each of those three fine countries *don't* like the people of the other *two*. You have to be very careful, in each country, how you praise either of the others. We hope they'll get over this, some of these days.

Norwegians seemed to us to be the proudest of all the Northern people. And we felt that we must find out *why* they feel so. It couldn't be on account of the magnificent scenery of their coun-

try — because, of course, they had nothing to do with making *that*. And it couldn't be on account of Norway's place in history — because in late centuries it has figured very little; has been kind of 'tacked on' to Denmark or Sweden, as if it wasn't important enough to be anything all by itself. But ——!

We were just going to tell you what we think is the reason why Norwegians are so proud; and then it occurred to us that you might enjoy making up your own mind about it, as we enjoyed making up ours; and in that case, you'd like it better if we just helped you, the best we can, to *feel* Norway and understand her people.

TRYING TO SEE A GREAT VIKING OF TO-DAY

We did in Oslo just as we had done in Stockholm; first we wandered about, by ourselves, and looked, and bought things; enamel at Tostrup's, of course; and many nice things in beautifully engraved brass; but for costume dolls and peasant handicraft, we waited until we got out into the country. Then we took letters of introduction we had brought — and not one person we had a letter to was in the city! Some of these to whom we had letters were those who had been asked by friends of theirs and ours, in America and in Paris, to help us see Nansen. And we were very disappointed, not finding a single one of them.

By that time there was no longer any hope of seeing Amundsen — then, or ever! We children were pretty well out of the notion of going to call on any more celebrities, for a while, except those

Nannie knows. But we *did* want to see one of the great Vikings of our day. Nannie said she'd never ask a busy Viking to take a minute of his time to see her or to see us, if we weren't hoping to share what glimpse we might get of him with so many thousands of his admirers far away. So, rather than give up, yet, we went to the United States Consulate to see if they could do anything about it.

There we met an assistant to our Consul, who was just about the nicest, helpfullest, friendliest man any one could hope to walk in upon. He said the thing to do was to get a letter to Nansen from our United States Minister, who knows Nansen very well. So he gave us a letter to the Minister and told us where to find him.

Then he began telling us interesting things about Norway and the Norwegians, and doing everything he could think of that might make our stay in Oslo especially pleasant — told us places to go, and interesting restaurants, and so forth. It was he who told us that nearly every one in Oslo dines at 4.30; that offices empty at 4, and do not reopen. People take very little at midday, he said — perhaps a cup of coffee, perhaps not even that — and they don't start work very early in the morning. They probably work almost as many hours a day as Americans do, in offices, but, instead of taking any time at noon, they stop an hour sooner in the afternoon; and that gives them more time for the outdoor sports they love so well, and for home pleasures, and so on.

When we left the Consulate, we drove right out

to the United States Minister's home on Nobel's Gate (street), which used to belong to Nobel's son-in-law and is one of the most attractive houses we have ever been in. There is a great deal of wealth at Oslo, and the residential districts give you the feeling that life there must be exceedingly pleasant and full of time for fine friendly intercourse.

Minister Swenson gave us a letter to Nansen — but he didn't do any more. He didn't offer to have his secretary find out if Nansen was at home; he didn't offer to call up Nansen and ask him to see us; he didn't express any interest in us or our book, or hope we would like and understand the Norwegian people very much, or ask if he could do anything to make our stay more interesting, so we could write better about Norway. He was just polite, and wrote the letter; and that was all.

We got the telephone operator at our hotel to call Nansen's home (he lives in the country, some little distance from Oslo) and see if we might come out. And it seemed that he was away, up in the North somewhere, and wouldn't be back for a long time. So we didn't see any of the great Vikings of to-day; and the only Vikings we can tell you about are those that are in books where we all can meet them, *without* any letter of introduction.

Nannie said this was a fine experience for us to have, because it made us realize, even more than ever before, how marvellous books are; and that is why we should tell about it.

It would have been very interesting to see Nansen, who has discovered so much about the Arctic — even though he might be one who does not give any of his best to strangers. But his books give him, at any time and for all times, at his best, to people who want to know him. He may be out of town, or he may (some day he *will!*) have gone on, like Amundsen. But everything about him that is most inspiring is ours forever if we love to read.

We had never before we went to Scandinavia tried to see a famous author or any other kind of personage about whom fine books tell. We doubt if we shall ever try again — because we spent a lot of time trying to see Nansen that we might better have spent (as it turned out) learning more about Norwegians so we could read Nansen's books with greater understanding.

Nannie says she's more satisfied than ever with great people of other days, whom we can't disturb by calling on them where they used to live; *about* whom we know a great deal more than we can know about living celebrities we might meet for a few scared minutes; and we can pretend they like us, and are glad to see us, and are telling us all about themselves — as they *do*, in books!

THE VIKINGS OF OLDEN TIMES ARE EASIER TO KNOW

By the time we got the letter to Nansen and found out it wouldn't do us any good, our first day in Oslo was nearly done, and it was too late to go cruising on the Tourist. So we did what

we always love to do, in any place we're visiting: we found a bookstore, and browsed around in it for an hour or so, and bought an armful of books.

The next morning we started out to get better acquainted with some Vikings.

There isn't a very great deal to see at Oslo, after you have wandered about the city for a day as we did, except the Viking ships (*real* ones! that real, olden-times Vikings used) and the fascinating open air Norsk Museum at Bygdö.

The principal street of Oslo, Karl Johan's Gate, is named for Bernadotte. It is about a mile long, and slopes down from the castle, which Bernadotte built and which has an equestrian statue of him in front, to the railway station. The Parliament Building (the Norwegian Parliament is called the Storthing) is on this street; and the University; and the National Theatre; and the Grand Hotel (where we stayed), and many fine shops. Back of the Grand Hotel, on Christian IV's Gate, is the Bristol Hotel, which some people consider better than the Grand.

A good way to do is this: In the morning, when you start out, go to the University (it's only a step from either of the hotels we've mentioned) and see the Viking ship called the Gokstad ship — which is the one that was copied to send to the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, and came over under its own sail. It is directly across the street from our house, now, in Lincoln Park, Chicago. And the other day we read in the Chicago papers that the captain who brought the copy-ship over

says he is coming back to Chicago to see it again when we have our Fair in 1933.

After you have seen this ship, go to the Historical Museum, around the corner, and see the great collection of antiquities of the Viking times (including the objects found in the Oseberg Viking ship that you'll see this afternoon at Bygdö) and Amundsen's collections that show how Lapps and Eskimos live.

In the early afternoon, drive out Drammensveien past the Nobel Institute devoted to the study of those things which make peace and goodwill among nations. Here the Nobel Peace Prize is awarded. And go on to Bygdö and the outdoor museum.

When you have seen this, drive to Holmenkollen and the Frognersaeter Restaurant for tea, or early dinner.

But before you set out on this day, you'd better 'brush up' what you know about Vikings.

CHAPTER II

VIKINGS

If you decided to devote all the rest of your life to finding out things about the Vikings, you'd be kept busy. But you probably want a lot of time for other things, also. We know that *we* do. So

READING UP ON THE VIKINGS

we tried to pick out for ourselves, as a beginning, just a very few of the many things there are to know about Vikings; and to get them as 'straight' and as clear in our minds as we could. We find

that if we get a little bit, to begin with, on almost any subject that interests us, but get it very definite — and especially related to some place we've been — we don't get confused and discouraged as we do when we try to learn too much at once. And when we've got a *little* and got it very well fixed in our minds, we can always go on and on, learning a little more and a little more, and not feeling 'mixed up.'

Here's what we've picked out as the beginnings of a great deal we hope to keep on learning about Vikings.

First, we asked, in Scandinavia, if we should say *Vy*-kings or *Vee*-kings; and it seems that some people say one and some say the other, and both are right. So you can take your choice; but Vee-kings is more generally preferred in Scandinavia — where they 'grew'!

Then we asked what the word means. There's an Icelandic word, *viking*, which means a piratical voyage — sailing away in search of booty. And when they put an *r* on the end (*vikingr*) it means a pirate. Also, the old Norse word for a bay or cove or inlet, is *vik*. And, while everybody knows that pirates like coves where they can hide their ships and their booty, other kinds of sailors like them too; so a cove-man may not always have been a marauder. When the Sagas began to be written (after a long time of having been just told) in Iceland, about the time of William the Conqueror, a viking didn't mean a pirate; it meant a seafaring man, especially one who went off on adventure, 'to see the world,' as we say.

We're always hearing about 'the Viking Age'; so of course we wanted to know what 'Age' that is.

Most people when they talk about the Viking Age mean a comparatively short time when the seamen from the North were spreading over Europe and even coming to what we now call America. Roughly, from about 789 to a little after the year 1000. Some make it a shorter period, and end it with 912, when Rolf the Norseman became Rollo the Duke of Normandy. And others make it a good deal longer; because they feel that we should also count as part of the Viking Age, those centuries (back almost to the time of Christ) when the men of the far northern inlets (fjords) must have been developing the very remarkable abilities that caused all Europe to tremble before them when they finally burst upon it.

The first Viking raid of which there's any record in history was in 789, when three Danish ships came to the south coast of England, killed the keeper of the port, took some booty and sailed away. That was when Charlemagne was King of the Franks — and after Roland had been killed at Roncevaux.

Now, when you have begun to know even a little about the very remarkable abilities of the Vikings, and have seen even a few of the beautiful things they made, you can't help wondering if it can be possible that the rest of Europe never knew anything about them until nearly the end of the eighth century.

What about those coins at Visby? What about the Goths? You find yourself making up riddles like 'When was a Viking *not* a Viking — but only a Goth?' And so on.

Viking is a name that seems not to have been used until after the Norsemen had occupied Iceland, late in the ninth century. But the Norse people, who were later to be known as Vikings, were certainly not unknown by southern Europe before 'the Viking Age.'

Away back about the time Greece had her Golden Age (or at any rate, not much later), some of the Goths seem to have gone down near there, perhaps with their much-admired amber to sell. And a century or so later, their descendants moved to the borders of the Black Sea where these Goths seem to have stayed until the third or fourth century after Christ, when some of them started westward to overrun Europe, and others probably moved back to the far-northern home of their ancestors; taking with them a great deal that they had learned in five hundred years or more of contact with the traders and other people of countries near the Mediterranean.

But there were other Northmen besides Goths, of course. There were the Sueones (Swedes) who lived north of them. And Tacitus, who wrote in the same century in which Christ lived, told about these 'States of the Sueones, situated in the ocean itself,' which he said were 'not only powerful on land but also have mighty fleets. The shape of their ships is different, in that, having a prow at each end, they are always ready for running onto

the beach. They are not worked by sails, nor are the oars fastened to the sides in regular order, but left loose so that they can be shifted here or there as circumstances may require.'

The scholars who study deeply into such things seem to feel that the people who had such ships as Tacitus tells about probably didn't build them for staying at home! They didn't need them for defence; because their neighbors in northern Europe had no fleets and were not seafaring. So they must have travelled back and forth as traders a great deal before the times when they began to be pirates.

'FROM THE FURY OF THE NORSEMEN'

That makes you wonder why people who evidently had been quite decent traders for centuries and had, at home, a high degree of civilization for those times, should have suddenly become so greedy and terrible that Christians in many lands put a new petition into their prayers: 'From the fury of the Norsemen, O Lord, deliver us.'

One reason why the Norsemen seemed so terrible to the people of other European lands in the eighth and ninth and early tenth centuries, was because the Norsemen were still heathen. And, being heathen, they had no respect for Christian churches or convents or priests or nuns.

Also, they knew that the churches and convents had most of the riches; so, naturally, when they set out to plunder, they went straight for those.

Why did they plunder? Well, it seems (as you

study history) that it happens, every now and then, that there are more people in a country than there are jobs for — so, some of them have to get out, and find a living elsewhere. That's really the story of mankind in a nutshell, you might say. The ones who get out and go elsewhere are not often very well liked by the people whose country they go to. The Indians didn't want our ancestors in America, *did* they? And they felt for a long while (maybe some of them still do!) that the palefaces came and stole their land from them. The white discoverers didn't think of what they did as stealing. Perhaps the Vikings didn't think so of what *they* did, either. There wasn't enough for them at home, so they went forth to see what they could find! And, anyway, they craved adventure.

At first, they grabbed what they could and went home with it. Then, they began staying where they found plenty of what they wanted. For a while they 'scrapped' with the people whose country they had invaded. But gradually they either became a part of the new country — like the Norsemen becoming the Normans of France and the Ruotsi of Sweden becoming Rus and giving their name to Russia — or they left it and went home, or elsewhere.

They seemed like a scourge when they came, ravaging, to other countries. But wherever they stayed, they had a lot to do with making things better, after they settled down. By the time they had been in France for a generation or two, their Normandy was the best-governed part

of France. And when William the Norman (or Norseman) went over to England and became William the Conqueror, he took with him — along with his high-handed methods — a great many ideas and abilities and ways of doing things, that had a lot to do with making England great.

Well, that much about Vikings helps us to get them fairly definite in our minds; and we hope it does the same for you.

VIKING SHIPS

And now perhaps we'd better go back to that Gokstad ship in a building of its own behind the University at Oslo.

This ship was found in a mound at Gokstad in 1880, and is very well preserved because the blue clay soil in which it was embedded is not the sort of earth which rots timbers. This is the ship (as we told you) which was copied to send over to America, and around which we have played since we were babies. It belongs to the ninth century, about the time of Charlemagne, is seventy-seven feet long by sixteen feet broad, was propelled by sixteen pairs of oars and by its square sail, and steered by a long oar attached to the right-hand side of the ship near the stern. This steering oar was called a 'styrbord.' And to this day we call the right-hand side of a ship the 'starboard.'

The Vikings used to give very poetical names to their ships — like 'Deer of the Surf,' or 'Horse of the Breeze,' or 'Lion of the Waves,' or 'Hawk of the Sea-Gull's Track.' They kept their ships brightly painted; some of the woodwork in them

was finely carved; the dragons on stem and stern were gilt — sometimes covered with thin sheets of gold. An actual one of those dragons, not a copy (the whole north land is *full* of copies!) is on top of the belfry in Ghent, Belgium. It used to be in Bruges, whither it was taken by the Crusaders who, under Baldwin of Flanders, captured Constantinople in 1203 and found on Saint Sophia's church this dragon, which King Sigurd of Norway had had on his ship when he made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem about a hundred years before and which he gave to the Emperor when he was ready to leave Constantinople on his way home.

The sails of the Viking ships were often colorful and handsome. They were generally made of coarse woolen stuff and were sometimes lined with fur. Sometimes they were beautifully embroidered. Oftener they were painted, in stripes of different colors — as you see them in the Bayeux tapestry. (And now that we've seen so much in the North, that strip of embroidery at Bayeux is ten times more interesting to us even than it was before!) The Vikings used to name their sails, too. They called them 'the tapestry of the masthead,' 'the cloak of the wind,' and things like that. A beautiful sail was one of the most acceptable gifts that could be made to a Viking, proud of his ship.

The warships had the round wooden shields of the warriors hung along the sides, overlapping a little; and when people on shore saw these discs on approaching vessels, they knew that they were ships of war.

SHIPS FOR BURIAL

There are dozens of things we learned about Viking ships that we would love to write about here; but we mustn't. We can tell only a few. And the most important of these is the habit of burying important people in their beloved ships.

At first, the Norse used to burn their dead on a pyre with all their weapons and wealth (sometimes even with their horses, dogs, falcons, and their favorite slaves), so that they could go to Valhalla in the state to which they were accustomed. The ashes were sometimes strewn on the sea, sometimes buried in the ground. And over the ashes of great men, the mourners raised mounds. Some dead warriors were sent seaward in their blazing ships.

Later, when burial became more general than burning, persons who had owned fine ships were frequently buried in them. The Gokstad ship was a warrior's tomb. And the Oseberg ship you're going to see this afternoon, at Bydgö, was the tomb of two women — probably a queen and one of her favorite maids.

The warrior (maybe King Olaf) who was buried in the Gokstad ship probably lived about the time of Charlemagne; but even then hardly any of the Norsemen had been converted to Christianity; so he had been provided not only with many treasures but with at least twelve horses, several dogs, and even a peacock, for his splendid entry into Valhalla. It was in Christian times, presumably, that some one who didn't

believe in Valhalla, robbed his resting-place of many precious things.

Think what stories you can 'make up' as you climb the stairs which have been put beside the ship so you can look down into it!

This Gokstad ship is probably very similar to the one Leif Ericson used in coming to what he called Vinland the Good, and we call America.

You need to know about the Oseberg ship before you go to the Historical Museum around the corner from the Gokstad ship, to see the Oseberg Room containing things that were found in this other ship.

This Oseberg ship was found in 1903; and while nearly everything was there which had been put there, the earth and stones of the mound above it had crushed the ship. So it had to be taken out in pieces and most carefully put together again. Robbers had entered the burial chamber here, too, and carried off all the gold and silver articles and any jewels there may have been. But they left a great many things which are exceedingly precious to us because they show what the Vikings had in the way of luxuries.

The burial chamber of the Queen and her bondwoman was a large one, built of oak planks; it stood back of the mast. The women (one of whom was about thirty — the Queen — and the other about forty-five) had been laid to rest on beds with feather beds, down quilts, pillows, and rugs! The queen's bed is of carved wood. There were fine carpets on the floor, and several chests which contained a strange collection of things

indicating that the Queen, or her bondwoman, expected to work in the world to which they were going. There were two handlooms in the chamber. And in the aft part of the ship were many kitchen utensils.

In the fore part there were a four-wheeled wagon, richly carved; three fine sledges and a number not so fine; three beds; and so on. About fifteen horses were buried with the Queen, and four dogs, and an ox. Most interesting are the fruits and grains that were found: wild apples, walnuts, hazelnuts, wheat, etc.

The ship was not a warship, but probably a pleasure craft for cruising in waters not too rough. It seems to have been built about the year 800, and buried about fifty years later.

THE VIKINGS WERE NOT SAVAGES!

We hope that when you go to Oslo you may visit the Oseberg Room in the Historical Museum with some one who can help you to appreciate what the manner of living was, at home, of those Vikings who in this Queen's time were spreading all over Europe. Certainly they were *not* 'savages'!

In their houses, the well-to-do had much fine wood-carving, often colored and gilded; they had tapestries; they had richly-carved chairs, some of them upholstered in embroidered cloth or leather; they had bedsteads very like many we have now, and some had mattresses of wool or of feathers, and the pillows were of down or soft feathers. A few people had linen sheets — the others used

wool; they had down coverlets, and silk spreads and canopies! They had handsome carved chests, and the hardware for these (lock, key, hinges) was often beautifully made. Rich people had gold and silver dishes for their tables.

Their jewelry was so beautiful that even to-day you can't buy anything more attractive than reproductions of some they wore. They grew a little cotton, imported from the Orient, and some flax from which they made linen. They imported silks and fabrics into which were woven gold and silver threads. They had fine furs.

Their combs were almost exactly like ours. They had soap — and used it as often as anybody in Europe in those days. If their hair wasn't blond enough, they bleached it!

The Norsemen were great traders, as the Phœnicians had been — for similar reasons — a thousand years earlier. These hardy rovers, travelling far and wide, carred to Southern countries great quantities of furs; of ivory from walrus tusks; of whale oil; of hides and feathers and raw wool; of fish and butter and cheese. Sweden exported her fine horses. Norway and Iceland sent falcons to the Southern lands to go a-hunting.

The Northern traders brought home silk and wine and honey and fine linen, and beautiful leathers, and Damascus steel; rare jewels, gorgeous embroideries of the East, rich rugs, and wall coverings.

These things were true of the Northmen in all Scandinavia. We haven't told, separately about each country, what its Viking Age was like; be-

cause we thought it would be better to tell it all in one place — and that place, where the Viking ships are!

You get fine collections of Viking things at Copenhagen (in the National Museum) and in Stockholm's National Museum. But it seems to us that you don't get into the real Viking spirit to appreciate things of that age, until you've seen the ships at Oslo — although you *know*, of course, that Vikings were from *all* Scandinavian countries.

There was practically no Christianity in Scandinavia during the Viking Age. And we have to remember that even to this day there are people who seem to think that anything is fair to do to 'foreigners' who worship different gods — or even the *same* God in a different way.

The Norsemen were a *splendid* breed, physically. Their religion taught them to worship strength and courage, and to believe that the man who died fighting and thus entered Valhalla, had achieved the greatest glory that any mortal could aspire to. They shrank from the disgrace of dying from sickness. Next to death in battle, they desired death at sea.

They went roving to get rich booty for display at home. But also they went because they loved adventure and battle, and the glory that only a warrior could win, from men and among the gods.

Their raids on Europe caused a great deal of suffering, but they brought about many things of the utmost importance in 'the story of mankind' — the big purpose of which story seems to be to

'shake up' the different peoples and get them to teach one another the best they know, share with one another the best they have.

In earlier times than ours it seemed to take tremendous upheavals, and raids and crusades and conquests, to bring this about. *We* belong to an age that is trying to find a much better way. That's why we believe it's so very, very important for the young people who are growing up in these days to learn to understand the world they live in by travelling in it in a friendly way, instead of going on raids; to get the best that other people have learned, and give the best that we have learned, without having to 'scrap' about everything.

There will always be, in the Norse people, a great deal of the best that was in the Vikings of old. But think how differently they use it! Think of the peaceful voyages of discovery that the great Vikings of our day have made; and how, when they found natives, as they neared 'Farthest North' or the South Pole, they carried only kindness to them and sought to better their condition in any way they could. Think of gallant, splendid Amundsen 'hopping off' at almost a moment's notice, with the heroic French aviator Guilbaud, to try to rescue a man he didn't like and whom he had earnestly advised not to attempt that North Pole flight. The spirits of these two epic men will ride the winds of the Northland forever, crying to every one that courage is *never* so glorious as when it seeks not to gain, but to *serve* and save.

Think, too, of our American Viking, Colonel Charles Lindbergh, and how he piloted his little ship of the air across the seas that Leif Ericson had sailed. Think how he used his Viking courage not to frighten, but to arouse such enthusiasm and good will as the world had never seen manifested.

There *may* have been more thrilling days to live in than our own. But we don't know about them! And the chances are that almost any youngster who sits near us in school or plays with us after school, or lives in the next block or next village, may be of those who are going to make the splendid history of to-morrow.

CHAPTER III

MORE ABOUT OSLO

WHEN you go from the Oseberg Room in the Historical Museum to Bygdö, where you'll see the Oseberg ship that the Queen was buried in, you'll probably have a quite-different idea of Vikings from what you had, an hour or so before, when you looked at the Gokstad ship in the University grounds. If you enjoy all these things as much as we did, you'll probably enjoy, too, knowing something about the moral code of the Vikings as it is expressed, in verse, in the Havamal.

We wish we could print all of this, as it was translated by Paul B. du Chaillu in his fascinating book on 'The Viking Age,' with its wealth of pictures which did so much to deepen our interest in things we saw in the Northland. But we can't take room for all of it. So Nannie let us choose which verses we thought you'll like best. These are some of those we selected:

'Wisdom is wanted
By him who travels widely;
Anything is easy at home.

Glad and cheerful
Should every man be
Till he meet his death.

He alone knows
Who widely travels
And has seen much
What the temper is

Of every man
Who has his wits about him.

Herds know
When they shall go home
And then walk off the grass;
But an unwise man
Never knows
The measure of his stomach.

Know this, if thou hast
A friend whom thou trustest well.
Go often to see him;
For with brushwood
And with high grass will overgrow
The road on which no one walks.

No man is so good
That a fault follows him not,
Nor so bad that he is good for nothing.'

There are many, many verses to it, and nearly all of them are good advice for to-day, too, though they come down to us from pagan people who have usually been described in history as terrible savages.

It is intensely interesting, we think, to watch your*self* and see how different your ideas and opinions get as you go about the world, and down through the ages in history, all the while trying to see things and *feel* things from different people's points of view. You might as well stay at home and not even learn to read, if you're never going to get but one viewpoint on anything. When you travel and read (and nearly all reading is a kind of magic-carpet travelling) you are supposed to be learning, all the time, how to look out at the world through somebody else's eyes, so you can

feel why he did (or does) things 'thusly' instead of *your* way. And it gets to be just about the finest exercise imaginable! You certainly can't get stiff in your mental joints while you're doing 'daily dozens' of this sort.

Well, here we are at the peninsula of Bygdö, where the Oseberg ship is, and the open-air Folk Museum. Be sure you don't linger on the way out; for they close the gates at a very early hour (before four, if we remember rightly), and you'll want a good deal more than an hour for even a glimpse of the museum — which is much like the Swedish one at Skansen.

OLD 'DRAGON' CHURCHES

The oldest thing in it is the Stav Church, the kind of church the descendants of the Vikings built in the eleventh and twelfth centuries when they had become Christians, but still loved many of the symbols of their pagan ancestors — like dragons. This is interesting to us because it reminds us how we, after hundreds upon hundreds of years of Christian ancestry, still cherish scores of customs that the pagans handed down to us. The Stav churches are very puzzling to students of architecture. (There are twenty-four of them left, out of probably three hundred that Norway used to have.) They resemble a Chinese pagoda. And yet they were built at a time when the most beautiful Romanesque and Gothic cathedrals were being built in other parts of Europe, and not long before the superb Gothic cathedral was built at Trondhjem to vie with Canterbury in England.

They are of timber, windowless, and with tiers of sloping roofs covered with shingles like dragons' scales; the upper part bristling with dragon-head projections which make the little crosses lower

A STAV CHURCH

down, above the doors, look like afterthoughts, 'tacked on.' Probably they were copied from the heathen temples that the people knew and felt most at home in — just as the great churches of Italy, which all the world copies, were very much like the Roman basilicas and temples. At any rate, the Stav churches are extremely interesting; and we hope you'll see the one at Bygdö, and the Fantoft Church, near Bergen, which was brought down by an American Consul from away up at the

tip end of Sogne Fjord, and set up where more people could see it. In beautiful Balholm on the Sogne Fjord, not far from where the Fantoft Church originally stood, you'll see a Church of England house of worship, built for English-speaking visitors, which is quite new, but modelled on the Stav churches — only it has windows. You may cross the fjord from Balholm to Vik and see the original Stav church from which the new one was more or less copied. The Bygdö Stav Church used to be at Gol, which is on the main line of railway between Oslo and Bergen.

The oldest house in the Bygdö collection (brought from many parts of Norway, but mostly from the south) is from the Numedal District, a little way west of Oslo; it dates from about 1250. But nothing gave us such a 'once-upon-a-time' feeling as a log house (they are practically *all* log houses — for the most understandable of reasons!) from Valle in the Setesdal — southern Norway above Kristiansand. This house is said to date only from the late-sixteen hundreds. But it looked to *us* as if followers of the Viking chiefs had certainly sat around the rough-hewn walls, on those rude benches, and watched the boiling of the iron pot over the fire in the middle of the room, beneath the smoke-hole in the roof. The pot hangs suspended from a tree-trunk, serving as a crane, which is fastened to one side of the room, and reaches to the centre where the earth pit for the open fire is, beneath the opening in the roof. My! but we got a thrill in there.

We'd like to tell about many more of the old

houses; but we mustn't take any more space for them, except to say that many of them have dirt roofs with long grass and flowers growing on them; and also that the furnishings are very interesting, and many of the houses have women sitting in them, dressed in the costume of the province the house came from, and doing peasant handiwork of that province.

All over the world, now, tens of thousands of people are more interested in Norway of olden times than they ever used to be, because they are reading the remarkable novels of Sigrid Unsett who received the Nobel Prize for literature in 1928.

There is a big building at Bygdö called the Ridehus, with rooms furnished in different periods and styles, and costumes belonging to many olden times; and there you can see how the well-to-do and wealthy people lived and dressed in by-gone days. One very interesting room is Ibsen's study, just as he worked in it in his latest years, writing the last of his famous plays.

We don't know a great deal about Ibsen, yet; because most of his plays are about things that we are not old enough to care a great deal about. The only one we know even by name is 'Peer Gynt' — and that because we like Grieg's famous 'suite.'

We thought we'd tell more about Ibsen and Björnson and Ole Bull and Grieg, at Bergen, though Ibsen and Björnson are buried at Oslo, and you'll probably want to see their graves in the City Cemetery, not far from the Historical Mu-

seum; and to note their statues outside the handsome National Theatre up near the top of Karl Johan's Gate.

A GREAT SKI-JUMP

When you leave the peninsula of Bygdö, where, also, the King has a summer residence, you go

EVERYBODY SKIS IN NORWAY

north to Holmenkollen where the famous ski-jump is. Some day we hope to be there when the 'Ski-ing Derby' takes place and the champion

jumpers of Norway compete in the presence of about fifty thousand spectators who hold their breath while the flying ski-runners, dashing off a ledge on the steep hillside, whizz through the air over the onlookers' heads. The winner is as much a national hero as the victor in the Olympic Games of old.

Almost everybody *skis* in Norway (they pronounce it *shee*) and the use of the long (about seven feet) narrow strips of flexible ash, is more than a sport; it is a very practical, as well as enjoyable, way of getting about in this mountainous country where there is so much deep snow. The Norse people have been devoted to their *skis* since long before the time when they had any written history. We have seen pictures of the electric cars which go to Holmenkollen, in ski season, with skis strapped to the outside of the car as close together as twigs in a bundle or matches in a box; while inside the car are the merry folk bound for a glorious run over the snow, and then a jolly gathering around a log fire at one of the resorts — perhaps Voksenkollen, which they called Soria Moria Castle, after the castle in their Norwegian fairy tale, that stood 'East o' the sun and west o' the moon.' Do you remember?

You should have tea up there, perhaps on the balcony of the Frognersaeter restaurant, and see if it seems possible to you that many cities in the world can be more superbly 'set' than Oslo.

CHAPTER IV

OSLO TO BERGEN

You'll have your choice of at least four different ways to go from Oslo to Bergen.

First of all, there's the famous railway, built through wild mountain country, much of it above timber-line and even above snow-line, sometimes over four thousand feet above sea-level, and cutting through rock so that in one section twenty-five miles long, there are one hundred and fifty tunnels. You get up into winter that lasts almost twelve months a year, on some stretches of this railway — as at Finse, for instance, where the winter sports go on until near the end of June, and begin again in September. You can see ski contests there as late as June 24 (Midsummer Day). There are many hotels at Finse, Géilo, and Myrdal, which are popular centres for mountain-climbing as well as for winter sports.

On this line (the prettiest, if not the grandest, parts of which are from Voss to Bergen, and from Oslo to Gulsvik — that is to say, at each end) you go through Gol where the Stav church at Bygdö came from; and, ten miles beyond, you pass through Torpe where there's a Stav church that you may see by looking out, on the right-hand side, from your train window.

From Haugastöl, about midway between Oslo and Bergen, there is a new State road being con-

structed, over forty-five miles long, to Eidfjord at the east end of the Hardanger. This road (which will be open for motor traffic, we were told, in 1929), will be in places more than four thousand feet above sea-level and will permit travellers to get easily into a section of country more magnificent than any other in Norway. My! we can hardly wait to go over it. And the best of all is that it leads to Vik, which is one of the most interesting places in Norway. If you don't get to Vik on your first visit to Norway, be sure you mark it for your *second!* Vik, and the Vöringfoss — the waterfall more than five hundred feet high. And places like Ulvik, and Lofthus! All these will be easier to get to, when the new road is opened.

This journey of a little over three hundred miles takes nearly fourteen hours. You can do it over night, in sleeping cars, or by day. The day trains leave Oslo at ten minutes past seven in the morning, and get to Bergen around nine o'clock at night. There are good dining-cars; and at many of the stations, particularly the high-up ones, you can stop long enough to get out and have a walk or some refreshment.

Then, there's the sea route! The mail boats for Bergen leave every evening, stop twenty places, and get to Bergen the third morning. Twice a month there are the Norwegian American steamers for New York, which put in at Kristiansand and Stavanger — and then at Bergen.

It is beautiful, going around the south coast of Norway. But if you are going to sail up the west

coast, maybe to the North Cape, you'll probably want an overland journey to Bergen.

ON THE SOUTH NORWAY COAST

There are two gorgeous ones to choose from. One goes through country south of the railway; and the other goes through country north of it. They are both very fine. But for travellers who are going north from Bergen, after visiting it, we think that the southern route *to* Bergen is the ideal one.

Send your luggage (except over-night bags packed for four or five days) through to Bergen. Then, go by rail from Oslo to Skien (pronounced *Shane*) where Ibsen was born, and where you spend the night, in a very comfortable hotel, and take a walk to see the Skien Falls, and maybe up to Nordsjö Lake — which is twenty-eight miles long.

In the morning you start on an all-day steamer ride among the famous Telemarken Lakes, to Dalen — seventy-eight miles. This Telemarken country is full of everything that travellers love — beautiful scenery, quaint customs, lovely

things to buy, and picturesque people. If you possibly can, you ought to spend two nights at Dalen, and take a day for a trip to Setesdal which is settled by people whose ancestors are said to have come from Scotland. They wear the most curious clothes in Norway (hardly even excepting the Lapps) and their farms are very picturesque. A good many of the interesting old buildings in the Bygdö open-air museum come from Setesdal. This is a region that English visitors are specially fond of. It has fine fishing, and lots of delightful places to walk to. A great many English people stay at a small hotel near Bygland, called Sommerhjem.

If you can leave Oslo on Friday, and spend Saturday going to Dalen and Sunday visiting the Setesdal, you will have one of the most enjoyable glimpses of Norway that it is possible to get.

From Dalen you go to Odda, which is a hundred and nine miles.

First you climb, by motor, to Haukelisaeter and the Dyrskar Pass, where you have one of the grandest views in Norway. Then down (on a road that took thirty years to build) to Röldal, on Röldals Lake; and up to the magnificent Gorge of the Seljestadjuv. And then to Odda. Near Odda is the grandest waterfall in Norway.

From Odda you can go by steamer and motor up to Voss and by the railway (a very beautiful ride) in to Bergen. Or you can go from Odda down to Haara and through the Bratlandsdal Gorge to Nesflaten where you take steamer along the Suldals Lake, surrounded by stupendous

mountains, to Osen. And from Osen you go by motor-car, twelve miles, to Sand, where you pick up another steamer to take you down the Stavanger Fjord to Stavanger.

If you do this, you can take a local steamer, next day, from Stavanger to Bergen, and get the superb approach to Bergen from the sea.

Or, you can go from Odda up the Sör Fjord, to Norheimsund — and motor to Trengereid (thirty-one miles) where you can take the railway in to Bergen — or, there is an all-day steamer direct from Odda to Bergen.

The Hardanger district is another that is celebrated for its picturesque customs and costumes; for its wood-carvings, and its violins, as well as for its glaciers and cataracts.

The northern route from Oslo to Bergen goes through the mountains known as the Jotunheim, or Giants' Home.

You take the Valdres Railway to the end of the line at Fagernes, which is one hundred and thirty miles, and the train journey is seven hours. Then you motor up to Bygdin on Lake Bygdin. Next day you go to Eidsbugaren — where you certainly have 'Giants' all around you.

Thence you make your way through magnificent scenery to the Gorge of the Laerdal River, which is said (we've been close to it, but haven't seen it) to be as grand as the finest in the Alps or Pyrénées; and when you get to Laerdal you can visit Balholm, and go up the Naero Fjord to Gudvangen, and climb to Stalheim, or steam to Flaam and through that wonderful valley to

Myrdal on the main railway line from Oslo to Bergen.

If you couldn't go far north, this would give you some of the great beauty-spots of Norway. But parts of it might be rather difficult for the traveller who isn't accustomed to Norway.

CHAPTER V

BERGEN

THEY tell a story, in Bergen, about a sea-captain who had been sailing his ships in and out of Bergen harbor for thirty years; and one day when he got there, the sun was shining. He thought he was in the wrong place, and turned his prow about and sailed away again.

It certainly rains an awful lot on that west coast of Norway, and one of the first things we'll always tell people who are going there is to take raincoats, and waterproof hats, and galoshes (not mere 'rubbers'), and woolen stockings, and sweaters. It is simply foolish to go unless you are prepared for whatever weather may come, especially a good deal of damp cold and a good deal of pouring rain. If you're prepared for these, you don't need to miss seeing anything; and you won't get sick — as you might, if you got drenched and chilled.

But, to return to the story of the captain: it was just the other way around, with us. We first saw Bergen drenched in dazzling sunshine, and our feeling about it was that we had hardly ever seen a town more *full* of sun-gold; because Bergen (which is mostly new-built, after having had many fires) has such wide, shining-clean streets and squares. In Italy and other places where there's a lot of sun, people love arcades and

other things that give shade. But in the North, where they almost worship the Sun, they do everything they can to make the most of him whenever he comes around; they give him room to shine in, and make a fuss over him so that he can't help knowing how delighted they are to have him.

We sailed away from Bergen thinking of it as we saw it, full of sun. And when we sailed *back* into that magnificent harbor, ten days later, we felt that *we* were in the wrong place! It didn't look familiar at all, in a soupy rain, all dark-gray and splashing full of wetness so you could hardly tell where the harbor left off and the town began.

Somehow, it is the sunshine that seems the *real* Bergen to us, and not the rain. So we're different from the captain in the story.

Bergen, like Rome, is built on seven hills; but her hills are much higher than Rome's — which you would scarcely realize as hills when you're in the city that's in the midst of them. Bergen's hills (or mountains) you never stop thinking of.

In Oslo, with encircling hills, and the island-dotted fjord so near, you can go about the city without being reminded of either sea or mountains. But in Bergen, you know — every minute — that you are nestled in the lap of the giant hills, and your feet are almost washed by the sea.

We liked Bergen very much. It doesn't really belong to Viking times, though you wonder how the Vikings — little given as they were to founding cities — failed to have a place of importance here. The last King of Norway who is reckoned a real Viking was that Harald Hardraade who sailed

away with five hundred dragon-ships, in 1066, to claim the crown of England, and was defeated and killed by the Harold who had already got the crown, just before Harold turned south and marched with all haste to meet William the Conqueror at the battle of Hastings.

The King after Harald Hardraade was called Olaf the Peaceful; and he is the one who founded Bergen and many other towns.

Within a century or so, Bergen became the capital; and it is described as 'a city of stately buildings' at the time that Snorre, the great Icelandic skald, or saga-writer, came to it (about 1220) and was welcomed at what some have called 'one of the most cultured courts of Europe.'

'LEGENDS THAT ONCE WERE TOLD OR SUNG'

If you were a child of Norway, you would know a lot about Snorre — know his own story, and how he was killed (though he had taken sanctuary in a church) by his own son-in-law, on orders from the Norwegian King; and how they found on his body the sealed packet, addressed to King Haakon, in which was the splendid 'Sagas of the Kings,' one of the literary masterpieces of the world. You would know by heart the stories he wrote, to glorify his race — from the one in which he tells about Odin, with Frey and Freya and Tor, and Gefion, coming from the east in search of a land the Romans could not hold in bondage; to the ones of Snorre's own time, the days of the fifth Crusade, when the Great Mogul was threatening Europe with his hordes of Tartars.

Perhaps you know these stories even though you're *not* a child of Norway! Perhaps Longfellow introduced you to them in 'The Saga of King Olaf':

'And then the blue-eyed Norseman told
A Saga of the days of old.
"There is," he said, "a wondrous book
Of Legends in the old Norse tongue,
Of the dead Kings of Norroway —
Legends that once were told or sung
In many a smoky fireside nook
Of Iceland, in the ancient day,
By wandering Saga-man or Scald;
Heimskringla is the volume called:
And he who looks may find therein
That story that I now begin."'

You can read some of these stories in a book called 'Stories of the Vikings,' by Maurice Dunlop, who was United States Consul in all the Scandinavian countries, and came to love them and their lore as nearly every one must do who learns to know them. We have Mr. Dunlop's book, and we recommend it to you.

The lines we quoted from Longfellow are from his 'Tales of a Wayside Inn,' you know; and 'the blue-eyed Norseman' who is supposed to have told 'The Saga of King Olaf,' was Ole Bull, the great violinist, who was born in Bergen and who was the very dear friend, not only of Longfellow (who knew and loved Scandinavia well), but of thousands of Americans who got their first enthusiasm for the Northland in hearing Ole Bull play. He spent a number of years in the United

States, and his second wife was a Wisconsin lady. This is Longfellow's description of him:

'Fair-haired, blue-eyed, his aspect blithe,
His figure tall and straight and lithe,
And every feature of his face
Revealing his Norwegian race;
A radiance, streaming from within,
Around his eyes and forehead beamed,
The angel with the violin,
Painted by Raphael, he seemed.
He lived in that ideal world
Whose language is not speech, but song;
Around him evermore the throng
Of elves and sprites their dances whirled;
The Strömkarl sang, the cataract hurled
Its headlong waters from the height;
And mingled in the wild delight
The scream of sea-birds in their flight,
The rumor of the forest trees,
The plunge of the implacable seas,
The tumult of the wind at night,
Voices of eld, like trumpets blowing,
Old ballads, and wild melodies
Through mist and darkness pouring forth
Like Elivager's river flowing
Out of the glaciers of the North.

'The instrument on which he played
Was in Cremona's workshops made,
By a great master of the past,
Ere yet was lost the art divine;
Fashioned of maple and of pine,
That in Tyrolean forests vast
Had rocked and wrestled with the blast;
Exquisite was it in design,
Perfect in each minutest part,
A marvel of the lutist's art;
And in its hollow chamber, thus,
The maker from whose hands it came

Had written his unrivalled name —
"Antonius Stradivarius."

'And when he played, the atmosphere
Was filled with magic, and the ear
Caught echoes of that Harp of Gold,
Whose music had so weird a sound,
The hunted stag forgot to bound,
The leaping rivulet backward rolled,
The birds came down from bush and tree,
The dead came from beneath the sea,
The maiden to the harper's knee!'

Ole Bull was born in 1810 (three years after Longfellow) and died in 1880, two years before Longfellow died. It was on his return from his first visit to the United States (1843–45) that Ole Bull devoted himself to establishing a Norse theatre in Bergen — a theatre which should not only entertain and uplift the people, but encourage Norwegian dramatists and produce Norwegian plays. One of the first things this theatre did was to give a job to an almost-starving young man of twenty-three, named Henrik Ibsen. It not only paid him a salary which enabled him to live, but gave him money for travelling expenses, so he could study the best that the theatre was doing in other countries. Ibsen had had a bitter time, till then; but in Bergen (where he stayed five years) he 'found himself.' So that was one thing Ole Bull's theatre did! And when Ibsen left, he was succeeded by a young man of twenty-five whose name was destined to be often associated with his — Björnstjerne Björnson; theirs are two of the greatest names in modern Norway.

Another great name is that of Edvard Grieg, who was born in Bergen (where his father, of Scotch descent, was the English Consul), and wrote his first musical composition when he was only nine! Ole Bull recommended his young townsman for the Leipzig Conservatory, when Grieg was fifteen.

OLD BERGEN

Well, now —! To go back a little:
You'll certainly want to see what's left in

THE MARIAKIRKEN

Bergen of the almost-Viking times. There is quite a little that goes back to the days of Haakon Haakonson, the King for whom Snorre wrote the

'Sagas of the Kings' — Heimskringla. There's the banqueting hall of his palace; and there's Mariakirken, the only ancient church in Bergen that's preserved entire, and that dates back to an earlier day than Haakon's; and there's the Rosencrantz Tower, close to the banqueting hall, or Haakonshallen, which was begun by a great earl in Haakon's Court, or perhaps in his son's.

These are out near the sea-end of the deep harbor (the church not so near the end as the other two). And as you go along to them, or from them, on the water-front street called Tyskebryggen toward (or from) the Torvet or principal square, you are in the old quarter that used to belong to the German merchants of the Hanseatic League. At times there were as many as two thousand people living in this quarter. They were not allowed to marry while living here, for fear they'd get too mixed-up with the natives and form ties which would keep them from being stiff 'traders.' Many of their old houses are still left, and one is now a Museum of the League. In it, among many interesting things, you can see the cupboards with sliding doors (upper and lower tiers of them) in which the clerks and servants slept. They remind you, a little, of an American sleeping-car.

Now there is the very lively (and somewhat 'smelly') fish-market. And at the end of Torvet, in front of the Stock Exchange, is a statue of Ludvig Holberg, who was born at Bergen in 1684, educated at Oxford and on the Continent, and was a professor in the University of Copen-

hagen, where he did nearly all his work. He has been called 'The Danish Molière,' and he was the founder of the Danish drama. (In his day, we must remember, Denmark ruled Norway, too.) It is said of him that he 'left the twin nations (Denmark and Norway) a modern literature, a modern stage, and a modern prose.'

Straight up from Torvet you come to Ole Bull's Plass, with a statue of him, and near it one of Grieg. This is the prettiest part of the city of Bergen, and we enjoyed wandering all about there, looking at the fine shops and handsome new buildings, and the little old wooden building which was Ole Bull's first theatre, where Ibsen and Björnson worked.

If you have time to visit only one shop in Bergen we think you'll be glad if you choose C. Brandt's fur store, on Torvalmenning (the continuation of Torvet) near Ole Bull's Plass. It seemed to us that we had never seen so many beautiful furs so beautifully made-up — into coats and rugs and scarves and hats and every imaginable thing. The Queen of Holland gets her furs here — and so do other royalties and notables from other countries; and we saw the collection of gold and silver medals this firm has won at World Fairs during more than seventy-five years. One thing that interested us a lot was coats made of eider-duck, that looked like fur (a little like chinchilla) but were, naturally (!) 'as light as a feather,' yet as warm as a feather bed. We would have loved a coat like those, and one of the very beautiful eider-down rugs made in such lovely

patterns and colors. But we couldn't bring them into America! Not at any price. Such foxes as we saw there! And such ermines!

The hotels in Bergen are very good, and very attractive. The newest one, generally considered the very best, is right at the railway station and is called Grand Hotel Terminus. The Norge Hotel is on Ole Bull's Plass.

The Bergen Museum, in the southern part of town, has a great many things in it that we think you'd like to see — things that go back to the Stone Age (before 1800 B.C.), and other things belonging to all the ages since. Look, specially, at the glass and bronze objects of fine workmanship, the toilet articles, and other things taken from graves on the island of Karmö (near Stavanger) where they were buried hundreds of years before the time of Christ. See the beautiful belongings of some Vikings. The furnishings of old Norwegian houses of not-so-long-ago are fascinating, too. And there are things that belonged to Ole Bull.

Whatever you do or don't do, be sure to take the trip, by funicular, to Flöien, up above Bergen. To reach the funicular, you turn north from Torvet (instead of south, as to Ole Bull's Plass) and walk a couple of blocks to the station. The trains go about every fifteen minutes, and take maybe ten minutes for the ascent. The view from up there is magnificent; you can see all over the archipelago. And there is a good restaurant.

A pretty drive to take is to Fantoft to see the old Stav church, and — on the way — the homes of many wealthy residents of Bergen. A longer

trip, but a very fine one is by steamer down to Os to lunch at the Solstrand Hotel. Some people think there are not many views in Norway finer than the one from Solstrand Hotel.

The National Exhibition was 'on' when we were in Bergen, and we enjoyed it very much indeed. But there isn't much use saying a great deal about it, because it won't be there when you get there.

Only, we had no idea — until we saw it — how many fine products Norway has.

CHAPTER VI

CRUISING TO THE NORTH CAPE

EVERY cruise to the North Cape arranges its stops and shore excursions differently. And as we can't tell which one you may be going on (if *any!*), either actually or by magic carpet, it seems that the best way to do is to take the fjords in order, as

A FJORD

one goes north from Bergen. Not all of them, of course! But the principal ones, that everybody wants to see.

When you don't know much about Norway, and one fjord seems pretty much like another

fjord to you, you may wonder why people want to see more than one; and how anybody chooses which fjords to see.

There really are not so many that the average traveller in Norway sees.

The Hardanger, south and east of Bergen, penetrates a most picturesque and interesting section and is the second-largest fjord. It runs inland for about fifty miles, and then has a long south arm that goes down twenty-five miles, past Odda; and a shorter arm that goes on east to Vik.

The largest fjord of all, the longest and widest and deepest, is the Sogne Fjord, which is the first important fjord you come to when sailing north from Bergen. It goes inland for nearly one hundred and thirty miles; and travellers usually go to the very end of one of its southern branches, to Gudvangen.

In Viking times this was one of the most important waterways of Norway, and many a fleet of dragon ships sailed on it, going on expeditions and returning with spoils. Some places, the fjord is four thousand feet deep. And its average width is about four miles. There are many settlements or little villages on both sides, all along; but the cruising boats do not stop until they get to Balestrand on the north shore of the principal 'trunk,' where the Fjaerlands Fjord branches off to the north, leading to the vast glacier (the largest in all Europe) of Jostedalsbrae — three hundred and fifty square miles of dazzling whiteness.

Balestrand is one of the finest places in Norway

to settle down for a stay of some length. Many artists have painted there, and pictures of that vicinity are familiar to nearly everybody. There are enough English visitors to make a very fair congregation for the little Church of England church that's copied (more or less) from a Stav church. The Kviknes Hotel is an excellent one, in a perfectly marvellous location. And there are wonderful excursions to be made, in every direction.

Across the fjord, to the south and east, is Vangsnes, the ancestral home of Frithjof whose Saga Tegnér wrote. Kaiser Wilhelm, who used to visit this district every summer, and who was here when the World War broke out, gave a huge bronze statue of Frithjof to Vangsnes in 1912.

The story of Frithjof is this:

Once upon a time there was a King named Bele, or Bale, who lived on the lovely shore now called Balestrand or Balholm. He had two sons, Helge and Halfdan by name, and a beautiful daughter Ingeborg the Fair. Ingeborg was beloved by their young neighbor across the fjord, Frithjof, son of Thorsten, who was himself the son of a Viking.

Frithjof was rich; an only son, he shared his inheritance with no one. Listen to these lines describing him, and see what their metre reminds you of:

'These things, and many more, from his sire did Frithjof inherit;
Scarce in the northern land was there found an heritage richer,

Save with the son of a King; for the wealth of Kings is the greatest.
He was no son of a King, yet King-like, in sooth, was his spirit;
Friendly, noble, and mild, with each day growing in glory.'

While the fathers lived, all went well with the love story of the young people. But the old men died. And when they felt that they were near their journeys' end, they said:

'Now, children, lay us in two lofty graves
Down by the sea-shore, near the deep blue waves:
Their sounds shall to our souls be music sweet,
Singing our dirge as on the strand they beat.'

Bele's grave-mound is near the little English church that's copied from the Stav.

But when he was gone, his sons wouldn't let Frithjof marry their sister. They said she must wed a king's son. So he was furious, and said he'd never do anything to help them.

There was an old, widower king named Ring (or Hring), who wanted a fair young queen; so he sent his men 'with gifts and with gold' to woo Ingeborg for him. Her brothers sacrificed, to see what the omens were. And the omens were evil — against the marriage. So the men who came seeking were mocked and denied. And when they told their master, he ordered his dragon-ships and 'sped over the sea in haste' to avenge the slight.

Fearing for Ingeborg's safety, her brothers put her in the temple or grove of Balder, the God of Light — Odin's second son. And then ——! They sent and asked Frithjof to help them.

But he wouldn't budge. He was playing chess when the messenger came — and he played on. When the messenger was gone, Frithjof went, instead, to Balder's grove and found Ingeborg, and to comfort her he promised (after exchanging rings with her, and kisses) to make peace with her brothers and help them.

They were holding an assembly, or Thing, of their clansmen, beside their father's tomb. And at first, when Frithjof told the assembly he was prepared to help, 'a thousand swords clashed loud approval on a thousand shields.' But when they heard, from him, that he had been to Balder's grove and spoken to Ingeborg 'at night-time in the temple,' they were all horrified and fell away from Frithjof as from one accursed.

Ingeborg's brothers said he must atone for his sin in going to the temple, by crossing the sea to the islands called the Faroës and collecting tribute which their earl (or jarl) was not paying. Frithjof wanted to take Ingeborg with him; but she felt she couldn't go without her brothers' consent. And of course they wouldn't give it.

So Frithjof went alone. The jarl wouldn't pay tribute to Ingeborg's brothers, but he entertained Frithjof as Thorsten's son and gave him much gold. All winter Frithjof stayed, and in the spring he sped homeward to claim his bride.

But Hring had come, and conquered, and Ingeborg was betrothed to him, and her brothers had burned Frithjof's dwelling.

The brothers and some of their followers were celebrating Midsummer (June 24) in Balder's

grove, when Frithjof returned. (That is the day when the sun is at its highest power; so Scandinavia, which loves the sun, has for many, many centuries made its celebration of that day one of the most joyous festivals of the year.)

Frithjof flung the heavy purse of gold into the teeth of King Helge — and left him stunned and bleeding. Seeing the ring he had given Ingeborg decking the image of Balder, Frithjof tried to snatch it off; in doing so, he pulled the image over — it fell into the altar-flame — the temple was soon on fire — and quickly reduced to ashes.

So Frithjof returned to his good ship Ellida, and put forth to sea, an outcast, self-exiled. He became the boldest of the Vikings and fought many a lusty fight, commanding his men never to yield but when they were conquerors never to refuse the defenceless mercy.

'So wrote he his law, and his fame day by day to far-lying borders was brought;
His like never sped o'er the blue heaving sea, and his comrades full lustily fought.'

He was away down in Greece, after three years of roving, when he determined to go home.

'Yet why lie I longer on billows afar, for slaughter and plundering prize?
I have honor enough, and the red-flaming gold, the worthless, my soul doth despise.

'The flag on my mast streameth back to the North; to the North, to my fatherland dear;
I'll follow the course of the heavenly winds; back again to my Northland I'll steer.'

He steered his course to the country of Hring where Ingeborg was queen. And, disguised as a bent old ragged man, he went into the Yule banquet of the King, and sat on the poor man's bench by the door.

YULETIDE IN VIKING DAYS

(The Yule Feast was to celebrate Mid-Winter; it was held on January 12th, and was sacred to Thor, the Thunderer, whose symbol was a hammer with which he was believed to wage tireless warfare against the ice and frost giants, so that people might continue to live. His sacred tree was the oak, and his color was red. From him we get the burning of the yule log, and the use of red in our yuletide decorations. The early missionaries found nearly everybody wearing the symbol of Thor, which was believed to ward off evil; and they made the most of the resemblance, in shape, between a hammer and a cross, to get Thor's worshippers very gradually weaned over to the cross. That was why the missionaries kept so many of the customs of Thor's yuletide feast — which we still keep, without thinking why. Another of the many things we keep from the old Norse mythology, is our reference to Old Nick — Nökken was their name for the evil one, and we have somehow corrupted it to 'Nick.')

Some underlings beside the door mocked the old man, and he took one of them 'with a single hand' and turned him upside down. This attracted the aged King's attention, and he called upon the stranger to tell who he was, and to drop his disguise.

'Then straightway from his head the guest let fall the rugged hide
And in the old man's place they all a noble youth espied;
Down from his lofty forehead, o'er his broad shoulders' might,
Fell down, like waves of molten gold, his locks in splendor bright.

'In azure velvet mantle stood he, gorgeously arrayed,
With silver belt, a hand in width, and beasts thereon displayed,
Fiercely their prey pursuing around the hero's waist,
By some laborious master in high-wrought beauty chased.

'Around his mighty arm he wore a golden bracelet wide,
Like a flash of bridled lightning hung his war-sword at his side;
A royal, fearless glance around the hall and guests he bore,
And stood, like Balder beauteous, brave and proud as mighty Tor.'

Hring knew him, but he didn't let any one suspect that he did. He urged the stranger to 'bide the winter as our guest' and bade Ingeborg (who was trembling with excitement) offer the drinking horn to Frithjof, who 'drained the full goblet at a draught.'

Then the skald, or bard, sang 'a sorrowful song' of true love in the North. And after deep drinking and high carousing, the feast ended.

The aged King continued to pretend that he didn't know who the stranger was. And when spring came, there was a hunt one day, during which Hring pleaded that he was tired and must rest. So he and the stranger left the others, and the old man lay down and slept, 'with his head upon the young man's knees.'

A COAL-BLACK BIRD AND A SNOW-WHITE BIRD

Then a coal-black bird sang to Frithjof and tempted him to slay the King and take Ingeborg. But a snow-white bird sang: 'Though no mortal eye behold thee, Odin's eye can see thee now.'

So Frithjof flung away his sword. And when the old King, waking, asked him where it was, and Frithjof said 'it matters little,' the King told him that he had only pretended to sleep, that he had known from the first who his guest was and that he put himself in Frithjof's power to see what the young warrior would do when tempted — as he knew he must be.

'Thou seest I am aged grown, and to the grave must soon decline;
Then take to thee my realm, and take the Queen, for she is thine.
Meanwhile, remain my son, and dwell within my palace as before;
Guard me, thou swordless warrior; our ancient strife is o'er.'

But, though Hring died soon after, and his subjects acclaimed Frithjof as King, Frithjof would not accept the crown nor his bride until he had gone back to Balestrand, built Balder a grand new temple in the place of that he burnt, reconciled himself with Halfdan (Helge was dead) and from him, in Balder's temple, received Ingeborg's hand.

The period at which Frithjof lived is supposed by some to have been about the seventh or eighth century. The ancient saga about him was a little different from Tegnér's; but not much. Only, Tegnér made it much more beautiful! And each

one of the twenty-four divisions in which he tells the story, is in different metre!

We have taken a good deal of our space that is so little for all we want to say, to tell the Frithjof story; because we feel that knowing it adds so much to one's enjoyment of glorious Balestrand. This and King Olaf's Saga (which we tell in our chapter on Trondhjem) are two that every visitor to Norway, every reader about Norway, should know even if he knows no others. But, with Heimskringla it is so easy to know a great many!

It was from some place on the Sogne Fjord that King Eric of Norway despatched a powerful chief to Scotland to bring back as the King's bride Princess Margaret of Scotland, whose father was King Alexander III and whose mother was a sister of the great English King, Edward I. (This was in Scottish Chiefs' time!) Margaret did not live long. And when her little daughter Margaret was three years old, she became Queen of Scots, on her grandfather's death. Three years later she was betrothed to Edward, the first Prince of Wales — who was a year younger! In September, 1290, Margaret sailed for Scotland, but died *en route* — at the Orkneys. Think how different much history might have been had this wee lassie lived and Scotland, Wales, and England been united then!

We left Balestrand about noon, after having spent the morning there, and our ship's nose pointed east for a while longer, and then turned south to the arm that's known as the Naerö Fjord.

Nobody wanted any luncheon! Nobody wanted anything but a few more eyes — a few in the back of the head! — to look, and look, and look, and look. As many of us as could got on the boat deck forward. And such a clicking of still cameras and whirring of movies!

The day was simply glorious. And the majesty, the awesome beauty of what we saw made every one just kind of *ache* inside — the way you do when you thrill and thrill and have no sort of expression for what you're feeling.

This narrow fjord, with mountains four, five, six thousand feet high on either side, draped in long white 'wedding veils' of frothy waterfalls, has water of many exquisite colors — aquamarine, sapphire, emerald, and — in very shadowy pools — onyx.

You sail down it, gaping, gasping, until you seem to have reached the end. You wonder how your ship is going to back out — you feel sure it cannot *turn* — when, suddenly, there is a regular elbow bend, and you enter another section of this marvellous canyon.

At the head of the fjord is the village of Gudvangen, which is so shut in by mountains that for four months, in winter, the sun never shines there. Facing the village is a 'bridal veil' fall one thousand feet long! Gudvangen means 'playground of the gods'; and it looks as if the god who had done the most 'playing' there was Tor, with his hammer.

The ocean water stops at Gudvangen, but the canyon goes on for seven miles called Naerödal,

through which flows a river of clear green water, with many rapids, between such stupendous walls of mountain that people seem like *ants* crawling up the twisting white road.

You may have a queer two-wheeled cart to ride in, the first part of those seven miles; it is called a 'stolkjaerre,' and the driver walks beside it. You are supposed to get out, after you have jogged along in this cart for five miles or so, and climb the rest of the way on foot, to Stalheim. But unless you are a climber and 'in condition,' we advise you to pay five kroner more to your driver and stay in your stolkjaerre to the top. It was pretty stiff even for youngsters with legs that hardly ever get tired and hearts that have never bothered them. And coming down is even harder on leg muscles than going up.

The view from the big hotel at Stalheim is one of the grandest in the world.

Many people go from Stalheim to Voss, twenty miles by road; and then take the railway to Bergen or to Oslo.

The next big fjord, as you go up the coast beyond Sogne Fjord, is the Nord Fjord, into which not so many travellers go unless they are making the journey as we'll describe in our next chapter — not in a cruise.

Then comes, for the 'cruisers,' the Stor Fjord, leading to the Geiranger Fjord — and also to the Hjörun Fjord, one of the grandest of all, but not visited by many of the cruise steamers. Merok, of which you hear so much, is at the head of the Geiranger Fjord. And from there you climb, in

autos, to Djupvandshytten and the Frozen Lake. There had been a fresh snowfall the night before we got there (July 24th!) and hot drinks were more than welcome when we crowded into the little hotel. The famous Seven Sisters waterfall is in Geiranger Fjord.

Then comes Molde Fjord, with Molde, a favorite summer resort in a situation so sheltered that it has a wealth of flowers. Everybody who lands there for a short excursion on shore, goes to the church to see a picture, over the altar, called 'The First Easter Morn,' by Axel Ender. There is a good hotel at Molde — the Alexandra. And the lobsters are marvellous!

'GIANTS — AND THINGS!'

The Romsdal Fjord is a continuation of the Molde Fjord. The cruise ships sail to Aandalsnes, where the passengers land and take motor-cars for a magnificent drive up the Romsdal Valley to Stuflaaten, and return, passing the Trolls' Peaks, six thousand feet high and looking, at the skyline, like the row of gnomes who were not allowed to appear after sunrise. One night they were so busy rolling down rocks on the gnomes who dwelt in the valley, that they forgot about the sun — and were turned to stone.

After you return to Molde, you cruise up the coast past another town that you think Christian IV of Denmark must have named for himself: Kristianssund; but it wasn't founded until after he had been dead some years; and on, up to Trondhjems Fjord. Maybe you visit Trondhjem

now — maybe you do it later, on your return from the North Cape.

Then up and up and up you sail, till you come to Torghatten, an island which looks like a giant's hat, 825 feet high, through which another giant had shot a hole. This hole is 535 feet long, and varies from 65 to 250 feet in height.

Once upon a time there were seven sisters (giants) who lived on an island here; when their brother, from another island near by, came to visit them, he found also visiting them a young lady giant, their cousin, with whom he fell in love.

After a short time the giant had to go home, and so did the young lady giant, who told her brother about her love affair. Her brother, it seems, had other plans for her. And when messengers came from her lover, he turned them, one by one, to stone. When no messenger came back, the lover got mad and drew his bow at the false-fair-one's island. It happened at a moment when 'brother' was taking a bath — and wearing his hat because it was raining! The lover's bolt, shot from seventy miles away, pierced brother's hat (and his skull) and carried the hat to the false-fair-one's feet, as she saw her brother sinking into the sea. Broken-hearted, the fair one changed into stone the floating hat with the hole in it; the mad lover on his steed, seventy miles away; the seven sisters; and herself. There they all are! — along with the messengers turned to stone by brother before he met his fate.

Our yacht was scheduled to stop here, but

didn't; so we couldn't walk through the hole in the giant's hat.

Not far north of Torghatten you cross the Arctic Circle, where Neptune usually comes aboard (as he does when ships cross the Equator), but he doesn't 'duck' the greenhorns who have never done it before. On our ship he kissed us (we would rather have been ducked!) and gave us a diploma to show the world that we had explored the Polar Regions.

The Arctic Circle runs right through the Svartisen (Black Ice) Glacier, the only glacier in Europe that descends to the sea. We went ashore and visited it. If you do, be sure that you wear high galoshes and warm, waterproof clothing, and carry a stout, sharp-pointed alpenstock.

THE LOFOTEN ISLANDS

After you leave Svartisen your next point of interest will probably be the Trolls' Fjord in the Lofoten Islands. Cruising steamers seldom stop at the islands. If you want to visit them (which not many people do) you can do it by local steamers in the coastwise service.

The Lofoten Islands are really four that have names and a lot of little islets that seem as if they were *chips* of the greater granite rocks. North of the Lofotens, separated from them only by the narrow and very beautiful Raftsund, out of which the Trolls' Fjord opens into the largest of the Lofotens, is another group of islands called the Vesteraalen Islands. The two groups are about one hundred and fifty miles long, and for a good

part of their length they lie so close to the coast that you seem to be sailing in a wide river between rocky shores. Then you realize why the islands are often spoken of as 'The Lofoten Wall.' There are very few roads on the Lofotens; the northern group has also a few.

The terrible maelstrom about which Edgar Allan Poe wrote his story, 'A Descent into the Maelstrom,' is of so little account that it isn't even charted. What Poe didn't know about the Lofotens was 'plenty'! He wrote about them in 1840, and they probably seemed as far away as the *moon!* If you want to read something about the islands by one who knows them well, read 'The Last Viking,' by Johan Böjer. And keep a lookout, when you're seeing pictures, for some of Anna Boberg's. She is the wife of the eminent Swedish architect, who has built her a studio on one of the islands. They spend the summers together there, and sometimes Madame Boberg stays in winter too, *painting* 'the saga of the arctic seas' as the fishermen know them. No hardship is too great for her, they say, if by bearing it she can add one more detail to her record of their heroism. She has painted more than four hundred pictures of them.

The Lofotens are bare rocks, with scant and stunted vegetation. Here and there is a bit of pasturage; here and there a field of barley. But no timber. The cod is the source of life here. You have seen, hundreds of times, advertisements of Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, with a picture of a fisherman carrying a big cod on his back. He

probably caught it off the Lofotens! As many as forty thousand fishermen (think of it!) gather here in the winter, herding together in huts on the shore, waiting the signal that the cod are coming.

The cod leave the deep waters of the Atlantic in February and move toward the Norway coast to spawn, swimming in solid 'phalanxes,' or shoals, so close together that a sounding-lead rests on their backs because there isn't a crack between them big enough for it to slip through!

NORWEGIAN FISHING-BOATS

When the signal is given, the boats put off. There are nine or ten thousand fishing-boats, resembling more than a little the 'dragon-ships' of Viking days. (But motor-boats are fast replacing them!)

On shore, the fish are split, cleaned, salted, dried. The heads are used for fodder and made into fertilizer; the roe (or eggs) for bait, especially to catch sardines with off the coasts of France;

the livers for oil. Nothing is wasted — except the smell!

The cod is a pretty dependable fish; not like the capricious herring. Sunday fishing is forbidden in Norway, and has been for a very long time. But in the Middle Ages there was a papal dispensation that if the herrings came to Norway on Sunday, they should be caught — 'whether or no.' One year the herring catch, in a certain section, will be worth nearly a million kroner, the next year it may be worth a couple of thousand.

After we came home from Norway we met O. E. Rölvaag, the distinguished Norwegian-American author who writes such wonderful books about Norwegians in America. He was once a fisherman at the Lofotens. We are very proud to have met him. He gave two of his books to Nannie, who admires him greatly.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN

We had our first Midnight Sun on the night we were sailing up the Vest Fjord at the widest part, between the Norway coast north of Bodö, and the southernmost of the Lofotens.

It was a gloriously clear evening, after a soppy rainy day. The air was like crystal, and did wonderful things to the changing lights. Everybody was in a sort of ecstasy, as if they were seeing such sights as they had never hoped to see with mortal eyes. It was too cold to *sit* out on deck; but you could walk, briskly, and look; or sit inside by one of the big 'forward' windows in the lounge. The sun 'set' that night at 11.45, and rose again at

12.15. There was, of course, no darkness — not even anything like twilight. There was the superb coloring of the sun going down; the excitement of

THE MIDNIGHT SUN

seeing him disappear, little by little, below the sea; and then the thrill of watching him come peeking up again — as if to see if we were paying attention — and gradually rise — rise — rise, making the sky and sea lovelier every minute.

That was the night of July 18th. According to the 'visibility tables' we should have seen the upper edge of the sun even when the rest of the disc was below the horizon. But we didn't.

Hardly anybody went to bed before one or two or even three o'clock. But everybody was up betimes, for breakfast; because after breakfast we entered the Trolls' Fjord which is so narrow that

we wondered how in the world our ship was ever going to turn in it and get out. But it did!

Then we went back down the Raftsund, past the rock called Digermulkoll, from which, they say, there is the most sublime view in the whole northland, and headed up toward Lödingen and the very narrow channel between the biggest Vesteraalen island (Hinnö) and the mainland coast. To your right, as you reach Lödingen is the fjord that leads up to Narvik.

You probably will not stop at Tromsö going up. Because if you have been sailing inside the island 'wall' all day, you will get to Tromsö about dinner time. On you go, still through sheltered waters, with islands to left of you and mainland to right of you; and that night you'll probably see the midnight sun off Loppehavet, where the whole disc ought to be visible at midnight (it is at Tromsö, farther south) from May 20th to July 23d.

The stop at Hammerfest, the most northerly town in the world, is usually made on the morning of the day you are to reach the North Cape. We spent several hours in this bleak little outpost, whose harbor is never closed by ice. There were a good many Lapps in town that morning, and the shopkeepers were doing a fine business with tourists who wanted to buy something 'Farthest North.' We bought Lapp dolls and many interesting pictures of Lapp encampments, and reindeer.

At noon we set sail again, for the North Cape — passing, during the afternoon, the bird islands

where myriads of gulls and other seabirds have their nests. When the ship blows a shrill whistle or shoots off a gun, the birds rise in flocks almost like dark clouds, screaming horribly.

Now, we feel that going to the North Cape is not only a gamble (because the weather there is so seldom fine) but it takes several days during which the traveller gets very little for his time compared with what he would get in other parts of Norway. With so much that is magnificent and that you want to see, you are quite likely (we believe) to feel that what you get at the North Cape is not worth the journey.

The Cape is the northernmost tip of an island called Mageröy, lying about a mile off the mainland. The steamer anchors off-shore, and you go to the island in small boats. The night we were there it was very rough, and the boats were extremely hard to enter — they were dashed so violently against the ship's side, and away again. When you reach the shore, you find that the path to the summit is steep and rough, and that you need not only stout shoes (preferably spiked) and alpenstocks, but must pull yourself, by a rope rail, up the steepest parts. At the top, you walk about a mile along a rocky plateau where there is no shelter until you come to the end. We think that, before they go away up there, people ought to know that the chances of good weather are comparatively few; that the effort of going ashore is for the hardy, only; and that the Midnight Sun can be seen many other places. If to *say* that you have been to the North Cape is a satisfaction,

then you'll probably feel repaid for having gone, no matter how little you actually saw or felt. But if it's the glory of Norway you're after, you may look back with nothing but regret on the time you spent north of Trondhjem — all of it except that in which you sailed past the Lofoten Islands. Maybe *not!*

CHAPTER VII

TRONDHJEM AND ANOTHER WAY TO SEE THE FJORDS

THIS way will increase in popularity, we believe, as time goes on and more people learn what Norway has to offer and how it may be seen.

A cruise is simple. You get on, make yourself comfortable, get acquainted, get off for excursions in company with people you've come to know, and have (if you strike a pleasant ship) lots of fun. We *love* cruises. We think we'd cruise for a year and a day and never get tired — if we were on a ship with genial officers and congenial passengers — and we hope to have many a good long cruise before we get through writing these books.

But if you have only a little more than a fortnight for Norway (as so many people have) it seems a pity to spend nearly all of it sailing up the coast and sailing down again. However ——!

If you went up through northern Sweden to Abisko and then (forty-six miles) to Narvik, you take a little steamer — probably over night — to Lödingen; and from there you can get a mail-steamer either for the North Cape, or for Trondhjem. They do not go all the way to the Cape — only to Honningsvaag on the southeastern shore of the island of which the Cape is the northwestern tip. You must hire a small boat to go the

rest of the way; but if the sea is at all rough, you won't wish to make the Cape trip from Honningsvaag.

The best reason for going north from Narvik is stopping off at Tromsö and taking a local steamer there for the very, very beautiful Lyngen Fjord, which we didn't see except from its entrance, but have seen exquisite pictures of, and read about, and heard people describe — or *try* to describe. We liked the Tromsö Museum very much; it is really a Museum of the North, with every kind of thing in it that belongs to the wild life and the life of people far up beyond the Arctic Circle. And we saw many Lapps in Tromsö, because they have an encampment near there. One of the greatest interests, though, was in Tromsö as the place where Amundsen, Guilbaud, and Diedricksen 'took off' to search for Nobile. We saw a French ship in the harbor that was up in northern waters looking for Guilbaud and Amundsen.

It takes about ten or twelve hours to go from Lödingen to Tromsö.

From Lödingen, going south, you may stop over at Svolvaer on the Lofoten Islands, if you wish; or continue on (after a short stop) to Trondhjem — two nights and a day from the Lofotens, and full forty-eight hours from Narvik.

If you went from Rättvik direct to Trondhjem on the through train from Stockholm, you went through Hell! We didn't go there, but we bought a picture postcard of it. And we had to laugh at what Dr. Crockett said about it in his 'Satchel Guide to Europe.' He says that, though

there are only two trains a day from Storlien (the last station in Sweden) to Hell, there are nine trains a day that will take you *out* of Hell and into Trondhjem!

And, if you went from Rättvik to Karlstad and *thence* to Trondhjem, you may have changed at Lilleström for the train from Oslo to Trondhjem, or have gone into Oslo (thirteen miles) and taken it there. It goes through very beautiful country; so make the journey (343 miles) in daylight, if you can.

Not far from Lilleström (at Minne) the train starts to follow the east shore of Norway's largest lake, Lake Mjösen, sixty-two miles long. Near the head of this lake is Lillehammer, a popular resort, where there is a fine Outdoor Museum with many old houses brought from the Gulbrandsdal — the region the train goes through on the way north from Lillehammer.

Any one who wanted to go exploring among the mountains called 'the Giants' Home' (Jotunheim) would leave the train at Vinstra, a little way north of Lillehammer. This, however, is for mountaineers, and not for tourists.

Should you be hurrying so much that you can't go as far as Trondhjem, you can have the greatest glories of Norway by taking this railway and, instead of continuing north from Dombaas to Trondhjem, following the branch of it (opened in 1924) which goes from Dombaas through the superb Romsdal to Aandalsnes on the Romsdal Fjord. The extension to Molde is being built — perhaps it will be finished when you get there.

We believe that a great many travellers making their first trip to Norway will be very pleased if they come from Karlstad to Oslo; take this railway (leaving all luggage they can dispense with at Oslo) to Aandalsnes or Molde; follow the route we are just going to describe, from Molde to Bergen; and then return to Oslo by way of the Hardanger and Telemarken route we described in Chapter IV, with an excursion from Dalen into the Setesdal. If they wanted to go from Bergen to England or to America, we'd say: Send all but most necessary luggage through from Oslo to Bergen; make the Telemarken–Setesdal–Hardanger trip to Bergen; take a steamer to Molde; and return to Bergen as we are going to describe. This would give them a chance to 'change clothes' and send out laundry at Bergen in the midst of a fortnight's trip.

Things like this were so hard for us to find out until we got there and found them out for ourselves, right on the spot. We hope our experience may be helpful to you.

Now, we'll suppose that you are at Trondhjem — however you may have got there.

TRONDHJEM — 'HOME OF THE THRONE'

Trondhjem has at least one exceptionally fine hotel that we know (the Britannia) with a beautiful palm-court dining-room and many other attractions — including delicious food. It is an attractive city, with fine broad streets, good shops, a Museum (which we tried to see, but it was closed) and a royal palace built of wood. And a magnificent cathedral!

Trondhjem means 'Home of the Throne' — which is what it used to be, before Oslo became the capital. But in early times, when it *was* the home of the throne, it was called Nidaros, or 'Mouth of the Nid,' because of its situation where the river Nid empties into the fjord.

The city was founded by King Olaf Tryggveson, Norway's first Christian King, just before the year 1000. Something less than a century later, another King Olaf — the one who became King in 1066, when his father Harald Haardraade, Saint Olaf's half-brother, was killed in his invasion of England — began to build Trondhjem Cathedral over the body of Saint Olaf. The cathedral, the finest in Scandinavia, has just been thoroughly restored.

Do you want to know what we did with all those *Olafs*, to get them 'straight' in our minds?

We made a kind of 'table' of them. First, we said, 'Which is the King Olaf of Longfellow's poem — "The Musician's Tale" in the "Tales of the Wayside Inn"? Which is Olaf of "The Long Serpent"?' He is the one who founded the city — Olaf Tryggveson.

Then we said, 'Who was Saint Olaf? Where does *he* come in?' And it seems that after the other Olaf leaped from the Long Serpent, fighting the Danes whose King was Fork-Beard, father of the great Canute, Norway was without any real head, and was kind of parcelled out among the Danes. This second Olaf was descended from Norway's great King Harald the Fair-Haired; and he came back from helping King Ethelred

drive the Danes out of England, declared himself King, and set about enforcing Christianity in his kingdom — making himself so unpopular with his nobles that, when Canute came to claim the kingdom, they sided with the Dane, and Olaf had to flee to Russia. In 1030, he came back and tried to regain his crown, but was defeated and slain in a battle near Trondhjem. When the battle was over, and darkness fell, the owner of the farm on which the battle was fought carried Olaf's body to the mouth of the river Nid and buried it in a sand-hill. Then stories began to be whispered around, about how people who had happened to touch the dead were cured of afflictions. He was declared a martyr and a saint; his body was taken up and reburied, and the chapel built above it became a shrine to which many pilgrims came.

And the Olaf under whom the cathedral was begun? He is called Olaf the Peaceful. And about all we need to remember of his reign is that his father was the last Viking King and that he died in battle against Harold of England just before Harold died in battle against William of Normandy. *This* is the Olaf of 1066.

It isn't necessary to know *much* about the second and third Olafs. The first one is the one there are so many stories about. He is the one whose messenger was Leif Ericson. It is *very* important to feel acquainted with him when you're at Trondhjem where his impressive statue stands. His 'date' is easy to remember, because he died (or disappeared!) in the year 1000.

To 'set the stage' for Olaf's story, you need to

go back of him for a hundred years or more, to some of the earlier stories of Heimskringla, especially the ones which tell about Harald the Fair-Haired, and how he wooed a fair maid near Stavanger and she said she wouldn't marry him because he was nothing but a petty chieftain always fighting with other petty chieftains of the country.

'Why isn't there one King over Norway, as there is one King over Sweden and one over Denmark?' she said. 'To such a one I would gladly give my hand!'

Harald, instead of getting mad, liked her spirit. He vowed he would never cut nor comb his hair until Norway was united under his hand. It took him ten years to accomplish what he had set out to do. But he did it!

However ——! There were a good many of the chieftains who wouldn't bow to Harald's rule; so they went away to seek new habitations. Some of them went to Ireland, and some to the Orkneys and Shetlands and Hebrides, and the Isle of Man; and some of them sailed their dragon-ships to Iceland and colonized it; and some of them went ravaging in France — and became Normans!

Harald married the fair maid and reigned a long time. When he died, he left the best part of his great kingdom to his eldest son, Erik, who was married to the witch-woman Gunhild; but two of his other sons had been governors, for him, of important provinces, were liked by the people — and Erik was not.

The people of the province of Trondhjem had

been governed by Halfdan, and they wanted him for King. The people of the province of Viken (where Oslo is) had been governed by Olaf, and they wanted *him* for King. Erik sent a mighty army into Viken, and his brother Olaf was defeated and slain, but Olaf's son, Tryggve, escaped to the mountains.

Halfdan, up at Trondhjem, was not so easy to conquer — so the witch-woman Gunhild contrived to have him poisoned.

That seemed to leave Erik undisputed lord. But there was a fourth son, Haakon, who had been brought up in England as the ward of King Ethelstan. Haakon was a fine youth, and a Christian. Ethelstan thought he should go back to Norway and convert his people.

So Haakon went, and was chosen King, at the town of Trondhjem. He is the one who found that he couldn't convert his people, and couldn't hold them unless he renounced Christianity. You have probably read about it in the story called 'False Gods and True' — and know that the false gods won.

Erik and Gunhild had fled to Northumberland, in England, and there Gunhild kept goading Erik to try to get Norway back. But he was killed in a battle, and she took her children to Denmark, to see if the Danish King wouldn't help her to get reinstated. They were not successful in defeating Haakon, but they managed at last to kill him in battle, with an arrow that Gunhild had poisoned. And as he had no son to succeed him, he declared — when dying — that his brother Erik's son should be the next king.

He was a pretty poor one, and Norway had troublous times for some years in the late nine-hundreds.

KING OLAF'S SAGA

His cousin Tryggve was ruling (as governor) over the province of Viken, from which he had escaped when his father was slain by Erik's army. The old witch-woman Gunhild wanted to have that governorship for one of Erik's brothers. So they sent to Tryggve to come and join a Viking expedition with them. And he went, although his fair young wife, Astrid, begged him not to. The cousins killed him, as she had feared they would. And then two of them came looking for her, to kill her too. But she had fled, up toward her father's home, up-country. On the way, her little boy was born, who was Olaf, Tryggve's son.

When Gunhild heard that there was a little boy whom the Norwegians might want for King, some day, instead of her worthless sons, she sent messengers to seize him. But Astrid had fled with him to Sweden. Then Gunhild sent to Sweden to get Olaf. Again Astrid fled — this time to seek her brother who had wandered far, and settled in what was then called Gardarike, but is now called Russia.

On the way, crossing the Baltic, their ship was captured by pirates, Astrid was carried off in one direction and her little son was sold into slavery in another. Olaf was taken to Esthonia, on the east side of the Baltic, opposite southern Sweden. (It is south of the Gulf of Finland; and Latvia and

Lithuania are south of Esthonia. All those countries were 'just names' to us until we began to get so interested in the Baltic.)

One day a great ambassador from the King of Gardarike (Russia) came to the place where Olaf lived, and noticed the young slave, and asked questions about him. The ambassador was Astrid's brother! So he bought Olaf.

A MOUNTAIN VIEW

Meantime, the only part of Norway that Gunhild had not been able to get her clutches on was Trondhjem, 'the northern paradise,' which was ruled by Earl Haakon — named, by his father, Sigurd, for the young King who had come from England with the new religion that his people made him give up — Haakon, whom Gunhild's

poisoned arrow had killed. Later, she caused Sigurd to be burned alive in his house. But Sigurd's son, Haakon, she could not get — for a long while.

When, finally, her eldest son, Harald, had succeeded in getting him out of Trondhjem and taking possession of the province, Earl Haakon went to Denmark and sought aid from the great King, Harald Blue-Tooth — the son of Gorm the Old. Haakon persuaded King Harald to lure Gunhild's eldest son (also Harald) to Denmark on pretext of investing him with a fine estate. Harald of Norway went, and was killed. With him out of the way, Haakon and the King of Denmark went to Norway, drove Gunhild and her two remaining sons out of the country, proclaimed the Blue-Tooth King of all Norway and Haakon his regent.

During this time, Olaf had been living at the court of Gardarike, as page to the Queen and then as one of her knights. When Olaf, grown to manhood, longed to go back to his father's country, the Queen outfitted him.

But a great storm drove him out of his course, and sent him ashore on the south coast of the Baltic where northern Germany now is — Danzig and thereabouts — but which was then called Vendland or Wendland. Its King was named Burislaf, and he had two charming daughters, who helped him rule. (The Wends were Slavs.)

The province that Olaf landed in was ruled by the princess named Geyra. She and Olaf fell deeply in love with each other, and were married.

By and by, the Cæsar (or Kaiser — which means Cæsar, you know) of the Holy Roman Empire, who was named Otto, decided to take Denmark and make it a part of his Empire.

Burislaf was with the Emperor, and Olaf was with Burislaf. So, there was the young Viking, fighting against his own people (who came to Denmark's aid, naturally, since Denmark's King was supposed to be their King, too) although he wasn't a Christian and had no particular reason to be helping Otto enlarge 'the Holy Roman Empire.'

Kaiser Otto was victorious, and forced Blue-Tooth and his followers, and Earl Haakon and his followers, to be baptized. Blue-Tooth remained Christian. But as soon as Haakon got safely away, he went back to his old Norse gods.

When Olaf returned to Vendland, his adored young wife was dead. So, as he had nothing to keep him longer, he bade good-bye to his father-in-law and sister-in-law, and set forth with his followers to roam the seas. As a Viking raider, he ravaged the coasts of England, Scotland, Ireland, and France.

One day he came to the Scilly Isles, away off the southwest tip of Cornwall, which is called Land's End; and there he was converted by an old hermit.

After he had become a Christian, he couldn't go a-raiding any more. So he got married! He married an Irish princess, sister of the King of Dublin, who was a widow with vast estates in England. She and Olaf lived some of the time on

her estates, and some of the time in Ireland where Dublin, under Viking rule, had developed into one of the leading trade centres of Northern Europe. This princess, also, must have died. For when Olaf returned to Norway she was not with him.

And now, for that return!

Do you know where the river Oder is? *We* didn't, until we looked it up, just now.

Look at the map of Germany, up at the Baltic. Northeast of Berlin you see Stettin, at the head of an indentation they'd call a 'fjord' in Norway. The river Oder empties into that 'fjord.' That is the province called Pomerania. Yes! it's where the 'Poms' come from.

Now, look up toward the mouth of the fjord, and see a little island named Wollin — over on the east side. There's a town of Wollin on it. Near this modern town there was, in Olaf's day, an older town (or perhaps only a fortress) called Jomsburg, founded by a Viking who had been exiled from Denmark. That was the stronghold of the Jom Vikings, who were Slavs. The chief of the Jom Vikings, Sigvald, married King Burislaf's other daughter, Astrid, sister of Olaf's first bride. He and a lot of his chieftains came to the coronation feast, at Roskilde in Denmark, of Harald Blue-Tooth's son, Sven of the Forked Beard.

It was a Viking custom that a new King, when drinking the coronation toast, must make a vow.

So Sven vowed: 'Before three winters have passed I'll be King of England.' (He *was*, too! There's a fresco picture of this feast, and the ful-

filment of the vow, in the great castle of Frederiksborg, in Denmark.)

Then Sigvald thought he ought to vow something, to show what a big man he was. So he said: 'Ere three winters are ripe, I shall be King of Norway.'

Earl Haakon, up in Trondhjem, heard of this vow, and did his best to prepare for the invasion. There was a terrific battle, which the Jom Vikings lost. Haakon had prayed to Odin and Tor, who sent thunder and hail and wind and rain and lightning, to help the Norsemen.

But when the invasion was defeated, and Haakon got back to Trondhjem, his youngest son was not with him; he had not been seen since Haakon made his wild prayer to Odin and Tor; and some of Haakon's men whispered among themselves that they had heard the Earl promise the gods that if they would give him the victory, he would give *them* his dearest treasure.

The story of how Earl Haakon sacrificed his young son to appease the gods is oft retold in Scandinavia. There is a drama about it, by the famous Danish dramatist, Ochlenschlager.

There was a great deal of whispering about this; and the great earl was not so beloved as he had been. People began to talk about a prince of their ancient royal lineage, who could be a real king over them.

Haakon heard echoes of this talk. He was afraid that Olaf would hear them, too; for he knew that Olaf was living in Ireland. So Haakon sent a trader to Dublin to lure Olaf back to Nor-

way, where he might be seized and put out of the way.

But while Olaf was on the way, the people rose against Haakon, who fled with only a slave for company; and the slave killed him. Olaf was welcomed wildly by the people and when he made a journey to Viken, where his parents had lived before his birth, there he found his mother — who had been bought out of slavery by a Norse merchant trading in Esthonia, and was married to him and now a happy, honored wife.

Longfellow's 'tale' begins with Olaf's return and the death of Haakon.

Now, you remember that Earl Haakon had allowed himself to be baptized at the orders of Kaiser Otto; but when he got away, he returned to his Norse gods, and had a gold ring placed, as sign of his atonement, in the door of Odin's temple at Trondhjem. And there it stayed, after Olaf had won nearly every other part of Norway to his new faith in the Prince of Peace.

In Trondhjem, devotion to the old gods died hard; the people demanded of Olaf that he sacrifice to their gods.

So Olaf went to Odin's temple, and challenged the image of Tor — destroyed it with his flashing axe! Tor did not defend himself, nor avenge the sacrilege. Perhaps, thought the people of Trondhjem, he wasn't so great a god, after all. So they became followers of Olaf's religion.

Odin's ring disappeared.

One of Odin's last defenders in the temple when Olaf struck down Tor, was Iron-Beard, whom

Olaf's men struck down. For this death, Olaf was sorry, and expressed his regret to Iron-Beard's relatives, who said they thought Olaf should marry Gudrun, Iron-Beard's daughter, and set her on the throne of Norway.

He didn't want Gudrun, and she didn't want him. But he wanted peace, so he consented; and she wanted revenge, so she consented. On their bridal night she tried to murder him!

This was one of the last resistances the pagans made in Norway against the new religion Olaf had brought.

But Olaf was not content; he yearned to convert *all* the northern lands to Christianity!

So he sent missionaries to Iceland, where so many Vikings had gone to settle, rather than accept the rule of Harald the Fair-Haired, Olaf's great-grandfather. And he sent missionaries also to Greenland, which had just been colonized by an Icelandic Viking named Erik the Red.

Erik went to Greenland in 982, when Olaf was living in Russia, and explored it for three years; then he went back to Iceland to get settlers. By the time Olaf became King, there were nearly three hundred farmers in Greenland.

LEIF ERICSON!

One day there came from Greenland to King Olaf's Court at Trondhjem a fine young fellow named Leif, who was Erik's son. He told the King of Norway about Greenland, and the King told him about Christianity; and Leif was evidently converted and baptized; for Olaf charged

him to carry the new religion back to Greenland. Leif set forth to do this, was driven far out of his course, and landed instead on the continent of North America which he called Vinland, or Wineland, the Good.

Do you wonder that we are interested in Trondhjem? And isn't it wonderful to think that for more than two hundred years before Columbus's day, children in Northern lands were familiar with Snorra's Saga of King Olaf, which told about Leif Ericson and his discovery of Wineland the Good?

Meantime, Olaf had been thinking how he might convert Sweden, which was ruled then by a queen named Sigrid the Haughty, who was very cruel. Olaf thought the best way to Christianize her would be to marry her: 'Now you're married, you must obey.' So he sent an embassy, with his offer of marriage, and the ring of Odin from the destroyed temple at Trondhjem.

At first, Sigrid was interested. Then she found out that the ring was not pure gold; and she was furious. But she met Olaf on the frontier between their kingdoms, as she had agreed. She listened to his proposal; but she refused to give up her religion. They quarreled. Olaf struck her in the face with his glove.

'That may cost you your life!' she said. And it *did!*

Sigrid married the King of Denmark — Sven of the Forked Beard. Sven's sister, Thyra, had been forcibly married by her brother to old Burislaf, the King of Vendland, Olaf's first father-in-

law. She loathed the union and was bitterly unhappy. For seven days she starved. On the eighth day, she escaped, with only her maid. She dared not go back to her brother; so she made her way to Trondhjem to seek the protection of King Olaf. They fell in love, and were married. Olaf was very happy, but he couldn't seem to make Thyra content. She had everything in the world she could possibly need, but she moped and mourned because she had left behind her in Vendland the handsome presents Burislaf had given her.

Day in and day out, she kept at Olaf to go and get her property. Finally, she succeeded.

Olaf had just finished building (or having built) the greatest ship the North had ever seen. The Long Serpent, it was called; it was over two hundred feet long and carried a crew of six hundred men. It was at the launching of this ship that Olaf first met Thyra.

So in this ship he set sail, accompanied by a fleet of other ships, for Vendland, where he had met and loved Geyra. Burislaf was glad to see him, and perfectly willing to send Thyra her gifts.

After a summer of hospitality in Vendland, the gifts were loaded on the Long Serpent, and Olaf prepared to sail back to Norway. His fleet was the finest that had ever been seen on Northern seas.

Sigrid had persuaded her husband, Sven, to muster all the enemies of Olaf, and attack.

If you go to Sassnitz in Germany to cross from

there to Trälleborg in Sweden, you will cross over the very waters where the great battle took place 'under the island of Svold, near to the mainland.'

One of those fighting with Sven against Olaf, was Earl Haakon's son, Earl Erik. Another, who pretended to be Olaf's friend but who led him into a trap, was his brother-in-law Sigvald the Jom Viking who had married Burislaf's other daughter.

Bravely fought Olaf's men; but they were defeated.

When Olaf saw that all was lost, he leaped overboard and was never seen again.

'And since, through many a hundred year,
Ships of the North are wont to hear
On moonlight nights, from the waves, high-tossed,
The saga-song of a fair ship lost —
Of Olaf, a hero — fallen.'

These lines are from Björnson's poem 'The Fate of King Olaf.'

Many a tale was told of how he had escaped, and would come back again to his people when they most needed him. But

'Never, by night or by day,
In his Kingdom of Norroway
Was King Olaf seen again!'

Sven Fork-Beard's son, Canute the Great, claimed Norway, and found a following among the chieftains who didn't like being Christians and restrained from plunder. The Christian faction supported Olaf — who afterwards became Saint.

Perhaps you can bear to go to Norway without going to Trondhjem. But we *hope* not!

We bought a Viking ship there, in silver — just a little one; but when we look at it we can think of Olaf's 'Long Serpent,' or of Leif's ship sailing out from Trondhjem Fjord and coming ashore in America, or of any one of many and many a ship which made history around here.

SOUTHWARD FROM TRONDHJEM

From Trondhjem you go by train to Dombaas, and either continue to Aandalsnes, or Molde; or get off at Stuflaaten and drive through the Romsdal to Aandalsnes. We covered that ground twice, and *loved* it.

You may reach Aandalsnes by train (if you don't go too soon) or you may reach it by steamer.

From Molde you should take a steamer across the fjord to Vestnes, and motor to Aalesund — a part of the Norway coast that is closely associated with the Viking Rolf who had a castle here before he went to France and became Rollo the first duke of Normandy.

At Aalesund you take another steamer down the Hjörund Fjord (one of the grandest in Norway) to Öie; and then a perfectly magnificent motor ride over to the Geiranger Fjord, to Merok.

Spend the night at Merok, and in the morning motor up to Djupvandshytten and thence to Grotli, and on along the edge of the largest glacier in Europe, to Loen or Olden — either of which is a good place for a night stop.

Next day, by steamer from Loen or Olden, on the Nord Fjord, to Sandene, and then a seventy-six-mile motor journey, in six hours to Vadheim, on the Sogne Fjord.

From Vadheim, the following day, you go in a short while by steamer to Balholm.

Stay at Balholm that afternoon and night. Next morning go on to Gudvangen, and thence to Stalheim and on to Voss.

And from Voss into Bergen.

A week for this journey down from Trondhjem will give you a great deal of the grandest of Norway. We hope you can do it, and also some four or five days in the Hardanger and Telemarken and Setesdal districts between Bergen and Oslo.

The motoring on that journey down from Trondhjem gives you some 'close-ups' of Norwegian farm life that you can never forget — pictures that you need to help you understand what is going on nowadays in the land of the Vikings.

You'll be impressed, of course, with the tremendous difficulties of the land for farming. You'll learn something of what Norway calls a 'saeter,' a grazing ground on the heights, to which farmers drive their cattle, sheep, goats, when the snow vanishes for a few short weeks. Sometimes a girl — a farmer's eldest daughter — with only a herd-boy to help her, will drive the family herd and flock for two or three days, to pasture them for the short summer. She stays by the animals, watching over them; if there is any grass to spare, she makes hay for the long winter. She may have

a log hut to live in, or she may share the same shelter with her beasts. She milks her cows and her goats, makes butter and cheese, and leads a

PEASANT HOUSE, NORTHERN NORWAY

life so busy that she has little time to feel lonely. If it is the farmer's wife who goes, and she has small children to take with her, you may see them 'tethered' on some steep ledge, so they can't stray off.

About ten years before the war, a Norwegian engineer and chemist named Samuel Eyde, who realized how desperately Norway needed fertilizer and how fast the world's supply of it was being exhausted, discovered how to release nitrogen from the air and make an artificial saltpetre which is now in great demand all over the world. Every pound of it used, increases the yield of wheat by two pounds and a half.

Dr. Eyde began making this fertilizer in 1908,

in the Telemarken district, where he harnessed enough of a waterfall to give him twenty-five horse-power. He had two laborers and two other employees. Within four years he had nearly fifteen hundred employees and was using two hundred thousand horse-power. It is estimated that Norway has sixteen million horse-power available in her waterfalls — plenty to give her great prosperity and to send power to Denmark and to Germany. About one tenth of it is being used now (1928).

Think of these two things, as you journey through the mountains and along the deep fjords: the saeter, with its struggle to get the most of every blade of grass; that is Old Norway. And the tumbling waterfalls with their magic wealth; they have thundered down those valleys for untold ages, but in this age of miracles we live in, they have begun to solve for Norway some of the problems of her beautiful but stern existence.

Who can guess what the future of the Vikings' descendants may be?

We have always supposed that our name was Scotch (Lochland, probably) altered in spelling during a good many generations in North Ireland, near Belfast.

But when we were reading about the Norsemen, we learned that the Irish name for the land of the Vikings was Lochlann.

'Hooray!' cried Betty, 'I'm a Norwegian!'

Norse we are indeed — many of us; there are not many European nationalities in which the Norse strain does not flow. We felt that one of

the most interesting things that ever happened to us, was going to Scandinavia and getting acquainted with all that it gave us in our great inheritance — all that it is pouring into the marvellous New World in which we have our part to play.

THE END

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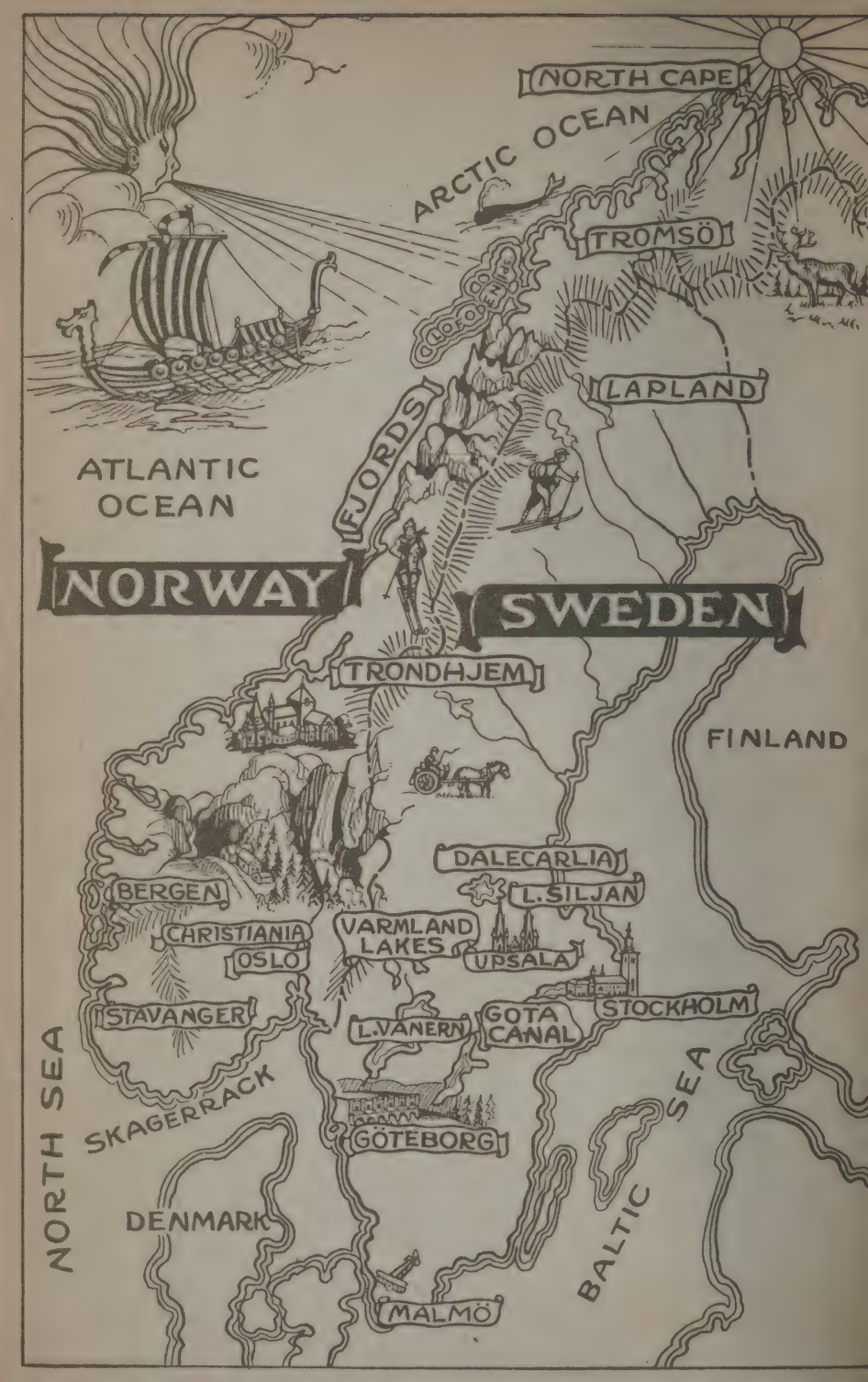
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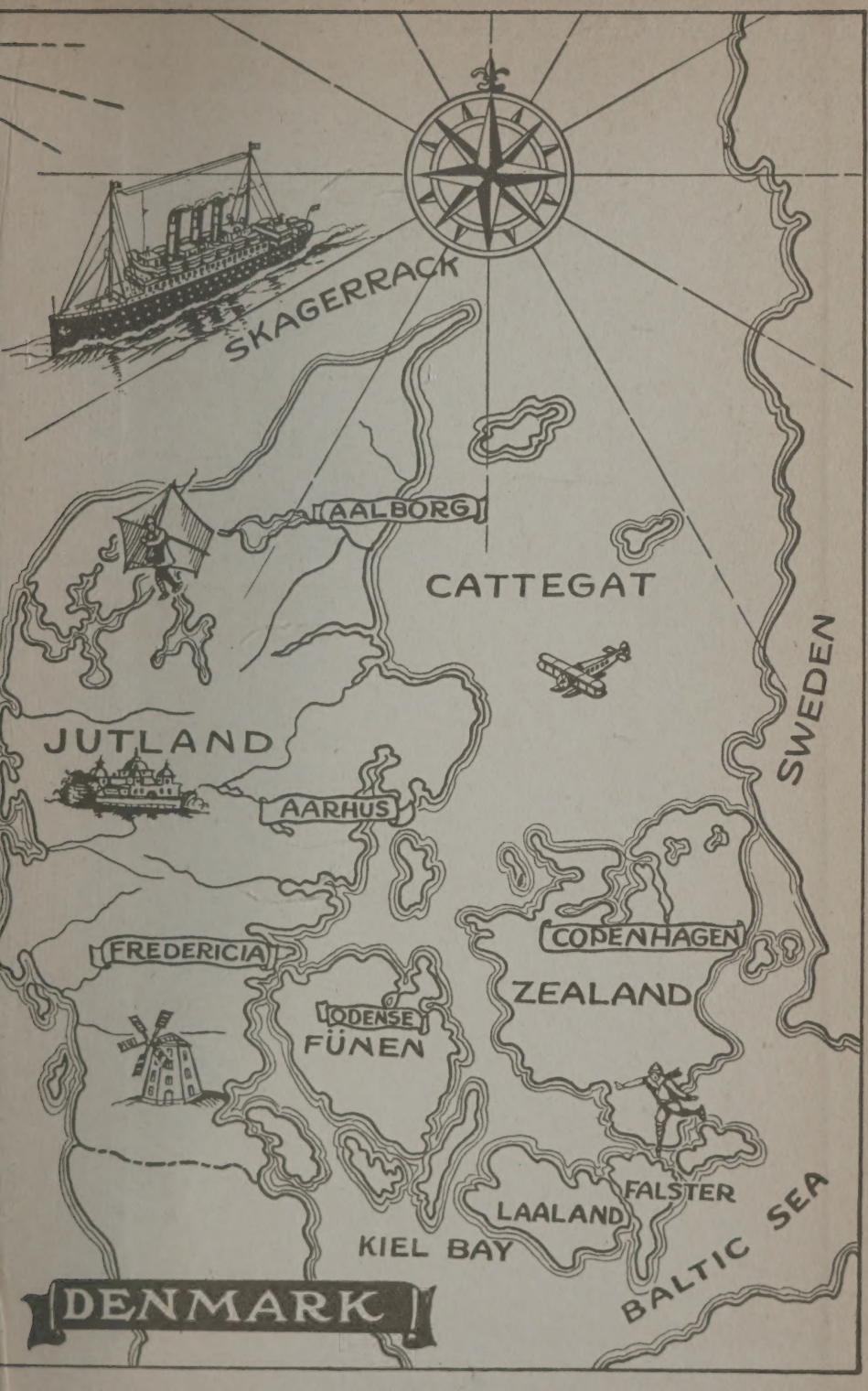
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'Travelers should arise and call you blessed!' — WM. LYON PHELPS

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